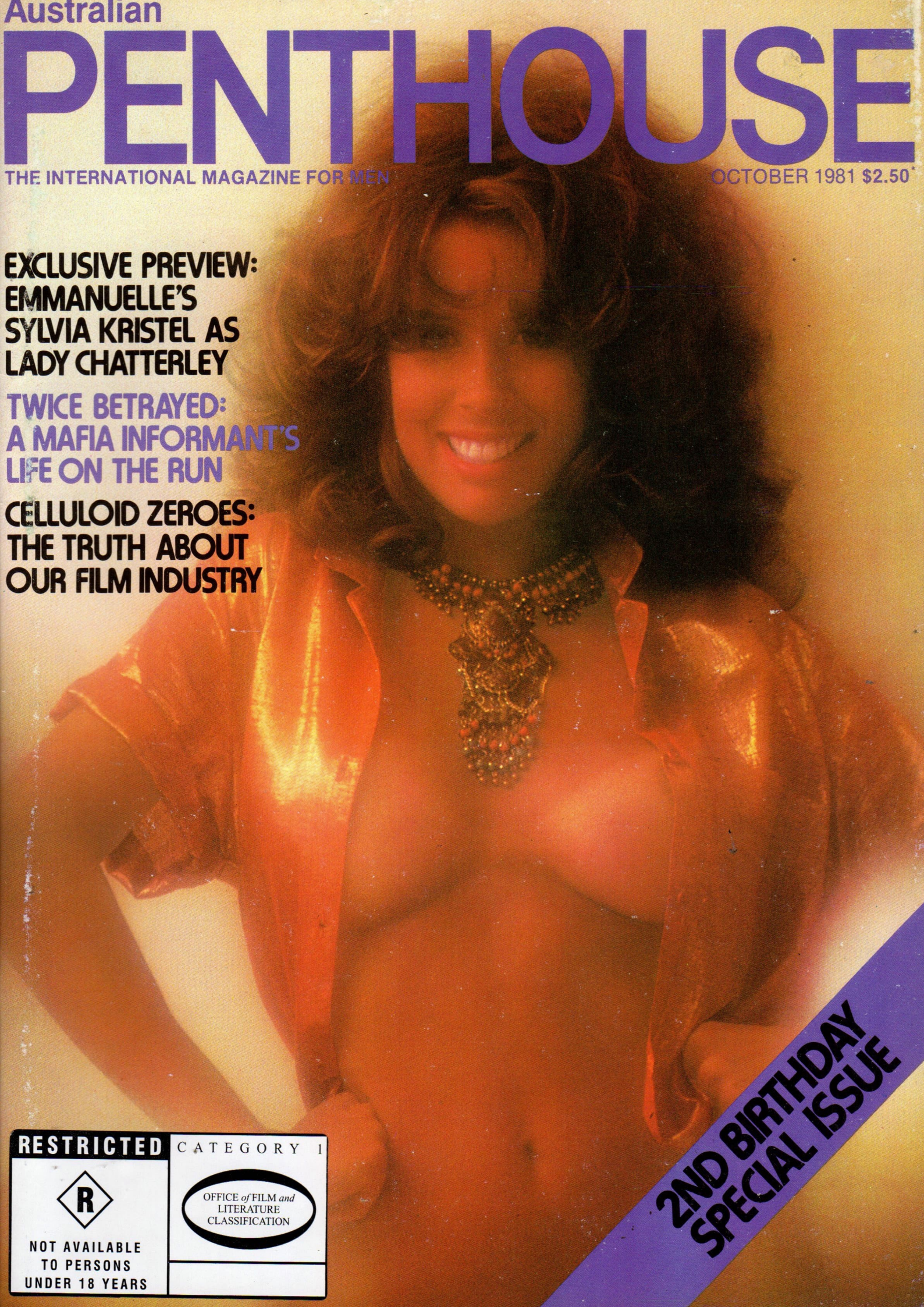
Australian

PENTHOUSE

THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

OCTOBER 1981 $2.50*



EXCLUSIVE PREVIEW: EMMANUELLE'S SYLVIA KRISTEL AS LADY CHATTERLEY

TWICE BETRAYED: A MAFIA INFORMANT'S LIFE ON THE RUN

CELLULOID ZEROES: THE TRUTH ABOUT OUR FILM INDUSTRY

2ND BIRTHDAY SPECIAL ISSUE

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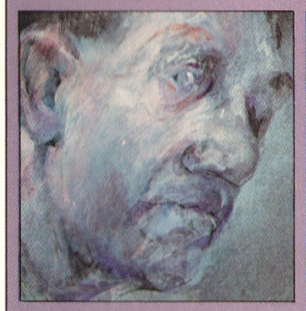
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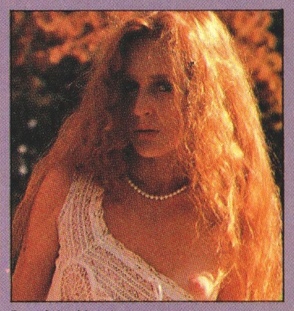
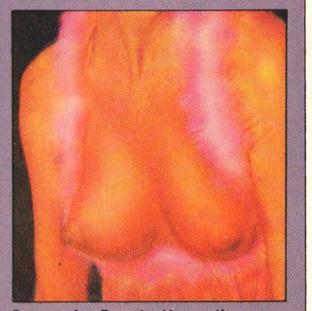

Pet of the Month


Dreams of an Everyday Housewife

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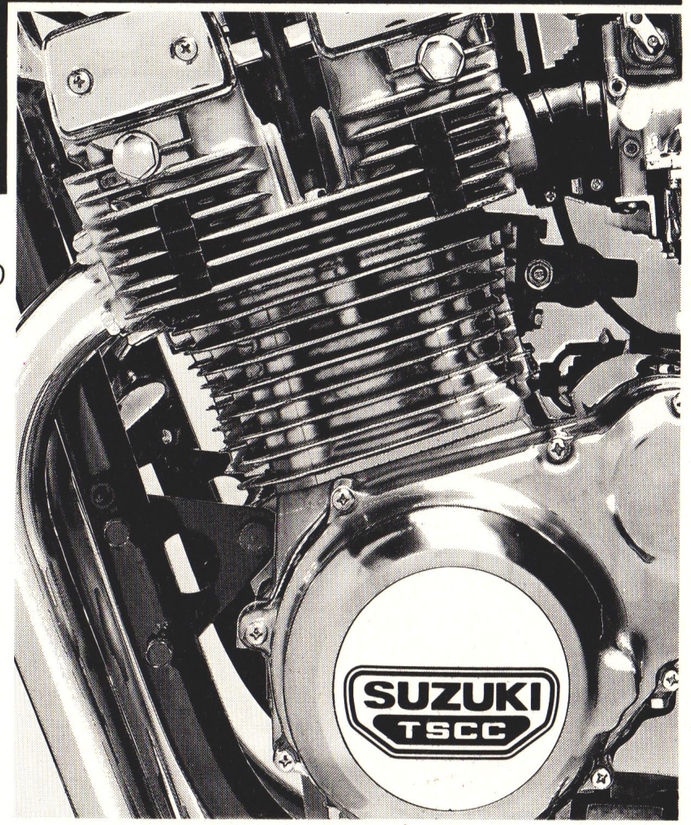
Any bike can give you power. Only Suzuki can control it like this.



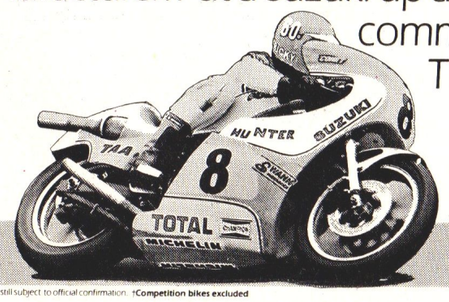
We'd be the first to admit that our competitors can also build powerful motorbikes.

But there's something they don't have. The TSCC.

It stands for Twin Swirl Combustion Chamber. The TSCC burns fuel more efficiently than ever before. And it's a Suzuki original. The benefits? Smoother running, sure starting, rapid acceleration and excellent passing power.

Controlling power like this gives Suzuki the edge. And it's one of the reasons that our bikes won every major production race in Australia during 1980. Including the Castrol 6-hour.*

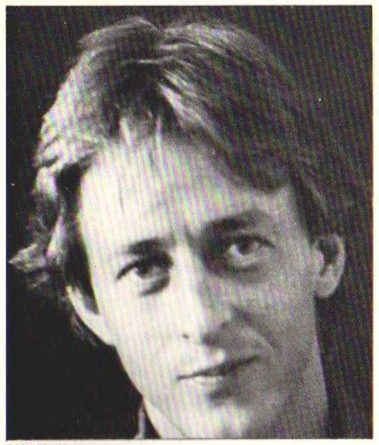
We also back our bikes with a 12 month/20,000 kilometre warranty.† That's double the warranty offered by any other Japanese manufacturer! Put a Suzuki up against any competitor. From commuter bikes to dirt bikes to superbikes. There's only one answer – Suzuki.



SUZUKI WINS

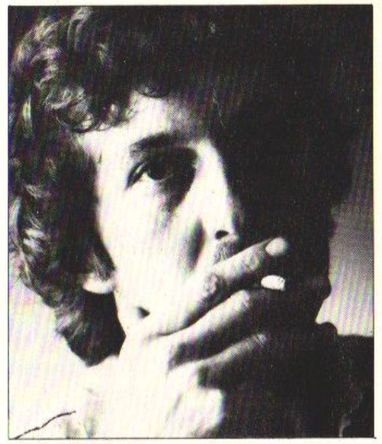
*Unlimited class still subject to official confirmation. †Competition bikes excluded

SA 1960



Phil Abraham

P.D. Jack



Rico Mettbach

Bill Tuckey

Mark Salwowski

Bob Guccione

HOUSECALL

And now we are two years old. *Australian Penthouse* is growing up fast but unfortunately bureaucratic interpretation of community standards is not growing with it. While the community in general, and our large readership in particular, has accepted and embraced the sophisticated entertainment within these pages, the pompous censorship boards in some States still regard it as their right and duty to dictate what you may or may not read. *Penthouse* Editor Phil Jarratt takes them to task over it in this month's Advise and Dissent, claiming the right to a good old whinge on the occasion of our birthday. Elsewhere the celebrations are somewhat more lighthearted.

Sylvia Kristel, that stunning nymph whose performance in *Emmanuelle* took celluloid erotica to new and almost dangerous heights, returns to the silver screen later this year as the heroine of D.H. Lawrence's steamy classic, *Lady Chatterley's Lover.* Teamed again with director Just Jaeckin, Kristel is said to turn in the performance of her career.

Photographer **George Pierre** visited the set at Barnet, north of London, for our exclusive pictorial.

On the subject of celluloid, our leading story this month looks at tax loopholes, doctors, dentists, would-be de Medicis and the state of the Australian film industry. Senior Editor **P.D. Jack** investigated the financing of films in the wake of Treasurer John Howard's turnaround on tax concessions for film investors. Jack's conclusion? "If the Australian film industry was a racehorse it would have been put down after its first run." You can read the rest starting on page 34. **Jeff Champtaloup** did the illustration.

Mafia stories are always frightening, often fascinating, particularly when they offer new insights into life inside The Family. Former mobster Tony Angelo's story is both. It is a story which he may pay for with his life. Angelo turned informant after a long career with the Mafia and is now on the run from his vengeful ex-brethren. With writer **Ernest Volkman**, Angelo has written a compelling tale of his life in a job that was too good to refuse. It begins on page 42 with art by **Rene Bolton.**

At a time when Australia's international sporting stocks are not particularly high, a team of little-known daredevils is setting the parachuting world on fire. Our freefall formation team has returned triumphant from China and is hot favorite for the upcoming world title. Writer **Richard Mills** spent some time on the land and in the air with the three men and one woman who make up the team. His report is accompanied by **Bill "Hawk" Rosenberg's** breath-taking aerial photography.

The hand-coloring of photographs is an art which was born of necessity. These days, however, with advanced photo technology it is purely a labor of love for which there are few volunteers. Two months ago we presented Paul Fullbrook's Superman series. The response was so great that we commissioned fashion photographer **Nick Brockensha** and regular illustrator **Mark Salwowski** to prepare another fantasy. Dreams of An Everyday Housewife is the stunning result. We think you'll agree every picture is a gem.

Playwright **Alex Buzo** has been one of the more trenchant critics of Australian mores these past few years, and in a country where we don't take criticism lightly, he gets away with it because he's so damn funny. Read our extract from *Meet The New Class* (page 129) and you'll see what we mean.

Elsewhere this month Senior Editor **Phil Abraham** profiles that *Bad Habits* man, Billy Field; **Jan Mackey** and **Phil Jarratt** report on how everything changes but remains the same in Bali; **Catherine Hiller** offers us outrageous fiction (at least we think it's fiction) in the form of Hypersex; **Bill Tuckey** tells the tale of Les Cunningham, the hypnotherapist who smokes 100 durries a day while he cures you of smoking; and, of course, we've got girls, girls and more girls.

You like cheeky brunettes? Take a peek at lovely **Corinne Alphen,** shot in the US by **Bob Guccione.** You prefer redheads? We give you Pet of the month **Amanda Ford,** photographed by **Rico Mettbach.** Another top issue. Like we said last year, it's our birthday and you get the presents.

Our scotch? Take it as Red.

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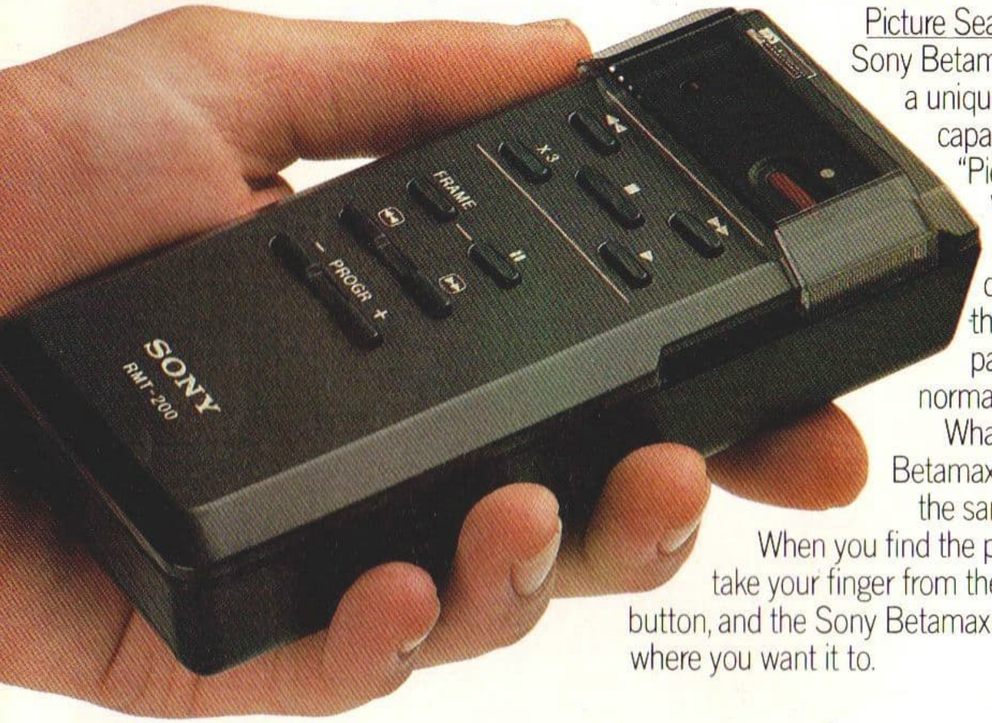
This can do almost everything a Sony Betamax can do.

This is the cordless infra-red remote control that comes as standard equipment with every Sony Betamax SL-C7 — the world's most advanced video-tape recorder.

From up to ten metres away, this tiny control duplicates 12 of the Sony Betamax' main functions including "Picture Search", "x3" speed, Freeze Frame and Record.



Picture Search.
Sony Betamax SL-C7 has a unique time-saving capability called "Picture Search". With "Picture Search", you can actually see the picture going past at 11 times normal speed!

What's more, Sony Betamax will do exactly the same in reverse.

When you find the place you want, take your finger from the Picture Search button, and the Sony Betamax will stop exactly where you want it to.

Sony Betamax Specialists:

Ashfield	Russin Hi-Fi 799 2421	Liverpool	Grace Bros 600 0011
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Blacktown	Myer 621 0022	Miranda	Myer 524 0433
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Brookvale	David Jones 93 0111	North Rocks	Audiocom 872 3829
Brookvale	Grace Bros 938 9111	Parramatta	Bing Lee 633 4011
Cabramatta	Bing Lee 724 4932	Parramatta	David Jones 635 0377
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Carlingford	Myer 871 9111	Rosebery	Commodore TV 699 7722
Chatswood	Chatswood Colour TV 411 2090	Roselands	Grace Bros 750 1111
Chatswood	Grace Bros 412 0111	Sans Souci	Geoffrey Button Sales P/L 529 4000
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Fairfield	Bing Lee 727 7000	Sydney	David Jones, George St. 2 0664
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Hornsby	Grace Bros 476 9111	Sydney	Myer, Cnr. George & Market 238 9111
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Canberra	Canberra Professional Equip. 80 5576
Canberra	Myer 51 2522
Cessnock	Grace Bros 90 1144
Cowra	Myer 42 1566
Dubbo	Myer 82 4011
Gilgandra	Myer 47 2055
Gosford	Myer 24 2555
Grenfell	Myer 43 1611
Newcastle	Grace Bros 2 4732
Newcastle	John Perry/Edmund's Moir 61 4991 (Area Distributor)
Orange	Myer 62 1455
Tamworth	Myer 66 3691
Tweed Heads	Myer 36 2811
Wagga Wagga	Myer 23 1611
Wollongong	Bing Lee 29 3011
Wollongong	M & S Engineering 71 5777 (Area Distributor)

SON 0080/L

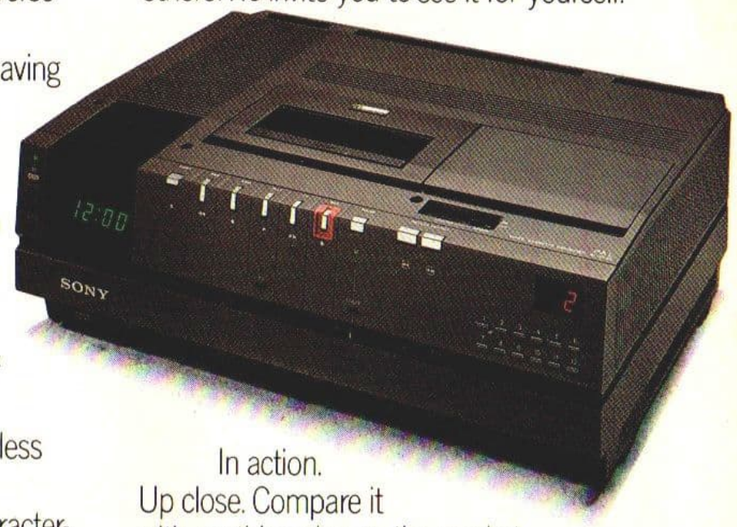
With Sony Betamax SL-C7, there is no time-consuming stopping between modes: you can switch directly from one mode to another—even Fast Forward to Reverse — without having to stop the machine.

Automatic Timer. Another time-saving feature of the Sony Betamax SL-C7 is its unique 14-day, 4-event, fully programmable timer.

What this means is that you can now record any four programmes over a two-week period and replay them at a time to suit yourself. (We should point out at this stage, that recording of TV programmes other than some live programmes, may infringe copyright unless permitted by the copyright owner.)

Sony's Superior Picture. The characteristic which makes Sony so much in demand throughout the world — with professionals and consumers alike — is Sony quality.

Unfortunately, there is nothing we can say, no evidence we can provide, that will convince you of something you can only see through your eyes. However, we can tell you that experts in West Germany, the U.S. and Japan have all concluded that the Sony Betamax home video format is superior to all others. We invite you to see it for yourself.



In action.
Up close. Compare it with anything else on the market.

Only then will you understand what we mean by "Sony Picture Quality". Only then will you begin to see why professionals have so much time for Sony.

Beta

Sony Betamax SL-C7

The Betamax SL-C7 can only be operated with TV receivers having a UHF Tuner

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East Malvern	Pal TV 211 3333
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OCTOBER

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse* — its aspirations and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Australian Penthouse, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Treason

Under the Statute of Treasons (1351) it is an offence to violate the Sovereign's heir's wife. Such behavior is considered treasonable, the penalty, death.

This Statute applies to Australia by virtue of section six of the Imperial Acts Application Act (1969).

The cover of your August 1981, *Australian Penthouse* features a reference to the recent royal wedding, a prominent Union Jack, and displays a model distinctly resembling a prominent English gentlewoman recently wed to the Sovereign's heir.

I was disturbed to see that the model was clad in no more than a *see-through* blouse: disturbed because there can be no doubt that it was only the cost of the airfare to the mother country which prevented the departure, en masse, of red-blooded Australian males to London with violation of that good gentlewoman on their minds.

(I should also point out that *intention* alone is sufficient cause to prosecute under some sections of the Statute of Treasons.)

Therefore, I call upon the editorial board of *Penthouse* to show cause why they should not be prosecuted for criminal conspiracy, to wit: conspiracy to incite a breach of the Statute of Treasons 1351; or, alternatively, that your forthcoming edition display a model (or models) resembling said heir (or the Royal Corgis) similarly attired to remove from the popular mind the connection between your covers and sexual fantasy. — *C.J. McGillion, Five Dock, New South Wales.*

Response

We are responding to Max Teichmann's article, Terror Australis (*Australian Penthouse*, May 1981), because of several factual distortions and inaccuracies and, even more, because of the innuendo and insinuations which it carries.

Your magazine is subject to slander and perhaps libel in Mr Teichmann's "belief that the HNV (Croatian National Congress) receives funds from the KGB". As one who has known the organisation over the past several years, there is absolutely *no* link and we ask your magazine most emphatically for a *retraction of this unfounded and undocumented allegation.*

It must be established that, as with the Irish, Armenian, etc communities, it is only a small handful of Croatians who may engage in terrorist deeds. The vast majority of the Croats abroad are a peaceful and industrious people contributing their fair share to the economic and social life of the United States, Australia, Canada, and other free societies.

To intimate that many of the Australian-Croatians came from an environment of civil war, terror and the like and, therefore, must be warlike or terroristic is the worst example of "guilt by association" and is very irresponsible journalism. No mention is ever made of the dozens of honest Croatians in the US and Western Europe murdered by Yugoslav Secret Police in recent years.

No mention is made of the political prisoner and human rights status of Croats in Yugoslavia.

So long as the Serbo-Communist regime in Belgrade continues to deny the Croats their lawful and just rights to autonomy, the seeds for terrorism will remain, sometimes dormant and sometimes growing like weeds after a rain. — *Dr Nicholas Gregor, Foreign Affairs Adviser, Croatian National Congress, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, USA.*

Kokoda

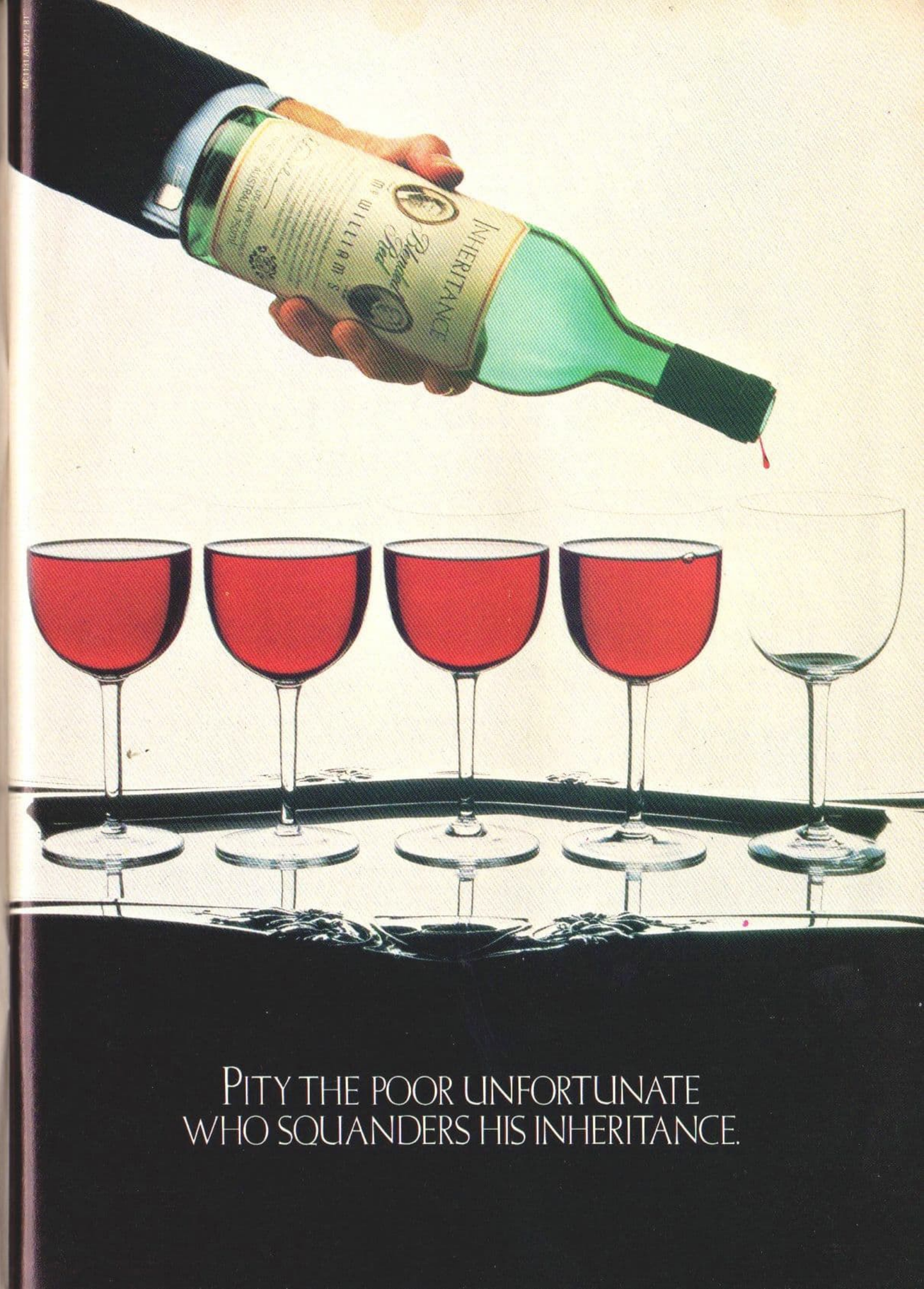
There has been another tragedy on Papua New Guinea's Kokoda Trail. This time it is a Melbourne woman, who fell down a gully and, according to police, died within hours of breathing difficulties. She was part of a "tourist party" trekking along the treacherous Kokoda Trail, apparently thinking it is a pleasant jaunt-come-safari holiday.

When I was a representative of *Australian Penthouse,* I was sent on the Kokoda Trail on assignment and found, along with the other trekkers, that it is a dangerous, onerous journey through some of the world's toughest terrain. It's not kid's stuff.

It is time the Federal Government, through the Immigration and Business and Consumer Affairs Departments, stopped such carefree trips.

Trekkers must be in top condition to take on such a trip as the Kokoda, and should undergo a medical fitness test. My tour operator told too many stories, during my laborious journey, of men attempting the "safari" only weeks after major heart surgery.

Surely it doesn't take such tragedies for commonsense to prevail. — *Martin Riordan, Canberra, ACT.*



FORUM PENTHOUSE

In which a panel of experts will discuss with and advise readers on the physical and emotional problems arising in day-to-day life. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals), but these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of *Penthouse*. Send to Penthouse Forum, Box 4084 GPO Sydney, NSW 2001. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Wants a boy

My husband and I have been married for two years. We just had our first baby, a girl. My husband wanted and still wants a boy. He is happy with our daughter, but he was married before and had a girl in that marriage also. Now he wants a son.

I really want to give my husband a son, but I don't want to have 10 more girls trying. I only want one more child and so does he. I remember reading about a method of determining your child's sex by manipulating the acid base balance in the cervix. Could you give me some more information about this method? — *Mrs R.G., Tasmania.*

It is the male who determines the sex of the offspring; certain sperm cells carry genes that will produce a male and other sperm carry genes that will produce a female.

Although people have been anxious to be able to select children of a particular sex for many years, this has never been possible. Some men seem to produce more of one sex than the other — this may apply in your case. Of course, two children do not establish a precedent, though this does suggest a trend toward the production of female offspring.

Several articles in the recent literature suggest that it may be possible to influence the sex of the child which might be conceived by changing the acid-base balance of the vagina at the time of conception can be adjusted by taking acid or alkaline douches just prior to intercourse.

There is also speculation that having sexual intercourse at different periods of time after ovulation may increase the likelihood of having a child of a given sex. However, at this time, these are only suggestions. No studies have been carried out involving sufficiently large numbers to give serious credence to the claims made for either of these techniques.

One technique which is effective, but not always acceptable, involves determining the sex of the foetus after conception and then performing an abortion if the child is not of the desired sex. It is possible to determine the sex of a foetus by examining cells found in fluid taken from the uterus. This technique is important and increasingly used where the parents carry hereditary diseases which would occur only in babies of one sex.

The work being done on prenatal sex determination also has potential importance for solving problems related to overpopulation. Many people, like yourself, feel that they only want a child of a particular sex; they continue to have children of the undesired sex until they get the one they want. This increases the number of unwanted children as well as the total number of children in the world.

Unfortunately, the tests for foetal sex can now be performed only after several months of pregnancy have passed. Scientists are trying to develop similar techniques which could be used very early in pregnancy. Because the techniques are thus far applicable only in later pregnancy, and because abortion is not universally accepted, this approach to the problem of determining infant sex is not yet practical or generally acceptable.

Aphrodisiacs

Do aphrodisiacs help turn women on, or are they a rip-off? How do they work physiologically? My wife and I are both 35 and enjoy a normal sex life. However, I seem to desire sex more often during the week than my wife. I need your help in finding out whether a drop of something in her wine in the evenings would be of any benefit to me. — *Name and address withheld.*

Since time immemorial, people have searched for agents which would predictably increase their desire for and ability to have sexual relations. If one looks through reports in medical history, one finds innumerable products derived from plants, trees, and animals which have been used in attempts to produce these desired effects.

Thus, throughout the centuries, up to and including our own, the ability to increase sexual excitement and improve performance has been attributed to many different agents. When the various agents have been identified and subjected to medical scrutiny using the scientific tools of a more modern era, none has been found to affect the physiology in a way that would heighten erotic responsiveness.

In one sense, then, the promotion and sale of these products could be considered a ripoff. However, we know that the sexuality of humans, in contrast to all other forms of animal life, is not totally dependent on the physiology but involves important psychological components.

Consequently, it is quite possible that anything which is perceived as a sexual stimulant can in fact be exactly that. A wide variety of things can turn on different individuals, ranging from sensory stimuli such as music, odors and light, to a great number of other types of sexual objects.

There is one type of agent which has been found to increase sexual desire in some (not all) women by inducing physiological changes: male hormones. This was first observed in women with widespread cancer of the breast, who were given these hormones as a treatment for their disease. It was noted that the patients so treated often developed an increased sex drive, which sometimes posed great problems for the husbands of these dying women and for the women themselves.

The apparent cause of this erotic reaction is that the hormones induce an increase in the blood supply to the pelvic organs, including the clitoris.

The use of these very powerful drugs in normal women for the sole aim of increasing their desire for sex would certainly not be justified. Furthermore, when given in large amounts over an extended period of time, the hormones tend to produce changes in body contour from the female toward the male type, inducing acne and deepening of the voice.

The fact that you want to have sex more often during the week than your wife may very well be related to differences in your life styles. Many women who must deal with the numerous chores and stresses involved in caring for a home and children, end the day in a rather tired and distracted mood. They are not half as interested in sex as in getting to bed and getting some rest in preparation for a similar day on the morrow.

Your attention to and concern for your wife might prove to be a more effective aphrodisiac than any pill or potion.

Wants children

I am a married woman. My husband and I love each other and we both love children. We want a baby very much. The problem is that my husband is sterile.

After giving him tests, my husband's doctor said that he doesn't have a high enough sperm count to fertilise an egg. We know about artificial insemination and adoption, but we want our children to be part of each of us. If it is medically possible, we would like to have children of our

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own, conceiving them in the natural way. Is there any way for us to have our own children? — *Western Australia.*

Infertility is still a great mystery to medical research; it has been said that it will always be so, because the good Lord is keeping that power for Himself. If you have been investigated by a good clinic and have tried all the known means of treating the unfertile (sterile) male, artificial insemination using your husband's sperm may still be a possibility.

There are some hospitals around the country that are working with sperm banks taken from the husband. A series of ejaculates is collected and frozen until there is a sufficient number of sperm to fertilise an egg. Work is also being done with "split ejaculates" — the portion of the semen containing the most productive sperm is used to impregnate the woman. Research continues and there is something new under the sun every day.

Unfortunately, there are couples who are simply not able to conceive with either method. If you have tried all presently available techniques without results, adoption or artificial insemination using sperm from another male may be the only way out.

Newlyweds

My husband and I have been married for only 13 months. We are both 24. During the last three months, my husband's behavior changed radically. He began staying out late when he was supposed to be home hours earlier, coming home drunk, verbally abusing me, treating me like an idiot, excluding me from all activities with his friends. It was hell, especially when he came home with love bites or went on extended trips.

Last week, I discovered he had been having an affair with a secretary from his company. The pieces all fell together at once. Searching through a drawer, I found photographs, love notes, negatives, long-distance calls on our past bills (I had the number traced). It all exploded. I was so humiliated, so broken. All the lies, the "overnight" business trips, the weekends I stayed home watching TV because "we" couldn't afford to go out!

Foolishly, I took pills, and wound up in the hospital. I managed to get on disability for nervous exhaustion from work, and have arranged for my husband and me to see a marriage counsellor soon. The trouble is there is *no* change in my husband. He is not apologetic, not overly attentive. Someone who has caused such great pain to someone else ought to be acting like he wants to make it up. In other words, I would have expected wining and dining, flowers, etc. — that he'd be courting me. But he isn't.

My husband and I called it off with the other woman. He let me listen on the extension and I heard him tell her he loved me, his wife, not her, and that it was all over. She cried and has bugged him at work. I don't know if I can tolerate having them work side by side . . . Except for breaking off this affair, my husband has done nothing to indicate he cares about our marriage. Is his behavior normal?

Is he so guilt-ridden that he doesn't *know* what to do? I had left him for a few days. When I did, I told him that if he was really positive he wanted *me*, then I'd come back. Otherwise, we'd file for divorce. He called me back, but since then I've been the only one making an effort: baking him pastries, dressing up in sexy nightgowns, hanging all over him, repeatedly telling him how much I love him, forgive him, want us to have a beautiful life together, how I'll change, etc.

Well, after being home only four days, this is what happened: It was Sunday night, and my husband had to go away for five and a half days on business the next morning. I wanted him to remember me in loving terms, so I dressed in an extremely sexy, rather naughty number I had bought and pranced around for about half an hour. Nothing. My husband got mad, said he was in the middle of a TV movie, and couldn't I wait until 11. I was so enraged and hurt that he was scheduling me this way, that I got dressed and left the house. Having no money, I had to return shortly.

Does a man behave this way when he really wants his wife back? I'm so afraid the rift in our marriage is growing wider because of his lack of insight, but I don't know what to do. — *Mrs E.J., South Australia.*

That you and your husband will be seeing a marriage counsellor soon is a healthy sign. There are times when all of us get stuck and need someone who is not in the middle of the situation to give us perspective and help us sort things out.

It sounds as though both of you have neglected to sit down and discuss with the other your expectations and needs, problems and good feelings. It is interesting that you speak of "insight" — your letter reminds us of the story of the blind men who each described a different part of the same elephant because they could not see the whole.

We are sure your husband sees what is going on in very different terms than you do. For example, you seem to have decided on your own what your mate wants and needs. However, he seems to feel that your style does not give him any time or space to be comfortable, and your efforts to turn him on only turn him off.

Similarly, you have a clear idea in your mind how your husband should behave to show he loves you; your husband may simply not know what you are expecting or how to show you his love in a way acceptable to you.

He may not understand the impact of

"Go ahead with your presentation, Mr Lurchmonte. I can work, listen to you, and fire this guy all at the same time!"

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his behavior on you, just as you cannot understand his responses to your attempts to court him. He may also be resentful of your behavior — some of your actions, notably the pill-taking, suggest that you are trying to manipulate him using guilt. As you have already seen, the victories from such manipulations are hollow.

Seeking the help of a professional marriage counsellor will not be a vain effort. The outcome of counselling is not guaranteed to be successful, of course, and its effectiveness depends on the couple's ability and willingness to deal with problems. However, if you are ready for it, counselling will help both of you gain in insight and resolution.

Warts

I am a 29-year-old woman. Although I was married twice, I'm just beginning to discover that I like oral sex now, with my 35-year-old boyfriend.

Even though I feel the desire to go down on this sexy man, one thing stands in my way and kind of puts a damper on my enthusiasm. In the past couple of months, my boyfriend has developed warts on the underside of the shaft of his penis. I can sometimes feel them as he goes inside me (although this doesn't detract from the pleasurable experience, maybe even adds to it). However, I do not particularly want to mouth the warts.

As we communicate well and fairly openly, my boyfriend is aware of my feelings and got rid of the warts with an over-the-counter preparation. A few weeks later, however, they came back. I assume he still has the virus.

Could I catch the same virus and develop warts in my mouth or vagina as a result of sexual contact? Will the warts disappear by themselves in time, since my boyfriend is in good health, or will we have to go to a doctor and have them cut out? — *Name and address withheld.*

You are correct in stating that these warts, condylomata acuminata, as they are technically called, are a result of a viral infection. You should, however, be aware that there is a stage of syphilis which produces genital "bumps" that resemble these warts; it is an essential precautionary measure for anyone who has warts to be tested for syphilis.

At this stage of the disease, the blood test would be positive and the germ of syphilis, the spirochete could be found in the wart area. If not diagnosed early, syphilis can be very serious — so the first thing your boyfriend should do is to make sure he does not have syphilis.

It is well known that genital warts, when viral in origin, tend to recur. It is not a wise idea to try to remove them with over-the-counter products. Because the careful diagnosis is essential to correct therapy, it is advisable to seek expert advice.

Often, doctors use a drug called podophyllin to remove the warts. An electric needle can also be used, and in some cases surgical removal is required. Since there have been instances of cancer developing from the base of the warts, it is advisable to send the removed tissue to the laboratory for a pathologic analysis. In general, however, simple removal is usually sufficient.

It is indeed possible for you to catch the virus and develop the warts yourself. A Short Textbook of Venereology, *by R.D. Catterall, states that: "The sexual contacts or marital partners are frequently found to have warts as well when they are examined." Some people seem immune to the virus, since they are able to have sexual relations with someone who is infected and yet do not develop the warts themselves.*

However, if you don't have the symptoms at this time, don't assume that you are immune. It may take as long as six to eight months before the warts develop in someone who has had sexual contact with an infected individual.

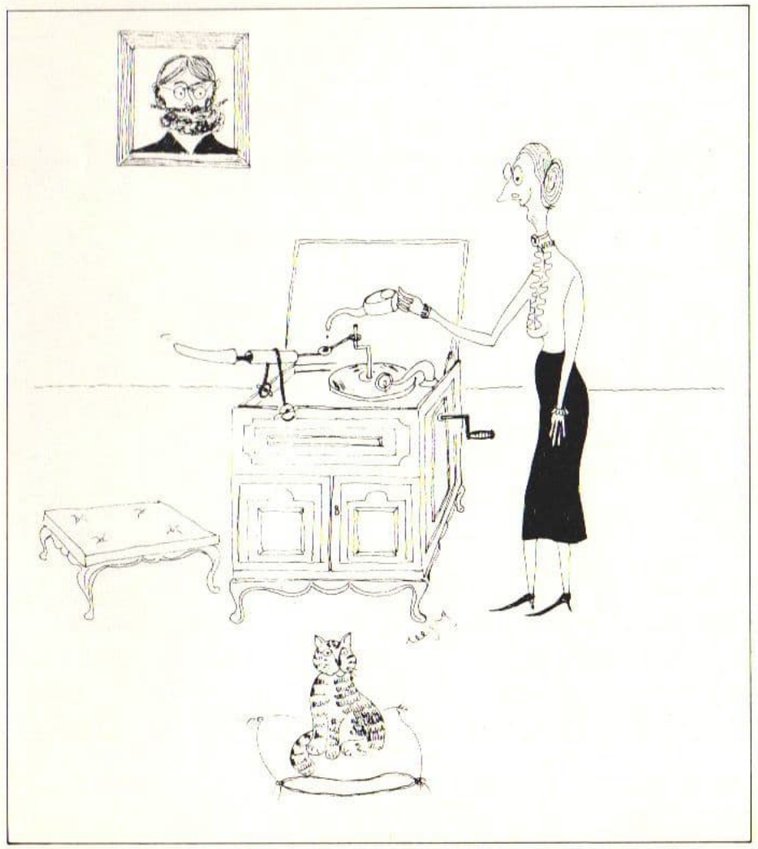
You are best advised to seek medical advice and to refrain from oral-penile contact, possibly even from sexual intercourse, until the problem is corrected.

Should children be spanked?

My wife and I are having a disagreement about the best way to punish our three daughters, aged 16, 13, and 10. A couple of weeks ago, I came home from work early and saw my wife giving our oldest girl a bare-bottom spanking. I asked my wife why she was spanking her. My wife said the girl was naughty, and the spanking was good for her. I asked if she spanks the other girls, too. My wife said yes, she spanks them whenever they are naughty.

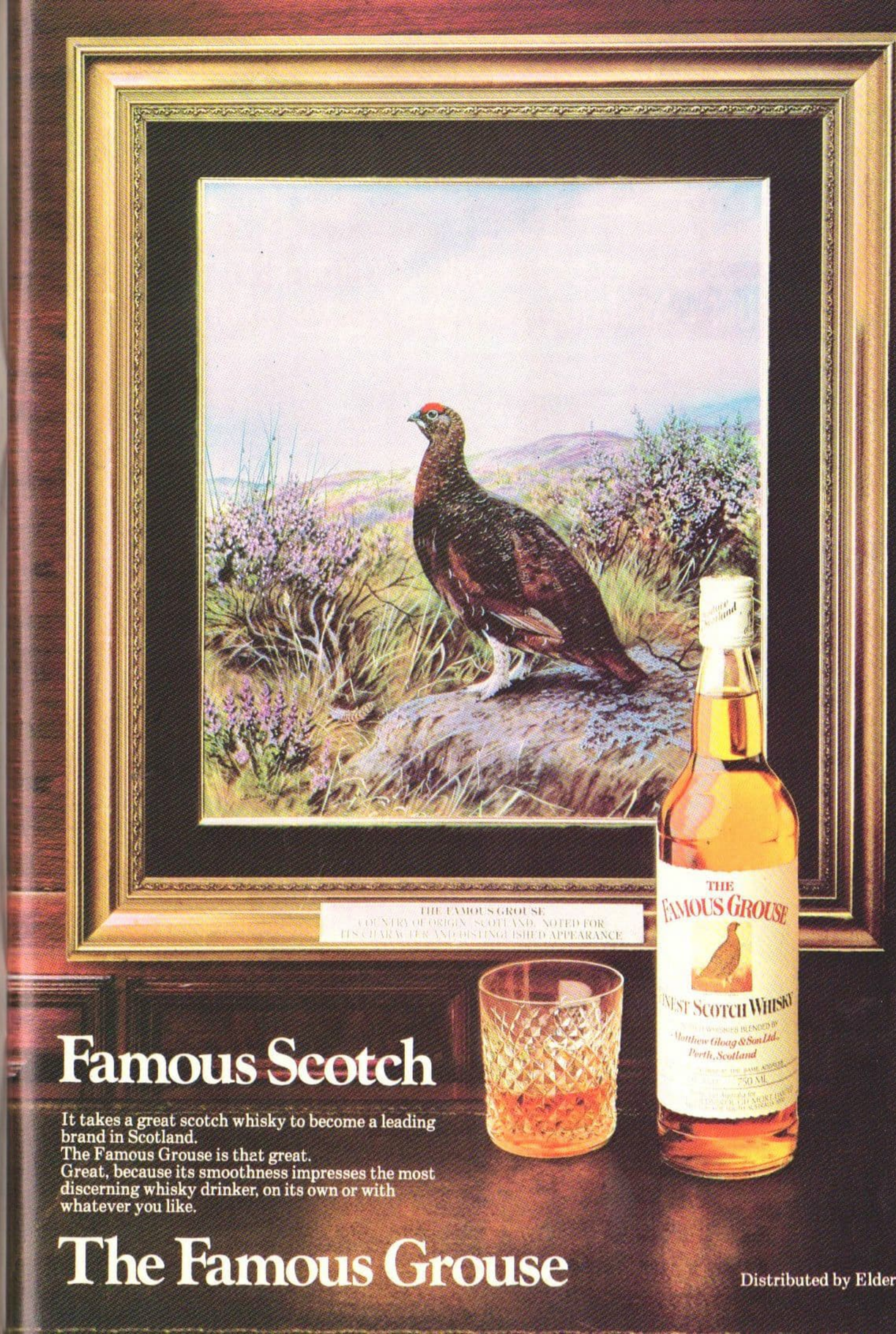
I told my wife that I thought spanking would do psychological harm and wouldn't do any good. My wife said that spanking does not cause psychological harm, that she was spanked until she was 21 years old, and that she will continue to spank our children until they are 21.

Can you please tell us whether or not spanking causes psychological harm? If not, is it all right for my wife to continue to spank our daughters? — *Name and address withheld.*



Your wife has old-fashioned and harmful ideas. Carrying on old parental behavior and ideas from one generation to the next, without examining those "rules", is what makes neurotics generation after generation. We need to challenge those destructive parenting ideas of the past and find healthier ways for families to interact.

While it may be okay to give a small child a swat on the behind occasionally as a form of discipline or protection, for example when teaching it safety rules such as not rushing into the street where cars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are whizzing by, it is almost entirely destructive to spank children as old as yours are.

Children of those ages can be talked to and reasoned with. All that spanking teaches them is to be spankers themselves. Moreover, we believe there may be a correlation between children who are spanked a great deal and those who later require violence to become sexually aroused.

We are not implying that your children do not need discipline. They may very well need it. But spanking is not the way to get people to behave.

In general, children respond best to discipline that comes in the form of positive stroking or positive reinforcement for desirable behavior. Parents learn those techniques in counselling or in parent effectiveness training classes. We suggest you all go for family counselling. If your wife refuses to go, you go with your daughters so they can learn how to talk with Mum and not allow themselves to be spanked. Spanking is humiliating for teenagers, and can only create anger and resentment in them.

Orgasm problems

I have been living with my lover for about six months now. We love each other more than anyone could imagine. I love making love with him. I can always tell when he reaches orgasm inside of me and it feels delicious. However, I can't seem to tell when, or even if, I actually reached orgasm. I feel I am a sensual, sensitive and loving person and enjoy my sex life, but this worries me. Do you have any advice that might help? — *Miss V.C., Queensland.*

It has been said that if you don't know whether or not you've had a climax, you haven't. Though it may be true, this cliche reflects the too prevalent idea that orgasm is the goal of all sexual activity, that women must strive for it, and their partners must work to provide them with it.

There is no rule that sex has to end in orgasm to be "good". Sex should be a matter of pleasure, not work. Someone like yourself who feels she is a sensitive, sensual, loving person and who enjoys her sex life, has found what all human beings are capable of having — responsive, pleasurable sexual experiences.

We think you should be glad that you get such pleasure from your sexual experience and stop worrying about climax. Orgasms are within you as they are within everybody, but you can, and obviously do, get great satisfaction out of sex without having them.

Continue to do what you are doing. Continue to communicate with your partner. Your responses will sometimes, frequently or rarely, include orgasm. They should always include pleasure.

"Hey, what does a guy have to do to get a drink around here?"

Contraceptive jelly

I have always felt too embarrassed to discuss this problem with a doctor, so I'm hoping you can help me. I use a diaphragm with spermicidal jelly. I want to know if taking the jelly internally will have any harmful effects. Of course, I don't intend to eat it, but both my husband and I enjoy oral sex. If I insert both jelly and diaphragm before we begin lovemaking, it's possible that he could ingest a small amount. The alternative, of course, is inserting the diaphragm right before beginning intercourse, but it's really irritating to have to stop then and put it in.

None of the jellies I have tried give any information about this on the package. I would be grateful if you could help. — *Name and address withheld.*

As more and more people turn to the use of barrier techniques of family planning, the question of whether contraceptive jellies, used alone or in combination with a diaphragm, will produce ill effects if small amounts are ingested during oral sex, is asked with increasing frequency.

All of the medical evidence about the agents currently being used suggests that the majority of these products are entirely safe. Many of them have been used in other forms of medication and are actually taken in much larger doses by mouth with no ill effects.

We know from a number of medical studies that many of the agents placed in the vagina are absorbed into the blood stream, and therefore enter the tissues of the body. For example, if large amounts of oestrogens are applied to the vaginas of postmenopausal women, the drugs will produce the same changes which are produced when oestrogen is taken by mouth. Thus, larger doses of the agents in contraceptive jellies might enter your body by absorption from your vagina than could be absorbed by you or your husband during oral sex.

In short, there is no reason why you should not put your diaphragm in before you begin lovemaking. It is not necessary to stop in order to insert the device just prior to intercourse for fears of ill effects from small amounts of jelly.

Most couples feel, as you do, that it is irritating to have to stop and put in a diaphragm. In fact, one of the reasons women have given for not liking to use this method of family planning is that a certain amount of spontaneity in lovemaking is destroyed if they have to run to the bathroom to put in their diaphragms.

For this reason many physicians suggest women insert their diaphragm before going to bed every night in case intercourse takes place; even if the precaution is unnecessary that particular evening, it is a simple matter to remove it in the morning. In this way, the need to stop and insert the diaphragm in the midst of lovemaking is removed.

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It couldn't be easier! Just take this *Penthouse* Key Certificate to any one of the participating Suzuki Agents listed on the following page, and ask for your secretly-coded "Winning Chance" Games Card. Just by entering the competition, you'll win the huge 20" x 30" full-color poster of a beautiful *Penthouse* Pet, Helen Brown.

Then check the number of keys that appear on the card. If it turns out that there are four *Penthouse* keys on your Games Card, you've won yourself a chance to go into the draw for the First Prize: the magnificent Katana GSX1100S. If your "Winning Chance" Games Card has one *Penthouse* Key, you're in the draw for the Katana GSX650G, and if you get a card with two *Penthouse* Keys, you're in the running for the Suzuki GSX250EX commuter bike.

If you've drawn a winning card, fill in your name and address and give it to your Suzuki Agent. The winners of the bikes will be drawn on Friday, October 9, 1981. Results will be announced in *The Australian* on Tuesday, October 13, 1981, and winners will be notified individually by mail. The bikes will be presented at the Castrol Six-Hour Race at Amaroo Park on October 18.

OFFICIAL RULES AND CONDITIONS

1. Collect your free Winning Chance Games Card from your participating Suzuki Agent in NSW, Victoria and SA and compare it to the keys on a "Winning Chance" Games Sheet.
2. If, as on this advertisement, four keys appear on the Games Card, you are one of only 50 people eligible to enter the final draw for the *Penthouse* Suzuki GSX1100S. If one key appears, the entrant has one in 100 chances of winning the GSX650G, if two keys, one in 200 chances of winning the GSX250EX. All entrants are entitled to the free 20" x 30" *Penthouse* poster available at participating showrooms.
3. Holders of the officially printed one, two or four key Games Cards must write their name and address on the Games Card and lodge this with the participating dealer. Prize draw to be held on October 9, 1981. No games pieces available after noon, September 30, 1981.
4. Entry is free to all requesting a games piece from the participating dealers and open only to residents of NSW, Victoria and SA.
5. Each entrant may enter this contest only once. Possession of this advertisement in *Australian Penthouse* is not a condition of entry.
6. Winners of these three *Penthouse* customised Suzuki machines will be notified by post and announced in the Public Notices section of *The Australian* on Tuesday, October 13th, 1981.
7. No correspondence entered into; prizes not transferable and are acceptable "as is". Winners responsible for collection from participating Agent.
8. Entry to this contest shall be deemed to be an acknowledgement of the terms and conditions of entry.
9. The competition is not open to employees or their relatives of Suzuki Australia Ltd. and related companies, their agents and their advertising agents.

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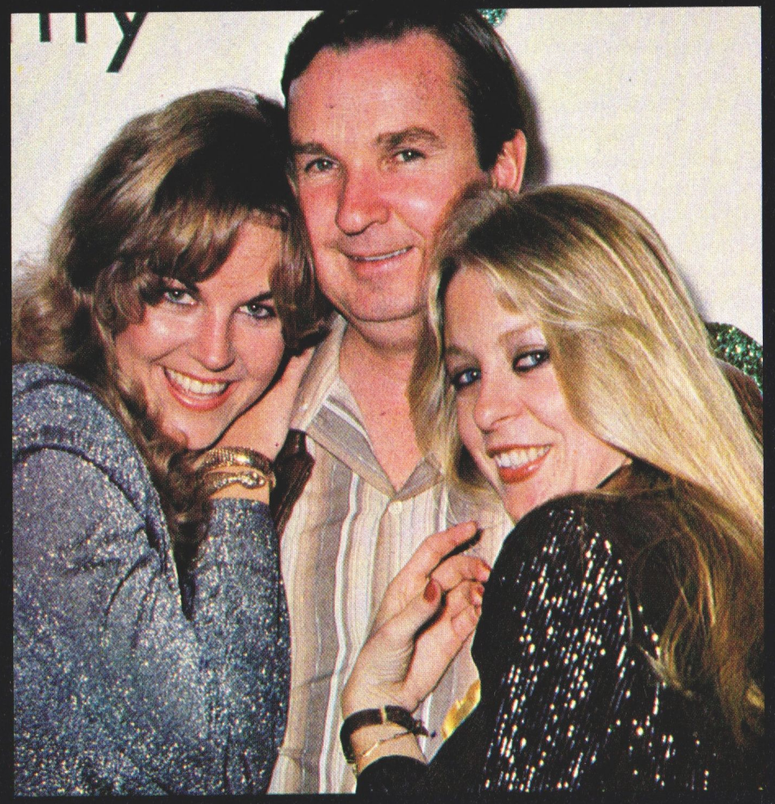
PORTLAND	LEN'S BOATING	23-2925
ROCHESTER	ECHUCA MOWER & MOTORCYCLE	
ROSEBUD	PETER CHARLES MOTORCYCLES	059-864-778
ST. ARNAUD	DALTON MOTORS	054-951-255
SALE	SALE SUZUKI	051-443-503
SAN REMO	BONES SAN REMO MOTORS	056-785-315
SEYMOUR	M & BW MACREADIE & SON	057-922-527
SHEPPARTON	GOULBURN VALLEY MOTORS	058-219-611
STAWELL	DARK & HAY MOTORS	053-581-730
SWAN HILL	SWAN HILL MOTORCYCLES	050-321-593
TALLANGATTA	BRIAN O'SULLIVAN MACHINERY	060-712-633
TARADALE	JOHN WILKINSON MOTORCYCLES	054-232-237
TRARALGON	SUZUKI TRARALGON	051-746-655
WANGARATTA	NOEL SAUNDERS CYCLES	057-212-675
WARRAGUL	CHRISTENSENS MOTORCYCLES	056-232-173
WARRNAMBOOL	ED BATTISTELLO & SON	055-623-392
WELSHPOOL	CORNER SERVICE STATION	056-881-304
WODONGA	WHITEHOUSE MOTORCYCLES	060-243-174
WONTHAGGI	J.P. HOLDEN MOTORS	056-721-122
YARRAWONGA	STUART SIMMONS MOTORCYCLES	057-433-130
VICTORIA — METROPOLITAN AGENTS		
BENTLEIGH EAST	F.A. & P.C. WEBBER PTY. LTD.	570-1851
BORONIA	B.T.X. MOTORCYCLES	762-5259
BOX HILL	MICK HONE MOTORCYCLES	88-2969
CLAYTON	NUMBER 1 MOTORCYCLES	543-5002
COBURG	MCD MOTORCYCLE DEVELOPMENTS	386-7791
DANDENONG	DANDENONG SUZUKI	791-1372
DANDENONG	RIOT NOMINEES PTY. LTD.	791-7722
ESSENDON	ESSENDON SUZUKI MOTOSPORT	379-3735
FOOTSCRAY	FOOTSCRAY MOTORCYCLES	689-4969
FRANKSTON	BRYANT SUZUKI	783-3766
GLENROY	BILL CRAWFORD MOTORCYCLES	306-3919
GREENSBOROUGH	GRIMSHAW MOTORCYCLES	435-1135
HAWTHORN EAST	TO BIKE ON	82-5973
HEIDLEBERG	HEIDLEBERG SUZUKI	458-2931
MALVERN	ARMADALE MOTORCYCLES	20-7733
MELBOURNE	RIOT NOMINEES PTY. LTD.	67-9634
MELBOURNE	MELBOURNE SUZUKI	67-1256
MORDIALLOC	TECNICO MOTORCYCLES	90-9672
MOOROLBARK	MOOROOLBARK MOTORCYCLES	725-6937
PRESTON	BATES CYCLES	478-1891
RICHMOND	BARRY SPILLER MOTORCYCLES	428-5646
RINGWOOD	RIOT NOMINEES PTY. LTD.	870-0855
SCORESBY	TREVOR FLOOD GASIT IMP.	763-8571
SPRINGVALE	RIOT NOMINEES PTY. LTD.	546-7422
SOUTH YARRA	PRAHAN SUZUKI	240-1331
WILLIAMSTOWN	WILLIAMSTOWN MOTORCYCLES	397-5695
NEW SOUTH WALES — METROPOLITAN AGENTS		
ASHFIELD	JIM EADE MOTORCYCLES	798-7822
BALMAIN	LES JACKSON MOTORCYCLES	827-1204
BELMORE	JOHN MACKLIN CYCLES	789-3388
BEVERLEY HILLS	CRYMBLE MOTORCYCLES	502-1385
BLACKTOWN	B.W. NORTHCOTT MOTORCYCLES	622-1091
BONDI	CYCLECRAFT MOTORCYCLES	387-3145
BROOKVALE	ALAN HALES MOTORCYCLES	938-4687
CAMPBELLTOWN	CAMPBELLTOWN WORLD OF WHEELS	046-25-7709
CROWS NEST	JOHN DUNN MOTORCYCLES	438-2885
GUILDFORD	ADAMS MOTORCYCLES	632-8185
HABERFIELD	CYCLE SPOT	799-5022
HOMEBUSH	NORM FRASER MOTORCYCLES	764-3943
HORNSBY	HORNSBY SUZUKI	477-5422
HURSTVILLE	CYCLE CITY	570-2740
LIVERPOOL	HOLLYWOOD MOTORS	602-7655
MIRANDA	MACKLIN MOTORCYCLES	525-7615
PARRAMATTA	RYANS MOTORCYCLES PTY. LTD.	635-8444
RICHMOND	RICHMOND SUZUKI	045-78-3308
RYDE	TOP RIDER	80-0504
ST MARYS	WESTERN MOTORCYCLES	623-7247
SUTHERLAND	GUS LIU MOTORCYCLES	521-7059
SYDNEY	CITY SUZUKI	212-1908
YAGOONA	J.C.W. MOTORCYCLES	70-2804
NEW SOUTH WALES COUNTRY AGENTS		
ADAMSTOWN	SPORTSCYCLES	049-52-1577
ALBURY	STATELINE MOTORCYCLES	060-25-1655
ARMIDALE	MOTO SERVE SUZUKI	067-72-5988
BALLINA	BRAMS MOTORCYCLE CENTRE	066-86-3096
BATHURST	PAUL SPOONER MOTORS	063-31-2162
BEGA	RODNEY GRIFFIN PTY LTD	064-92-2005
BELMONT	JOHN OWENS MOTORCYCLES	049-45-3726
BLAXLAND	PETER CHANT MOTORCYCLES	047-39-4313
BOMBALA	S.A. & P.E. GORNY	064-88-3035
BOOLAROO	ALAN CRAIG MOTORCYCLES	049-58-1455
BOURKE	FARRELL BROS MOTORS & CO PTY LTD	068-72-2400
BRAIDWOOD	B P BRAIDWOOD	048-42-2565
BREWARRINA	ENGLISH AND HERTSLET	068-783-2184
BROADMEADOW	NORM FRASER MOTORCYCLES	049-52-2666
BROKEN HILL	BROKEN HILL SUZUKI	080-78-68
CANBERRA	R & J GENGE MOTOR SERVICES	062-49-7923
CANBERRA (WESTON)	DOUG BRYANT MOTORCYCLES	062-88-8747
CASINO	CASINO MOTORCYCLES	066-62-2454
CESSNOCK	BRIAN ROONEY SUZUKI	049-90-2527
COBAR	PARISIS GARAGE	068-36-2669
COFFS HARBOUR	GRAHAMS RETRAVISION STORE	066-52-2477
CONDOBOLIN	CONDOBOLIN MARINE & SPORTS STORE	068-95-2284
COOLAH	VALLEY MOTORS (COOLAH)	063-77-1192
COOMA	ALPINE BIKE SHOP	064-82-2763
COOTAMUNDRA	HALL'S CYCLES	069-42-1682
COROWA	D & C CAMPBELL (COROWA) PTY LTD	060-33-1268
CORRIMAL	BILL MORRIS MOTORCYCLES	042-84-4377
COWRA	ALL SERVICE MOTORS	063-42-2590
DORRIGO	BRIAN BAFF MOTORCYCLES	066-471-1111
DUBBO	READFORDS MOTORCYCLE CENTRE	068-82-2290
EDEN	S.A. & P.E. GORNY	064-96-1862
FORBES	GOULDS MOTORCYCLES	068-52-2731
GILGANDRA	PETER BROOK FARM MACHINERY	068-47-2349
GLEN INNES	GLEN INNES MOTORCYCLES	067-3142-1646
GOSFORD WEST	CENTRAL COAST MOTORCYCLES	043-24-3355
GOULBURN	GOULBURN POWER CENTRE	048-21-1866
GRAFTON	BILL PETERS MOTORCYCLES	066-42-1154
GRIFFITH	J & P MOTORCYCLES	069-62-4983
HILLSTON	GRIFFITH MOTORCYCLE CENTRE	HILLSTON 103
GRENFELL	TRESILIAN AND DUN PTY LTD	063-43-1133
GUNNEDAH	G & D MOTORCYCLES	067-42-1937
HAY	HAY MOTORCYCLE CENTRE	HAY 296
HOLBROOK	JIM MOCK MOTORS	060-36-2022
INVERELL	M S MOTORCYCLES	067-22-3742
JERILDERIE	MORO MOTORS	058-86-1329
KATOOMBA	KATOOMBA MOTORCYCLES	(047)-82-2131
KEMPSEY	PHIL DRUMMOND MOTORCYCLES	065-62-4745
LEETON	NARRANDERA MOTORCYCLES	069-53-2888
LISMORE	RICHMOND VALLEY MOTORCYCLES	066-21-7403
LITHGOW	S & K MOTORCYCLES	063-52-2173
MOREE	LES SIMSHAUSER MOTORCYCLES	067-52-3314
MAITLAND	CYCLE SCENE	049-33-5523
MORUYA	MORUYA SERVICE STATION	044-74-2812
MOSS VALE	BERT WHEELER & CO	048-91-1084
MUDGEE	MUDGEE RADIATOR CENTRE	063-72-2579
MUNGINDI	NORTH WESTERN MOTORS	067-53-1284
MURWILLUMBAH	HENDERSON MOTORCYCLES	066-72-2662
MUSWELLBROOK	DRAKE AND BAILEY	065-43-2238
NARRABRI	JEFF & P R KISS	067-92-2516
NARRANDERA	NARRANDERA MOTORCYCLES	069-59-1763
NOWRA	BYRNES MOTORCYCLES	044-24-375
NYNGAN	BELLS MOTORS	068-323-5164
ORANGE	MORRIS MOTORCYCLES	063-62-1942
PARKES	PAT KINSELA & CO	068-62-1247
PORT MACQUARIE	OXLEY CYCLE CO	065-83-2437
QUEANBEYAN	LES DAHLITZ AUTO WORLD	062-97-5358
SCONE	ARNULLS AUTO CENTRE	065-45-2126
SINGLETON	R & E TEASDALE PTY LIMITED	065-72-1655
TAMWORTH	MOTO SERVE SUZUKI	067-66-6188
TAREE	NORM FRASER MOTORCYCLES (TAREE) P/L	065-52-4062
TEMORA	STARLINGS AUTO SERVICE	069-82-1136
TENTERFIELD		
TUMUT	PARKTOWN AUTOS	069-47-1133
ULLADULLA	SOUTH COAST MOTORCYCLES	044-55-2517
WAGGA	WAGGA MOTORCYCLE CENTRE	069-21-4536
WALGETT	WALGETT GARAGE PTY LIMITED	WALGETT 125
WAUCHOPE	AGRILEND PTY LTD	065-8811-1105
WINGHAM	GREG OWENS MECHANICAL REPAIRS	065-53-4646
WOLLONGONG	NOEL SHIPP MOTORCYCLES	042-29-1030
WEST WYALONG	WESTERN MOTORS	WYALONG 725
WYONG	WOODY'S MOTORCYCLES	043-52-1331
YASS	N.J. & P.J. KEMP	062-26-1494
YOUNG	JACK HOWARD & CO	063-82-1955
SOUTH AUSTRALIA — COUNTRY AGENTS		
BALAKLAVA	BALAKLAVA MOTORS	088-62-1030
BARMERA	ROSENTHAL BROS & MOTORS PTY LTD	085-88-2121
BORDERTOWN	INGLIS MOTORS	087-52-1156
CEDUNA	H.G. BETTS PTY LTD	086-78-2056
CLARE	SUZUKI CLARE	088-42-2586
CLEAVE	M.S. McLEOD PTY LTD	086-28-2191
CUMMINS	M.S. McLEOD PTY LTD	086-86-2104
EUDUNDA	JOHN OBST	EUDUNDA 220
GAWLER	B & H MOTORCYCLES	085-22-3191
HAWKER	FLINDERS AUTO	HAWKER 86
JAMESTOWN	M.S. McLEOD PTY LTD	086-64-1306
KADINA	DALGETY AUST LTD	088-21-1425
KEITH	CALDECOTT MOTORS	087-55-1080
KIMBA	KIMBA TRACTOR TRADERS	086-47-2034
KINGSCOTE	LOVERINGS K.I. PTY LTD	084-82-2026
KINGSTON	LECORNU SERVICE GARAGE	087-67-2424
LEIGH CREEK	NORTHERN MOTORS	LEIGH CK. 16
MAITLAND	BOB LANDTS	088-32-2383
MENINGIE	BONNEY SALES & SERV. TRANS.	MENINGIE 127
MILLICENT	BOHNER FORD	087-33-2022
MINLATON	DALGETY AUST. LTD.	088-53-2041
MT PLEASANT	SUZUKI DAN	085-68-2103
MURRAY BRIDGE	BRIDGE AGENCIES	085-32-2355
NARACOORTE	NARACOORTE SUZUKI	087-62-1383
NORMANVILLE	NORMANVILLE GARAGE	085-58-2005
NURIOOTPA	JAENSCH SUZUKI	085-62-1548
ORROROO	ORROROO MOTORS	086-58-2186
PADTHAWAY	PADTHAWAY SALES & SERV.	087-65-5021
PETERBOROUGH	NORTHLINE MOTORS	086-51-2101
PT. AUGUSTA	KEN SPICE AUTO SALES	086-42-3366
PT. LINCOLN	LINCOLN SUZUKI CENTRE	086-82-2331
PT. PIRIE	SUZI-LAND	086-32-1517
RENMARK	ROSENTHAL BROS	085-86-6626
TUMBY BAY	SEAVIEW MOTORS	086-88-2029
VICTOR HARBOUR	SOUTH COAST DATSUN	085-52-1371
WAIKERIE	WAIKERIE DATSUN	085-41-2717
WIRRABARA	MURDOCK MOTORS PTY LTD	086-68-4061
SOUTH AUSTRALIA — METROPOLITAN AGENTS		
ADELAIDE	TAYLOR TEAM SUZUKI	233-2534
BRIDGEWATER	VIMY RIDGE S/S	339-2700
FLINDERS PARK	SUN MOTORCYCLES	352-6739
HAMPSTEAD GARDENS	KESSNER SUZUKI	261-9305
MACCLESFIELD	STRATHFIELD EQUIP.	338-9231
PARA HILLS WEST	SUZUKI NORTH	250-4005
SOMERTON PARK	FARNDEN MOTORCYCLES	295-4033
WINGFIELD	JUNCTION SUZUKI	268-1955
NORTHERN TERRITORY		
ALICE SPRINGS	ALICE CITY AUTOS	089-52-5500
DARWIN	SUZUKI MOTORCYCLE CENTRE	089-81-9033

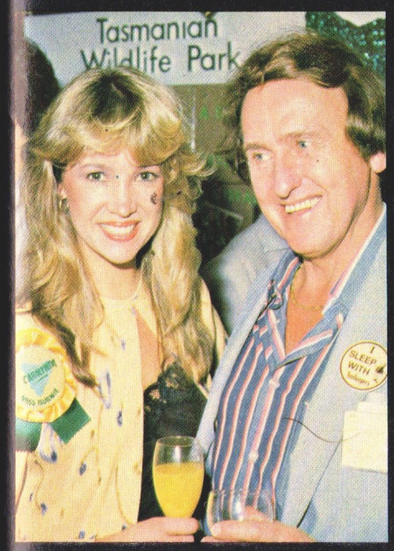
Pet Power



Pet Power to the people!

When we introduced the Pet Power marketing program earlier this year there were (dare we say it?) sceptics in the community who felt it was doomed to failure. Six months and some 200 personal appearances later, Pet Power has this to say to its critics: Pfft! The Penthouse Pets have added glamor to sporting events, business conventions, shopping centre promotions, hotel openings and charity events. They have received saturation media coverage in just about every large city and small pocket of Australia.

Clad in their high fashion garments from Jill Fitzsimon of Sydney, the Pets have transformed social and business functions for such clients as Suzuki Australia, the Tasmanian Tourist Bureau, Southern Pacific Hotels, Pioneer, Marantz, Bose, Dunlop, Pye, Lend Lease, Enco Besser Bricks and Coates Hire Service. In July Pet Power undertook its most ambitious assignment to date — the promotion of Tasmania at the annual convention of the Australian Federation of Travel Agents. Six Penthouse Pets, led by current Pet of the Year Tracey Wallace, travelled to Queensland's Gold Coast for the week-long promotion of the Apple Isle. After the promotion an official commented: "... without a doubt, one of the most successful promotions that the Tasmanian Department of Tourism has been involved with ... we believe a tremendous amount of the success was attributed to the girls' involvement."
As part of Pet Power, the Penthouse Pets toured the Eastern States recently promoting the 1981 Pet of the Year contest with a variety of in-store appearances, and launched the Penthouse Series Port in Melbourne and Adelaide. Next the girls are gearing up to make a huge promotional splash around Australia this summer.



Pet Power in action.
Pets Tracey Wallace, Amanda Mactaggart, Amanda Ford, Carolynda Yarranton, Kim McWhinney and Julie Lambert with delegates at the AFTA Convention in Surfers Paradise.

HAIG
THE OLDEST NAME IN SCOTCH
★★★★★
Haigoodlookin'
Haig. The oldest name in scotch. Looking as good today as it did in 1627. Reward yourself with a Haig and you're lookin' good. Haig.
HA104 AB1212/81

Seven great tapes from TDK.

Now you can get the best from your hi-fi. With the new SA-X and OD you can choose the right tape from TDK's range of seven improved cassettes.

Metal Position tapes

MA-R Metal alloy tape in a diecast metal frame cassette. To make full use of TDK's metal tape technology they designed a "Reference Standard" cassette mechanism. High precision assures complete stability and constantly accurate orientation. Available in 60 and 90 minute tapes.

MA TDK's metal alloy tape with a much higher maximum output level (MOL) outperforms high bias tapes and compares in reproduction with open reel. Metal's high coercivity and remanence has revolutionised the quality of sound recording. Metal bias position switch required, now found on top of the range decks. Available in 60 and 90 minute tapes.

High (CrO_2) Position tapes

SA-X Super Avilyn tape, a new addition to the TDK range, featuring a dual coating that improves the characteristics of its MOL and coercivity. A high position tape in a "Laboratory Standard" cassette mechanism.

The dual coating of Super Avilyn gives a notable improvement across the bandwith. Available in 60 and 90 minute tapes.

SA Super Avilyn, TDK's famous high quality, high position tape.

A sophisticated cobalt enriched ferric oxide coating that gave a new dimension to cassette recording. Now improved in quality. Available in 60 and 90 minute tapes.

Normal Position tapes

OD Optimum Dynamic, the second new tape to be added to TDK's range. The top of the dynamic series of tapes for Normal Switch position. This tape promises to become the reference for all low-noise high-output tapes. Available in 60 and 90 minute tapes.

AD Acoustic Dynamic. This tape is just right for quality cassette recorders, cassette radios and home music centres. Available in 46, 60, 90, 120 minute tapes.

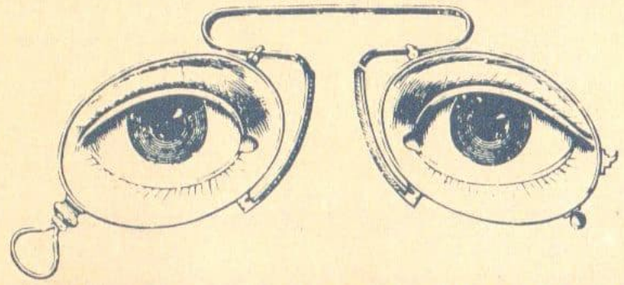
D Dynamic. A quality tape specially designed and coated for the wide selection of popular priced cassette recorders. It has a wide dynamic range. Available in 46, 60, 90, 120 minute tapes.

TDK

TDK (AUSTRALIA) PTY. LTD.

Note: Any person practising tape recording should observe the provisions of the Copyright Act 1968 TDK8012R

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION PLEASE CONTACT
TDK AUST., LEVEL B SOUTH, 100 HARRIS ST., PYRMONT NSW 2009. TEL (02) 660 4955



VIEW FROM THE TOP

NIGHT OWLS

There was a time, in the not too distant past, when the major capital cities of Australia had an after-midnight mental block. Anybody who wanted to eat, drink, dance or rage after the witching hour was a voice crying out in the wilderness. The pubs and clubs offered a certain kind of entertainment up to a certain hour, and that was that.

The emergence of the discotheque scene in the mid-Sixties signalled a change but this was mainly, and almost insignificantly, in Sydney and Melbourne. What of Adelaide, Perth or Brisbane where the only flickering lights to be seen were those of the traffic lights? And in Hobart you'd have been lucky to find a cigarette vending machine open after midnight. Old jokes like "I went to Perth but it was closed" had a ring of truth.

We are pleased to announce that Nightlife Australia has truly come of age. The choice offered in late-night entertainment around the country is now amazing. The colony is dead. We have been forced, in fact, to leave out some places and mention others only in passing. The 3am licence is alive and well, and thriving from Port Melbourne to Surfers Paradise.

This is the first of a regular rundown on activities for night owls. This month we introduce it by telling you about some major places. Detailed listings, with facts and figures, appear at the end. Other late-night spots will come under close examination in future issues.

Take Sydney, for example. It offers everything from elegant piano bars to raucous rock and roll venues; from chic discos to coffee bars that never seem to close. *Jamieson Street Supper Club* is one of the more recent additions to the Sydney late night scene. You'll find it tucked away in the city, behind George Street. It offers a complex of stylish entertainments ranging from a piano lounge, a laser-light show, a sophisticated adult puppet revue to great rock and roll. Membership, at $300 per year, entitles you to enter without cover charge at any time with up to three friends. Cards are welcome and you can eat there at either a New York-style deli or at the Thai restaurant. Soon Jamieson Street will be hosting live shows which we'll keep you posted about.

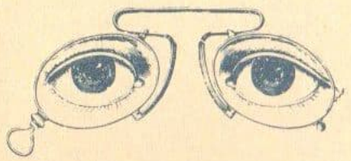
Arthurs is now established as one of the top "see and be seen" spots in Sydney. Arthur told us that his place attracts those "interested in conversation and meeting each other". The crowd is dressed in the latest, which sometimes includes the weirdest, and its all sorts all the way. The doorman can take some getting past. He keeps an eye on overcrowding and "undesirable elements". Arthurs is on two main levels, with a dance floor in a separate cubby hole above the second level. It has a bar up there and some great new wave and golden oldy records. In summer the outdoor terraces and gardens are packed.

The Basement, almost hidden away near Circular Quay, is open six days a week. They hold regular concert nights where for $2 you'll hear really top international talent. The resident band is Galapagos Duck, who have an enthusiastic and well-deserved following. It gets incredibly crowded. Try to avoid the crush by booking a table for dinner. The food is reasonable and the crush you see around the bar will make you glad you came early.

Another music venue that's a must on any late-night prowler's list in Sydney is *The Manzil Room* in Kings Cross. It often stays open till 4 or 5 am and offers a different rock group every night. It's a pushy, lively, not to mention raunchy place for the 21-30s. Other places we'll be covering in Sydney soon include Rogues, Stranded, The Cauldron and the soon-to-be-opened Lone Star Bar which has taken over the site of Pink's Cafe.

Keep tuned.

Melbourne's *Le Joke* is part of one of the many stand-up comics' venues which have sprouted up over recent years. Undoubtedly, Melbourne is the comedy capital of Australia. It's part of a larger venue called The Last Laugh, in Collingwood.



Tuesday and Wednesday are try-out nights and the brave can bring along a joke and wait for the response. From Thursday to Saturday there are two shows a night, with the action ceasing when the last comedian has given up and gone home. You can eat and drink until all hours, elbowing for space at the bar with the likes of Alf Garnett and Joe Average.

Silvers, at Toorak Centre, 445 Toorak Road, Toorak (surprise), is open until 3am six nights a week. It's one floor of intimate and stylish get-togetherness for the late 20s-30s age group. The music played covers a broad spectrum and you can flash all kinds of plastic there. The keynote is "chic".

Another Melbourne night spot to keep in mind is *Inflation.* You'll find it in King Street. There's a regular laser show here and once month, on a Thursday, there's a Cafe Society Night. Patrons are asked to come in evening dress on this occasion and you can listen to big band sounds a la nostalgia. Inflation attracts an over 25s crowd who are interested in being heard when they speak. Other places we'll be talking about in Melbourne soon include The Jump Club, The Soda Sisters Drug Store and The Underground.

Canberra isn't all diplomatic circles and political parties. *The Private Bin,* in Northpoint Avenue, has fairly strict ideas on dress, which include men wearing jackets upstairs. The downstairs section is more casual. There's a bistro that serves meals to all hours and a disco dance floor for mingling.

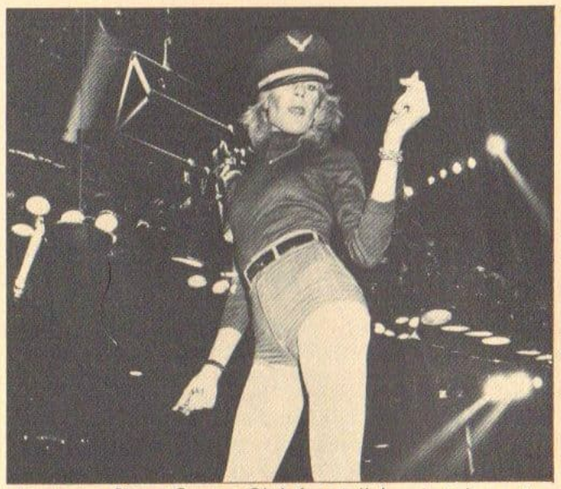
A.J.'s Adult Night Spot and Disco is, despite its dreadful name, a top Canberra raging spot. It's open every day of the week from noon to 3am, which goes to prove that *somebody* works hard in Canberra. Dress regulations bar jeans and T-shirts. It attracts a semi-political crowd in the 22-40 years old bracket.

Brisbane and Surfers Paradise are hot and steamy spots for late-night revellers. *Whispers* in Brunswick Street, Brisbane, is regularly open until 3am. It often features special entertainment from big name artists. Jon English and Marcia Hines appeared there together recently. The acts change every week. There's a good a la carte menu and supper menu for late-night munchies. VIP memberships will cost you $300 a year. For this outlay you get free admission at all times. Whispers attracts a 25-45 age group to its two bars, three levels, a DJ and the occasional blast of 1940s big-band music.

Images, previously known as Top of the State, is on the 24th floor of the SGIO Building in Brisbane. It attracts an over-25ish crowd, chic and sophisticated. The late-night food is a plus here as you can order everything from steaks and seafood to cheese platters up to 3am. There are two stainless-steel dance floors, one up against the 24th floor windows for a romantic, suicidal view. The decor is neo-plush, with seating for 350 and three bars for the thirsty.

The Penthouse (classy name) is a raging spot in Surfers Paradise. There are four levels of late-night entertainment here. The first floor houses Mad Mary's, a disco for younger patrons. The second floor is where you'll find Bananas, a rock and roll disco. Club Three, on the third floor, has a live band and is aimed at the 30s crowd. On the fourth floor you can escape the frenetic pace at the Piano Bar. Obviously, the clientele is varied but the emphasis is on well-dressed chic.

Twains is also in Surfers, and stays open until 3am. There is no cover charge if you have a meal there. Twains hosts international acts — The Pointer Sisters were there recently — and big name local bands. Dress regulations are fairly strict with few concessions being made for the excessive heat. No jeans or scanty cladding allowed.



Jamieson Street Supper Club for stylish entertainments.

Toucan in Adelaide is a night owl's paradise. It's often open until 6 or 7am. It's a very casual spot, emphasising contemporary music, records and relaxation. For a minimum food charge on Thursday-Saturday nights you can munch on pates, quiches, casseroles and so forth. There's no dance floor, but punk rockers, actors, members of bands and all kinds of entertainers go there after shows, so you never know who you'll be rubbing shoulders with.

Regines in Adelaide has live dinner music from a Latin American band, with a DJ who takes over after 10.30 pm. The management is particularly proud of the food at Regines and the dance floor is also rather special — brass and crowded. The crowd here is smart and sophisticated. There's commissionaire parking for free and other little tid-bits to set the tone for the night.

Hannibals in Perth is often open past 3am and has retained that bizarre system of charging men and women different cover prices. The dress rules are also strict. Dress up or don't expect to be allowed in. A feature on Wednesday nights is the live rock and roll band playing Fifties hits. Thursday is promotion night — fashion parades, film openings etc. The Miss Hannibal contest has started and will run over the next month. The winner will get $10,000 of prizes.

The Wrest Point Casino in Hobart's Sandy Bay area also houses a *Regines,* which stays open to 3am. It's drinks only so you'll have to wander the rest of the casino complex for food. Resident band, Production Line, and a spectacularly lit-up dance floor may compensate for hunger pangs. Up to 400 people can be packed in there and most are in their mid to late 20s. No credit cards are accepted and there is no membership system.

There's more night owl night-life around Australia — much more. Next month we'll continue to tell you how to avoid getting home early — by getting home *very* early. Send details of your favorite late-nighter to *Australian Penthouse,* GPO Box 4084, Sydney NSW 2001.

Jamieson Street Supper Club, 11 Jamieson Street, Sydney. (27-1937); 9pm to 3am Tuesday-Saturday; cover $5; Tuesday-Thursday, $10 Friday-Saturday; dress: elegant casual; cards: accepted.

Arthurs, 155 Victoria Street, Kings Cross, Sydney. (358-5097); 6pm to 3am Monday-Sunday; cover: none; dress: the latest; cards: accepted.

Basement, 29 Reiby Place, Circular Quay, Sydney. (27-9727); 6.30pm to midnight Monday-Wednesday; 6.30pm to 3am Thursday, Friday, Saturday; cover: $2 on concert nights; dress: smart casual; cards: accepted.

The Manzil Room, 15 Springfield Avenue, Kings Cross, Sydney. (358-3318); 9.30pm to 4-5am Monday-Sunday; cover: $4; dress: no jeans; cards: accepted.

Le Joke, upstairs at The Last Laugh, 64 Smith Street, Collingwood, Melbourne. (419-2869); 7pm to 3am Tuesday-Saturday; cover: $6 early show, $4 late show; dress: casual; cards: accepted.

Silvers, Toorak Centre, 445 Toorak Road, Toorak, Melbourne. (241-8244); 8pm to 3am Tuesday-Saturday; cover: $5; dress: smart casual; cards: accepted.

Inflation, 54-60 King Street, Melbourne. (62-4117); 8pm to 3am Monday-Saturday; cover: $5 Monday-Tuesday; $7 Wednesday-Thursday; $8 Friday-Saturday; dress: neat casual; cards: accepted.

The Private Bin, Northpoint Avenue, Canberra. (47-3030); 7pm to 3am Monday-Saturday; cover: none; dress: jacket required upstairs, casual downstairs; cards: none.

A.J.'s Adult Night Spot and Disco, Una Porter Centre, Civic, Garema Place, Canberra. (48-7801); 12 noon to 3am Monday-Saturday; cover: $2 Friday and Saturday; dress: no jeans; cards: accepted.

Whispers, 195 Brunswick Street, Brisbane. (52-8021); 7.30pm to 3am Tuesday-Saturday; cover: $6; dress: elegant casual; cards: accepted.

Images, 24th Level, SGIO Building, Turbot Street, Brisbane. (221-6261); 7pm to 3am Tuesday-Saturday; cover: $5; dress: smart casual; cards: accepted.

The Penthouse, Weedon Court, Orchid Avenue, Surfers Paradise. (39-0289); 7pm to 3am Monday-Saturday; cover: $5; dress: smart casual; cards: accepted.

Twains, The Mark Shopping Centre, Orchid Avenue, Surfers Paradise. (38-5000); 7pm to 3am Tuesday-Saturday; cover: $5 average; dress: elegant casual; cards: accepted.

Toucan, 126-128 King William Road, Hyde Park, Adelaide. (272-3948); 6pm to 6-7am Tuesday-Sunday; cover: min. meal charge $3 Thursday-Saturday; dress: casual; cards: accepted.

Regines, 69 Light Square, Adelaide. (212-6044); 7pm to 3am Monday-Saturday; cover: $4, credit on supper; dress: elegant casual; cards: accepted.

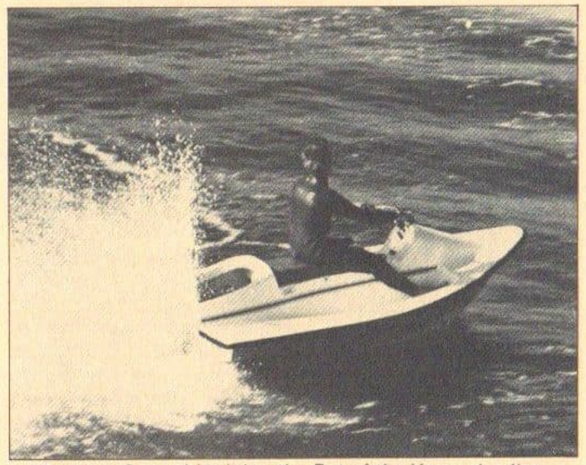
Hannibals, 69 Lake Street, Perth. (328-1065); 9pm to 3.30am Wednesday-Saturday; cover: $4 average; dress: very smart; cards: accepted.

Wrest Point Casino — Regines, 410 Sandy Bay Road, Sandy Bay, Hobart. (25-0112); 9pm to 3am Monday-Sunday; cover: $2; dress: no jeans; cards: none.

SCENES

MORE PET PRIZES

Two new prizes join the list of wonderful things to be won in the $100,000 Pet of the Year for 1981 contest. Our lucky winner will be able to take to the sea in a Java Scrambler

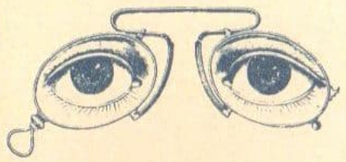


The Java Scrambler joins the Pet of the Year prize list.

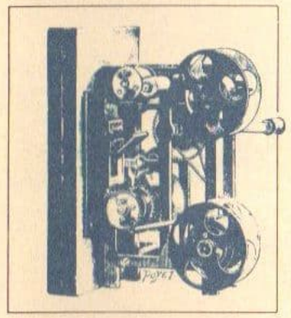
water bike from Java Industries, complete with trailer and 25hp motor, valued at more than $4300. The Scrambler jumps over wakes and waves with ease, and gives you the thrill of high speeds, but it can also be used for fishing and it can tow a skier. Two people can be carried on the Scrambler, and features include automatic motor cut-out and foam buoyancy for added safety and a dry storage space under the seat.

And to celebrate her win, the Pet of the Year will have $1000 of fine wines from Seagrams.

Other prizes in the richest glamor contest in the southern hemisphere include: a $20,000 modelling and personal appearance contract with Australian Penthouse; a Lancia Beta Coupe for the winner and a Fiat X1-9 Sports for the runner-up, the two cars valued at $33,000 on the road; two car stereo systems and a dual turntable home system from Bose valued at $7000; the Pet of the Year key, diamond-paved, designed by award winner Nicola Cerrone and valued at $4000; a three piece velvet lounge suite from Boodela, worth $3800; $3500 of air travel; a Ruf Super Jet Bed, valued at $3000; a two-week ski holiday from A-Line Motor Inn, Queenstown, New Zealand, worth $2500; the $1500 Philips package, including a dishwasher, microwave oven, lady shaver and body massager; the exciting Suzuki GSX 250 motorcycle, valued at $1600; $1400 worth of Video Classics movies; the $1000 Perrier prize, including mineral water, towels and T-shirts; a week for two at Berida Manor, valued at $1000; $1000 of fashion gear from Jill Fitzsimon, complimented by a $1000 fur from Cornelius Furs; Atomic Ski gear worth $1000; and a Windsurfer sailboard valued at $1000 from Sailboards Australia; $1000 of Great Western Champagne from G. Seppelt and Sons; a Klafs Bellarium portable solarium from Australian Global Trading, valued at $750; travel bags valued at $500 from Hunt Leather; Hanimex underwater camera and diving equipment, valued at $500; a $330 Olympus OM-10 camera from Elmay Marketing; Cliche lingerie valued at $275; $250 of swimwear from Brian Rochford; perfumes and cosmetics valued at $250 from Emmo Juvena; a Malvern Star SL12-speed bike, valued at $250; Raymond Castles shoes worth $250; $160 of Dunlop "Core" sportswear, and other prizes.



FILMS



BRILLIANT GALLIPOLI

There aren't enough superlatives in the dictionary to describe the quality of Peter Weir's film *Gallipoli*. It's brilliant, moving, classy and inspiring. It's that and so much more. The depth of emotion, of characterisation, of motivation is far superior to any of the more recent batch of films unleashed by the Australian film industry.

This, the first product to roll off the R&R (Robert Stigwood and Rupert Murdoch) film assembly line Down Under, is a worthwhile effort of which we can be proud. Proud, for the film captures that almost indefinable Australian spirit — mateship, loyalty, its patriotism, its survival. And that's no mean feat to achieve, for many films in our recent celluloid past have tried — and many have nearly succeeded — but *Gallipoli* has managed to embody all of them. *Breaker Morant* had most of these qualities, but not all so neatly, so concisely, so well presented and, dare I say it, so commercially as well.

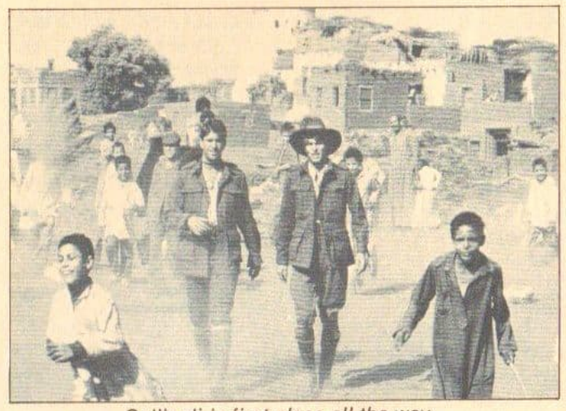
As the title hints, it's a tale of war, the "war to end all wars". It's 1915 and men all around Australia, as elsewhere in the world, are rushing to enlist. "Ya gotta be in it, mate," "Girls go wild over a man in uniform," they cajole each other. But for each one aware of the dire situation, there are two who are totally oblivious of a war being fought at all, as well as those who don't care. It was something the British are involved in. It has nothing to do with a newly federated Australia. "What war?" asks an old codger. "Against the Germans." His reply is a simple statement: "I knew a German once." A line which shows some of the innate humor in David Williamson's meaty script, humor which touches upon many fundamental points.

And even though this is a film about war, a film about the most important battle as far as the Anzacs are concerned, the film devotes only a third of its running time to the actual battle sequences. Weir's original story and Williamson's script take a very personal approach and look at this futile exercise through the eyes of two young innocents who, like many others, joined up feeling that "we're all involved in an adventure, somewhat larger than life".

The two young lads, mates in every sense of the word, are on the journey of a lifetime. Both are runners, sprinters in the 100 metres races in WA. Each a champion. Archy (newcomer to films, Mark Lee) and Frank (Mel Gibson), cross country, desert, and continents to get to fight for their side, moving closer with each step to their individual fates on the shores of Gallipoli. Not unlike the relationship shared by Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid, Archy and Frank spur each other on, for getting there is half the battle.

And Weir's film is concerned with just how they get there, allowing us to experience each situation they encounter along the way. Weir has placed the entire film at their personal perspectives. Each character is so intimately sketched out within the confines of the written word, that they do appear to be more than mere players on the stage, so to speak, but they become *real* people. Two lads we can care about, having learned all there is to know about them in poignant scene after scene.

But it would be grossly unfair to put the entire credit on the supremely crafted script, for both Mark Lee and Mel Gibson give personality to their respective roles. Lee as Archy, a young and eager country lad who'll try anything once, adds a freshness to the proceedings, an almost tactile enthusiasm for his role. As this is the stage and television actor's first major feature role, there is much to look forward to in the future. Mel Gibson, who won the 1979 AFI Best Actor Award and praise from critics and public alike for his *Mad Max,* again shows that he's a consummate professional. But, more importantly, the two



Gallipoli *is first class all the way.*

together share an empathy which is believable.

Supporting roles are played by interesting members of the Australian acting fraternity. Bill Hunter as Major Barton is a standout as a gruff officer with a heart of gold; also of note are Robert Grubb, Tim McKenzie and David Argue as Billy, Barney and Snowy respectively; three mates who join up together and play a major back-up position within the story's structure.

In the technical department all is first rate. Peter Weir executes his directional skills with finesse, for all flows almost effortlessly from start to finish. To know that more than 4000 extras were involved, as well as a large principal cast, earns him respect for delivering a well-paced film — one which beats all odds against being just that. Cinematographer Russell Boyd, who worked with Weir on *Picnic At Hanging Rock,* has surpassed himself. The magic he's captured shines in each scene, from the crisp and hard-edged battle sequences, to the almost etheral shots of the pyramids in Egypt.

From the authentic-looking wartime equipment and uniforms, right through to the battle-weary sets, all is perfection. The final effect is mesmerising. David O. Selznick was reported to have said: "There are two kinds of class. First class, and no class." *Gallipoli* is definitely first class all the way.

Filmgoers are promised that "extra special tingle of expectancy and excitement that makes them gasp, sigh, laugh and cry" — or so says producer Frank Marshall of his production *Raiders Of The Lost Ark.* And even if the rumor persists that producers do indeed lie, this time round Mr Marshall, I fear, has been most modest when describing this uniquely satisfying adventure which evokes not only the spirit of a by-gone era, but brings back to the screen that same magic in which films of the Thirties and Forties were cloaked, and the suspense of Saturday at the pictures cliff-hangers in the tradition of the *Masked Marvel* and *Flash Gordon.* Add to these already exciting components modern-day techniques and technical advances and you wind up with a unique film.

There are other unique forces at work behind the scenes that ensured this film's rousing $10 million box office in its first few weeks in the US. For *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* boasts not only the acclaimed cinematic genius of George Lucas, the man responsible for unleashing the power of the Force in *Star Wars* and its completed and yet-to-be-filmed sequels, but also that of friend and associate Steven Spielberg, who has cashed in with two of the world's biggest grossing hits, *Jaws* and *Close Encounters Of The Third Kind.* Individually, these men are giants in a land populated with celluloid midgets; together they form a partnership which towers over the competition.

The basic idea was conceived and executively produced by Lucas under his Lucasfilm banner, and it was then directed by Spielberg.

Not since *Star Wars* has an audience been given a better opportunity to indulge in a fantasy the scope of this one. The research which must have gone on before the film's realisation must have been extensive, for not a stone has been left unturned as far as authenticity and relevance is concerned. It's a tale which marries, happily, the occult with archeology.

Set in 1936, *Raiders'* plot uses the fact that Adolph Hitler was not only an avid student of the various religious doctrines and artifacts which have survived from ancient times, but he was also a believer in the power of the occult. Documented proof exists which proves without doubt that he commissioned investigations into these interests.

Lucas' story takes this documented investigation, then adds his fantastic fiction in which there is a Nazi excavation in Egypt searching for the lost city of Tunis, which legend has it was buried after a year-long sand storm. This attack by nature was supposed to have been a punishment from God, for it is at Tunis that Biblical lore claims the Ark of the Covenant, a golden box containing the shattered remains of the 10 Commandments, was to have been hidden. Hitler, the story goes, wanted the Ark, for the possessor would have mystical powers.

It's this search that forms the basic plot-line that Lucas weaves in his story, scripted by Lawrence Kasdan. He creates a main character with the colorful name of Indiana Jones (Harrison Ford — Hans Solo of *Star Wars* fame), the perfect embodiment of every *Boys Own* hero. An archaeologist and an expert in the occult, Indy is hired by the US Government to find the lost Ark before the Nazis get it. A next-to-impossible task and one which Indy willingly accepts. He's a hero, after all.

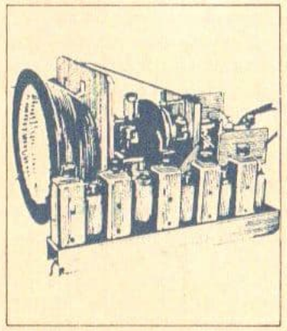
Raiders seems to have cornered the market in chases. Almost one per sequence and each more daring and thrilling than the last. There are split-second, hair-raising escapes, danger and threats at every instance imaginable. It is a movie in which the hero happily confesses, when asked how he's going to get out of the millionth life-endangering predicament: "I don't know . . . I'm making this up as I go."

The sets, designed by Academy Award winning Art Director Norman Reynolds, who worked as production designer on Lucas' *The Empire Strikes Back,* are a testament to perfection.

The score, composed by multi-Oscar winner John Williams (*Fiddler On The Roof, Jaws* and *Star Wars* among others) is a worthy component of this motion picture.

The overall effect of watching *Raiders Of The Lost Ark* is not unlike riding the ultimate roller coaster. It's a journey into the unknown that will leave you breathless . . . but with a smile on your face. This is the ultimate fantasy, a magical mystery tour that charts adventure in each of its excellent frames. If you miss it, you're a fool. — *Alex Anthony.*

TV



NOW, THE GOOD NEWS

Possibly the best television news of the year came in an announcement from the Ten Network. It said *The Restless Years* was, in the parlance of the afternoon tabloids, to be axed. Or chopped. It depends on what tabloid you favor. I reasoned it wouldn't need a heavy blow, there being nothing of substance to stop even blunt steel from slicing through the entire flimsy mess. Like cleaving a souffle.

For the next few days I smiled contentedly each time I thought of the dismembered series, its cast scattered to seek more worthy pursuits such as selling socks in Woolworths.

But a few days later my contentment was shattered by an announcement from the Nine Network. Instead of keeping it dark, the network, with unreasonable pride, trumpeted the fact *The Young Doctors* was celebrating its 1000th episode.

And not an axe in sight. Not even a razor blade with which viewers possessing an intellectual age beyond, say, five years could slice their wrists.

The appalling prospect is *The Young Doctors* could continue into eternity.

Hark the distressing words from its producer Alan Coleman: "Five years ago I was confident *The Young Doctors* would make 1000 episodes. I am now more confident than ever we will easily reach 2000."

Even more bleak was the forecast by the show's executive producer Reg Watson: "We've got a fantastic format with this series, and as *Crossroads* (a British soapie) ran for 18 years I really can't see why *The Young Doctors* can't last that long."

It's enough to cause among discerning viewers an outbreak of apoplexy which any watcher of the show will know is a term introduced by Hippocrates, meaning a stroke of sudden insensibility. It can be brought on by violent exertion, such as a sudden rush of blood to the head on reading the above statements.

For those who have never seen *The Young Doctors* (may they be blessed thricefold), I will quote from the first scene shot five years ago. The dialogue is between Craig and Marilyn who are embracing on the operating table. (Yes, you read correctly, an operating table.)

Craig (quietly): I'll never forget you, nurse, you know that.

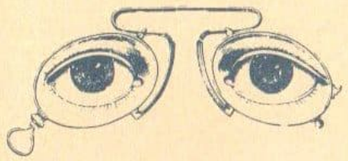
Marilyn (whispers): And I'll never forget you, Dr Rothwell.

Craig (sighs): To think we've just found each other and now I've got to go away.

Marilyn: I could always resign and follow you . . .

The dialogue remains the same today. I can only assume the actors are paid impressive penalty rates to spout this empty nonsense.

So what is the appeal of *The*



Young Doctors? Why hasn't it been found guilty of malpractice and struck from the roll?

My theory is that its audience consists of those who have a fetish for nubile young ladies in nurses uniforms.

I find nothing disagreeable in this fetish. But it would be much easier for those thus aroused if the nurses merely stood in silence for half an hour, breathing and sighing deeply, as they now often do, while the fetishists took bets on buttons popping off.

Apart from terminal hypochondriasis, there can be no other reason for watching *The Young Doctors.*

Unfortunately the soapie takes itself seriously, even to the extent of believing the hospital portrayed, the Albert Memorial, bears a resemblance to a genuine establishment.

Producer Alan Coleman again: "People who work in hospitals have told us that's exactly how they do run . . .

"The fact that various medical societies and foundations approach us to do programs based on particular ailments proves we are also performing a service appreciated in the medical world . . ."

I quite believe that. The medical world has long forgotten its one and only task is to cure at a reasonable cost.

My medical experiences have never admitted me to a hospital even remotely like the Albert Memorial. Maybe I've always chosen the wrong hospital, but I've never been attended by nubile young nurses with the face and figure of a Lynda Stoner or a Rebecca Gilling.

All I ever get is nuns.

I've got nothing against nuns. They perform a useful purpose, though in many cases I'm not absolutely certain what that is. But there's something disturbing about waking groggily from an operation to find a pale hooded face peering down. The immediate impression is that you've shuffled off the mortal and your Sunday School teacher was right all along.

Possibly the most depressing thing about *The Young Doctors* is that thespians of some talent allow themselves to become involved. Alfred Sandor is an example. He has appeared in a number of movies and Broadway shows, yet continues to toss away his talent in this most appalling of soap operas.

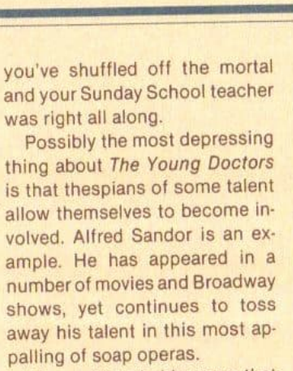
He would probably argue that it pays the rent. But is that enough?

That fine Australian actor Bill Hunter, a winner of the best actor award for his lead role in *Newsfront,* once told me why he worked in a pub rather than squander his talent in soapies.

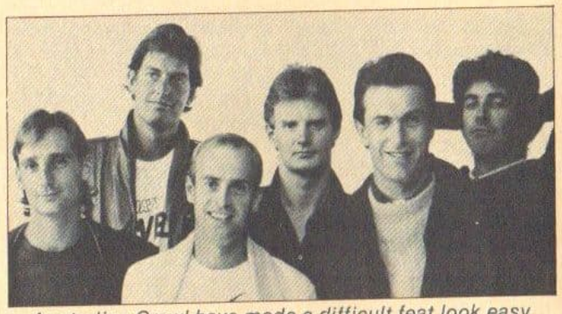
"Look," he said, "there's no use me doing stuff like *The Restless Years* or *Cop Shop* because I don't think they're good enough. I'm not interested in mediocrity."

May Hunter be rewarded for his stand against the inanities of such shows. May his ailments be such that a mere Band-aid or Aspro will suffice. — *Neal Akerman.*

SOUNDS



CRAWL IN FRONT



Australian Crawl have made a difficult feat look easy.

Australian Crawl never did: they sprinted — straight to the top with an appealing combination of musical versatility and virtuosity, snappy, contemporary lyrics and James Reyne's unique staccato delivery and clean cut good looks. The second offering, *Sirocco* (EMI), is already emulating the success of its triple platinum predecessor, *The Boys Light Up.*

Although it lacks the instant appeal of the first album: the tone is more even and there are no immediate stand-outs like Downhearted or Beautiful People, *Sirocco's* (the name of Errol Flynn's yacht) 11 tracks offer the same satisfying sound, boosted this time around by the addition of new member Guy McDonough's rhythm guitar and vocals.

Australian Crawl's musical influences are eclectic; their sound is sprinkled with a variety of styles with everything from light pop, through hard rock to a bouncy reggae beat. It's an appealing blend, slick and tough and complimented by lyrics which are worthy of attention. The most remarkable aspect of their success on the music market is that they have made such a difficult feat look easy.

Tall, dark and handsome Grace Jones shrugged off the disco queen tag on her last album, *Warm Leatherette,* with her moody version of The Pretenders' Private Lives and other covers. Her latest release, *Nightclubbing* (Island), once again features Jones adapting other people's songs to her distinctively detached, sophisticated style, notably Sting's Demolition Man, Vanda and Young's Walking In The Rain and the title track, written by Iggy Pop: a tasty selection with a slow, sensual, smoky flavor.

It's hard not to think of Yoko Ono as anything more than the cold, arty-farty, Oriental bitch who broke up The Beatles, but it's worth dropping the prejudices and lending an ear to her *Seasons Of Glass* (Geffen Records). Yoko's thin voice wavers between sounding like a bleating sheep and a whingeing child, but creates some eerie, exotic images. Working through a variety of styles, Yoko's She Gets Down On Her Knees stands out as a result of its powerful delivery, but her ballads and the avant garde songs are also forceful, if only for their revelations of her bitter state of mind. Her previous efforts often seemed selfish. In the past Yoko Ono never seemed to sing for anyone but herself, but *Seasons* is worthy of an audience.

If you're one of the many people who can't get enough of Bruce Springsteen, then get a bit of the next best thing — Gary US Bond's *Dedication* (EMI). Bond has successfully blended his coarse Sixties rock and roll style with Springsteen and the E Street Band's raunchy Seventies sound. Bond sings three Springsteen numbers, This Little Girl, the title track and Your Love, and adapts tracks from a variety of performers from Jackson Browne to The Beatles, in an energetic blend of the middle-aged and the new.

A sneer is a derisive facial expression, but Marc Hunter has translated it to sound. When he was up front with Dragon his aggressive, abrasive vocal style highlighted that band's string of hits. But Hunter's first solo attempt, *Fiji Bitter,* was flat and tasteless. The sneering, leering Marc appeared to have suffered a power failure. And his voice still sounds constricted on his latest offering, *Big City Talk* (Polygram).

The album's backing and production is slick and professional — Hunter has been hanging out with Australia's best. But he doesn't seem to have grown up with his audience. On *Big City Talk* he presents a dozen short, sharp, hard pop songs. Most of them are eminently forgettable; ephemeral fodder for teenyboppers. Hunter still doesn't aspire to anything higher than the lubrication of little girls. — *Phil Abraham.*

Rickie Lee Jones' new album, *Pirates* (Warner Bros) is stunning. The music is less urgent and doesn't have the bop feeling of the first album, but it's more mature, it's dramatic and bold with superb word imagery. Listening to the album for the first time, I got the same buzz as I did the first time I heard Laura Nyro's *Eli and the Thirteenth Confession.*

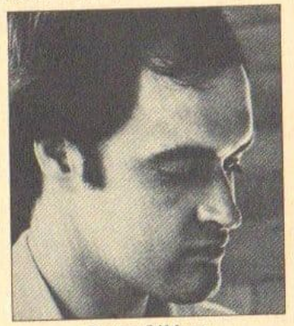
Some of this musical maturation has been attributed to jazz musician Sal Bernardi, the new man in Jones' life. He sings and plays harmonica on the album, and co-wrote Traces of the Western Slopes (one of the best tracks) with Jones.

Naturally, Jones has used top players such as Steve Gadd and Victor Feldman, to name two, and ace horn men David Danborn and Tom Scott guest on the title track (which is sub-titled So Long Lonely Avenue) and on Woody And Dutch On the Slow Train To Peking.

Every track has a lot to offer and flashes of brilliance abound. My only criticism is that in places the arrangements are a little "too clever" and, perhaps, a bit unnecessary — the songs stand up by themselves.

It probably wasn't fair to listen to Stevie Nicks' new album, *Bella Donna* (WEA) after I'd played Rickie Lee. I've never been a fan of Fleetwood Mac but I've always liked her voice.

The songs on this album go back to 1974, and apart from the title track and the single, Tom Petty's Stop Draggin' My Heart Around, I prefer her earlier work. Leather And Lace, written in 1975 for Waylon Jennings and Jessi Colter, features a great



Peter O'Mara

duet with Eagle Don Henley, and Dan Dugmore plays some nice pedal steel on After The Glitter Fades (1975). Russ Kunkel, Waddy Wachtel and Tom Petty add their talents, but there is still a certain musical sameness on many of the tracks. — *Carol Ashdown.*

On their album, *Something To Crow About* (Larrikin), Noel Crow's Jazzmen play the sort of music that invokes the spirit of freewheeling parties, when the booze is flowing, inhibitions are down, and people are doing something rather unusual these days: simply having fun.

It is little wonder that this group is one of Sydney's most popular dixieland bands, with a book full of engagements.

The group has an orthodox six-piece dixieland line-up: Kevin Keough (trumpet and flugelhorn), Noel Crow (clarinet and tenor sax), Jeff Hawes (trombone and vocals), Verdon Morcum (piano), Col Best (electric bass) and Geoff Allen (drums).

The trumpet playing of Kevin Keough is a feature of the LP. He leads the dixieland ensemble work strongly, and also plays two numbers, Tangerine and Robbins' Nest, where he states the melody unaccompanied and is the featured soloist. He shows that he has an excellent sound, and an impressive control of the instrument.

The singing of trombonist Jeff Hawes is infectious. He resurrects a number of great songs, including Fats Waller's The Joint Is Jumpin', and the old Harold Arlen chestnut I Gotta A Right To Sing The Blues. His voice has enough pure vibrato to suggest the 1930s, but also a hint of the smoky decadence.

The tempos on this LP are more often than not bright, so the music is always spirited and rocketing along. Some might say that this is not jazz but good-time music. But jazz is a serious art only in some of its forms, and those who play the music with the carefree spirit of pre-bebop days need not apologise for being concerned to entertain, rather than enlighten.

The music on *Peter O'Mara* (Battyman), is uncompromising modern jazz, brilliantly played by young Sydney musicians who represent a new generation of serious jazz artists.

They include Peter O'Mara (guitar), who provides the eight compositions on the LP, Mike Bartolomei (piano), Jackie Orszaczky (electric bass) and Greg Tell (drums). On one track, Metaphysical Breakdown, they are joined by Dale Barlow (tenor sax) and Willie Qua (drums).

These young men are familiar with recent advances in the art form, and their music would stand up beside much modern jazz that has come out of the United States over the past decade. Indeed, O'Mara and Bartolomei are now in New York studying the music at its creative source. This LP shows that they are bursting with raw energy and jazz ideas, ripe and ready for the New York experience.

Overall, Peter O'Mara's compositions are very impressive, even if their melody lines tend to use the conventional phrasing of mid-1970s jazz/rock fusion, and there is an inevitable sameness about the dynamic level adopted by the rhythm section in most of the solos.

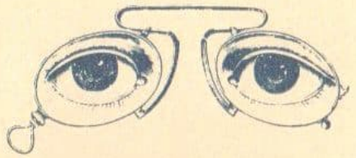
Still, this music is a good deal looser and more pleasant than the frenetic jazz/rock which the large record companies have been aiming at the youth market in recent years.

Peter O'Mara is an album from the creative end of the local jazz spectrum. In my view, it epitomises the search of young jazz musicians for valid musical forms through which they can express themselves fully, while incorporating the flavor of those influences (chiefly rock music) which have obviously been part of their formative development. — *Eric Myers.*

WORDS

THE LAST TABOO

Despite the ease with which we talk openly about rape, abortion, homosexuality, wife-swapping and other previously prohibited



subjects, incest has remained shrouded in silence. It was recently described as the last taboo.

The taboo concerns speaking about the subject rather than the act itself. Various inconclusive surveys have placed the incidence of incest victims in the United States at between three and 30 percent. In one of the few books devoted to the subject, *Betrayal of Innocence* (Pelican, $5.95), writers Susan Forward and Craig Buck consider the higher estimate to be closest to the mark.

Forward, a US social worker who specialises in the incest problem, illustrates her points with her patients' case studies in a series of concise chapters covering the victim's anguish, the aggressor's bitter victory, and the range of incestuous couplings from the most common — father-daughter incest through mother-son matings, sibling incest, mother-daughter, father-son, etc.

Although she is sometimes too dependent on shaky Freudian formulae for her explanations of cause and effect, Forward paints a convincing picture of incest's devastating impact.

It would not be rash to predict a flood of books on incest from social scientists eager to dissect a new subject. At the same time, a number of contemporary novelists have realised it's a good bet in the cheap thrills stakes. Unity Hall's *Secrets* (Pan) is one of a bevy of paperbacks with incest themes soon to hit the stands.

Secrets is set on the rambling estate Les Hirondelles, in the south of France. This is the home of three generations of the wealthy deCourtenay family. These French aristocrats don't seem to have much to do all day except screw each other and anyone else who comes near.

Anne, the limping, innocent heroine, on holiday at Les Hirondelles is easily and frequently shocked as she comes across her hosts going for it like a family of rabbits permanently in rut. And the secret which inspires the title is what lies beneath the deCourtenay warren.

While her story is full of lengthy, hard-core coupling, Unity Hall's characters are either absurdly twee or completely base. Her plot relies heavily on the Cinderella theme, right down to the happy ending, with the result that *Secrets* reads rather like an R-rated childrens' story — an obscene fairy tale.

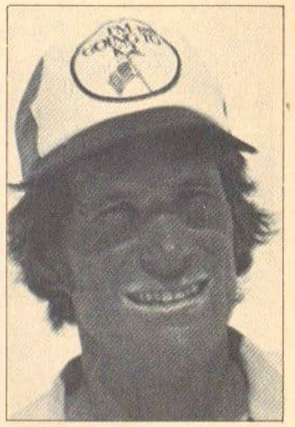
William Bayer's novel, *Punish Me With Kisses,* (Severn House) uses similar incest taboo shock tactics. The author's trendiness extends to the use of the psychologist's jargon to describe his characters' traits and motivations, a technique which does little to support their credibility.

Set in New York, the story's protagonist is a teenage girl, Penny, the daughter of a tough, millionaire businessman and his neurotic, alcoholic wife. Penny's elder sister was murdered with a pair of gardening shears three years before this tale begins. The murderer was never apprehended, but was presumed to have been one of the sister's many lovers.

Things get weird when Penny discovers her sister's diary, which is full of the details of her insatiable sexual appetite. One of her partners is identified only as the "Powerful One". Penny sets out to explore her sister's past, discovering the identity of the mystery lover and the murderer. Despite Bayer's attempts to be subtle, it soon becomes obvious that this is a family affair.

If you're looking for something impressive to place on your coffee table, try *Many People Come, Looking, Looking* (Allen and Unwin, $39.95) a lavish look at the Himalayas by American mountain climber Galen Rowell. The photos of the mountains and the people are simply breathtaking, but this is much more than a picture book. Rowell's text covers a variety of recent treks in the Himalayan regions. While he is impressing the reader with the beauty and grandeur of this mountain paradise, he also offers a warning.

Increasing numbers of visitors to previously inaccessible areas are threatening the delicate ecology of the mountains and changing the attitudes of their people. The book's title is taken from a statement from Dawa Tensing who, after spending half a century assisting



Galen Rowell

Everest expeditions and watching tens of thousands of trekkers file past his remote monastery home, remarked: "Many people come looking, looking, taking picture. Too many people. No good . . . Some people come, see. Good!"

One of the cases described in Tony Blackie's *Australian Consumers' Guide* (MacMillan, $7.95) concerns a woman who had her buttocks lifted by plastic surgery. Her husband was dissatisfied with the result, claiming that one side of her bottom was five centimetres higher than the other.

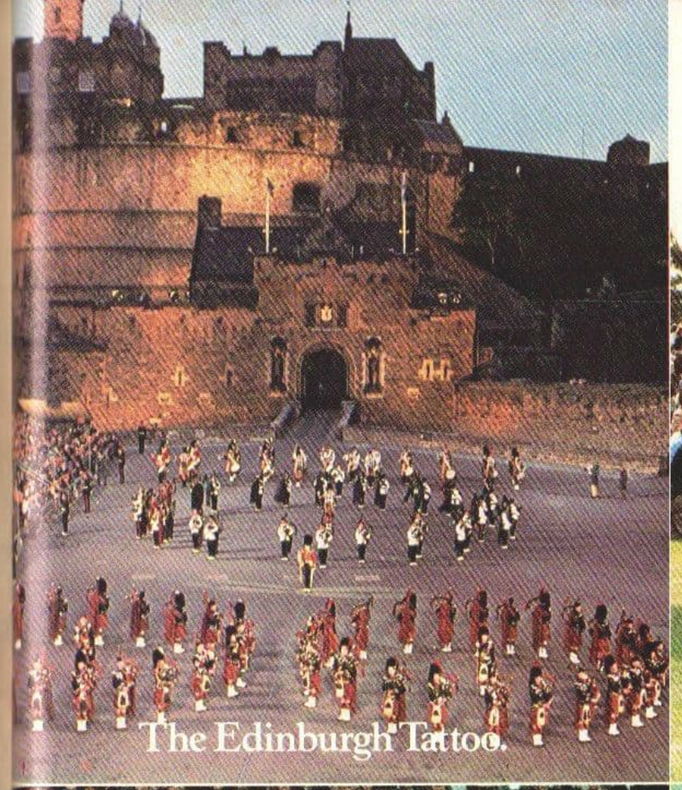
Blackie's background as a consumer affairs journalist has given him a wealth of anecdotes like that one which he uses to illustrate rip-offs ranging from mock auctions and pyramid sales to over-priced groceries and gymnasiums.

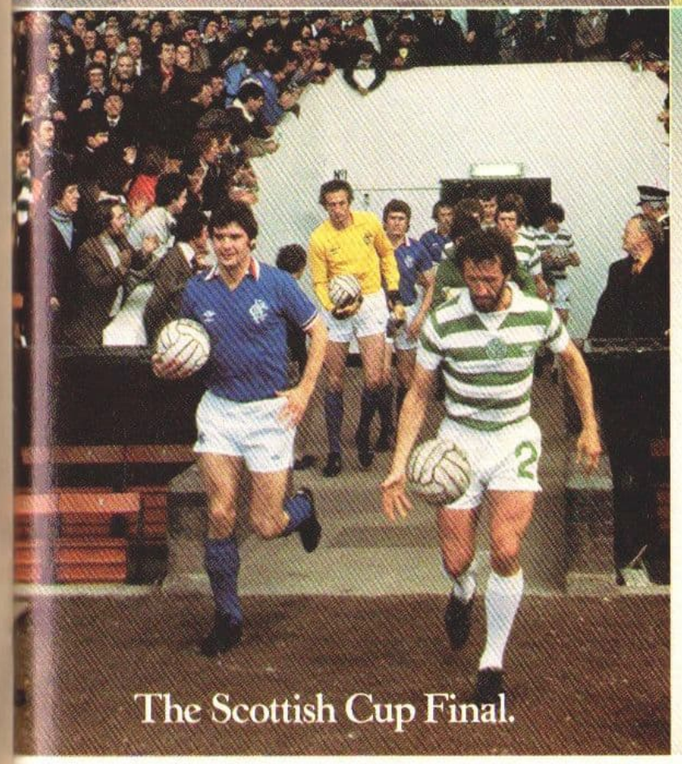
One of his main points is that consumer rip-offs flourish because of the victims' reluctance to complain, and he informs the reader where to get satisfaction or his money back, whether his problem is a cockroach infested restaurant or a used car yard. The book is brief, but comprehensive. It will help you avoid shoddy services and products, so that unlike the aforementioned woman, you won't get a bum steer. — *Phil Abraham.*

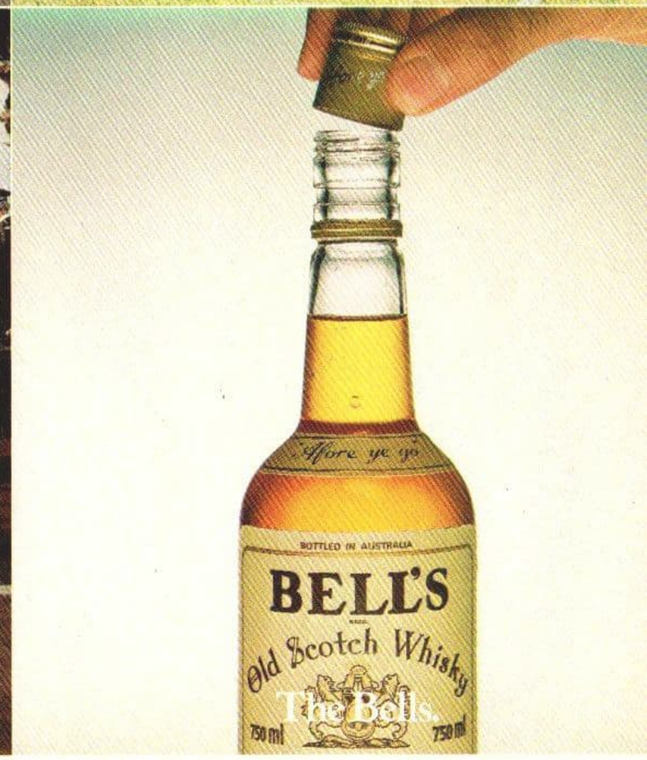
I could say the following about *Jack Rivers and Me* (Allen and Unwin, $9.95), winner of the $10,000 Vogel/Australian literary prize: it introduces fresh phraseology and new depths of meaning to the Australian language.

I could say that, but I'd rather tell you that it's one of the funniest books I've ever read. The town of Boomeroo in NSW is populated by characters who make the inhabitants of Llaregyb in *Under Milk Wood* seem sane. Observed by Peanut, a five-year-old who is trying to make sense of it all, the townspeople and their ways are baffling, but his innocence makes them loveable. The regulars at The Sulphide Hotel, who serve as a kind of Greek chorus, are expert at taking the piss out of each other ("When they put a tongue in your mouth they ruined a good arse-hole.").

Author Paul Radley's descriptions are lyrical, tender and usually hilarious. Nineteen-year-old Radley has been compared to both Dylan Thomas and Patrick White. I will go out on a limb and call him the young Australian James Joyce. I can't wait to see what he does next. — *Richard Deutch.*







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CELLOID ZEROES

If the Australian film industry was a racehorse it would have been put down after its first run. Instead, the motley crew of strappers, grooms, stablehands and all manner of connections have rigged it up again and again in what must be one of the greatest exercises in optimism this century. Since 1971, when the so-called renaissance began, various Government agencies have invested $18.9 million in film. Private investors have put in $23.7 million. Out of this total of $42.6 million the gross return to producers has been just $16.9 million. Of course there are still chances that some of those films may yet return some money; but the odds on them not returning another cent are better. In the early days of the renaissance, one in four films broke even; these days the odds are seven to one. But

Our film industry must be one of the greatest exercises in optimisim this century.

BY P.D. JACK

Illustration by Jeff Champtaloup

despite this depressing success rate, the Federal Government has decided to radically increase its financial support. Whereas in the past the outright government support ran at about 50 percent, new tax provisions will make the industry 90 percent dependent on the taxpayer for finances.

At the same time the size of this aid has increased. Within two months of the new tax provisions being announced as much money as has been expended in the last 10 years on film production was lined up for spending during 1981-82.

Nineteen-eighty was, despite the odd critical and financial success, not a good year for the film industry. Feature film output was at its lowest level since the rebirth began, and the smarties had so abused the existing tax concessions that the Treasurer had to withdraw them.

Near the end of the year the Prime Minister, Malcolm Fraser, was allegedly getting a blow-job or blow-wave or whatever from some make-up girl who tugged at his heart strings with this tale of woe starring the Oz film industry. The next thing the PM is out there promising even more tax concessions to the industry.

Cop this for a lurk.

Say I'm a QC or top surgeon with a bit of real estate on the side, or I've got a couple of car yards or clothing shops.

Whatever, after deducting my costs I'm left with $200,000 a year income. Now that straight away means a tax bill of $111,000; however, in normal circumstances I'd have a private investment company, family trusts and so on to knock off a fair bit of that, and I'd probably have some scheme my accountant sold me which would knock the rest of it off. I'd probably be paying nothing in tax, just 10 or 15 percent of my $200,000 to the promoter of the scheme. That's why the Treasury estimates some $750 million each year that should be paid in tax isn't.

To stop this massive alienation of funds, the Government has launched an attack on tax avoidance. It has made some schemes punishable by jail; Section 260, through which the rich have been driving truckloads, has been mined; and the High Court has been told to interpret the law in favor of Government. This means that although there will still be a lot of smarties taking a punt on getting round the new laws, there will be a lot of publicity and crime shy doctors and lawyers having to pay something like their proper tax this year.

Say I'm one of these nervous nellies — but not too nervous. I scam away half of my money on various manoeuvres, leaving me with an assessable income of $100,000; which means I'm up for $51,000 to pay the taxman.

Now, if instead of writing out a cheque to the Deputy Commissioner and grumbling Workers' Party grumbles, I get a deal with Fly-By-Night Films Pty Ltd, I'll still have to part with a huge amount of cash but will have the chance to get half of it back, tax-free.

It works like this. For every dollar the rich guy invests in movies he is allowed to deduct $1.50 from his assessable income; and he is allowed up to half of his original investment back as tax-free income.

So, if out of my $100,000 assessable income I invest $40,000 in films, I can reduce my assessable income by 150 percent of that investment; that is, by $60,000. This leaves an assessable income of only $40,000, on which the tax liability is only $15,000. Now I'm not actually saving money — immediately anyway. I've got to pay tax of $15,000 and got to give the movie man $40,000 — which totals $55,000, which is $4000 more than I'd have to fork out if I just copped the tax man sweet.

But in return for an effective outlay of only four grand, I've got an investment

> When Treasurer John Howard said the concessions were generous he wasn't kidding.

"worth" 10 times that. And the chance to get half of that 40 grand back tax-free.

When Treasurer John Howard said the concessions were generous he wasn't kidding. They allow fairly rich people to get a nice slice of the movie action and the chance to swan around the set with Wendy Hughes while the real suppliers of the money — Mr and Mrs Average — get nothing but the chance to buy the tickets along with everyone else. The concessions allow the really rich to make million-dollar movies for only a tenth of that.

Of course there are drawbacks. One, which I'll look at later, is that the concessions lock the film industry tightly into the Government. But the real drawback is for the investors: the scheme is not free, they still have to fork out money. Obviously the lobbyists are already on to the Government about this rather harsh provision, but until something can be done the poor doctors and dentists will have to put up a few of their own precious shekels.

So the big question is: will they get their money back?

The answer here is probably "yes", because of the leverage factor. I'm not saying they're likely to get back the money they should have paid the tax man, just the money they had to pull out of their own pockets. Because basically, if a film can't cover just a tenth of what it cost then it must be some kind of real stinker. However, the structure of the film industry is such as to make recouping even 10 percent of its cost difficult. I'll explain.

Although you could do a big number, like Rupert Murdoch's and Robert Stigwood's *Gallipoli*, which cost two to three million bucks, your F.A.Q. Australian film will probably have a budget of about $800,000. Now, if all that money comes from private investors — or "angels", as they are called — that means some $720,000 or it comes via the tax concessions from, indirectly, the taxman (other things being equal, he would have got it otherwise), and only $80,000 from the pockets of the angels.

For the angels to be square; that is, be out of pocket no more than if they'd just paid their proper tax assessment and never dreamed of swanning starlets around; to be square, the film must recoup at least 80 grand to the production house for distribution back to the investors.

The rough rule of thumb in the business used to be that out of the four dollars you give the lady in the box office at the cinema only one goes back to the producer. As theatre tickets have increased since this rule was invented, but, apparently, exhibitors and distributors' generosity has not, the new rule of thumb is one dollar in five spent at the box office goes back to the producers — and this only begins to work after the film has started to earn a fair bit of money, because the exhibitors' and distributors' promotion costs come off the top of the gross box office proceeds.

What this rule of thumb means is that to get 80 grand back in the hands of investors requires at least 80,000 bums on seats, and that is not that easy.

Another rule of thumb in the industry is that some 70 percent of your gross box office receipts are taken in the capital cities and a couple of large provincial centres. As 70 percent of $80,000 is $56,000, your film is going to have to get to 56,000 people in the major cities to switch off the TV for the night and trundle off to the cinema. To get that number of tickets sold requires theatre runs of six or seven weeks, which is what good films do. Bad films — or at least box office bombs like *Stir*, or *The Journalist* — barely last a fortnight. So, to recoup just 10 percent of the budget from Australian cinemagoers the film has to be good. And not many films are that good.

According to Australian Film Commission records very few films have made even half their budget from local showings, and many haven't even covered a quarter of their costs. These are films which have been around for years, having been made in a time when quarter of a million dollars would have made a good film. Films made on today's big budgets will find it much harder to pay their way.

Oviously then, you can't make films only for the local market. It is just not big enough to make the exercise pay.

Overseas sales are essential. For instance, the investors could get their money back from the sale of the film to Britain, which currently pays about $80,000 for screening rights.

But while a limited local success and some overseas sales could see the angels getting their original 10 percent back, recovery of the total amount put up is a much less likely proposition.

In the early days of the film industry renaissance it claimed a success rate of one in four. That was when just saying a film was Australian would bring in people. Today, moviegoers are more blase about the local product, and increasing costs have made it harder for producers to cover them. So the track record, if not the films themselves, has reached the international standard: six duds to every one film that covers costs.

Basically, the investor is getting odds of seven to one that not only will he get his 10 percent effective cost back but that he'll get most of what the tax man put in as well. If the film is the one in seven that covers its costs the investor receives half his total investment back tax-free, and 40 percent of the other half (if he's in the 60 percent tax bracket). All this for an outlay of ten percent of that total investment.

Because of the tax leverage the odds in fact are weighted in favor of the investors. Take for example the bloke who was going to stick 10 grand in a movie *before* the tax concessions were announced. If he's a rich man he'll be able to invest 10 times that amount, via his taxation savings. He will be able to invest the same amount in 10 films, thereby spreading his risk, plus having a considerable margin for error. The angel that fronts for 10 films would have to be dead unlucky not to get at least one goer.

No wonder more than 200 film projects had been entered on the books of the Federal Treasurer by the end of the 1980-81 financial year. By June 26, 54 of these films had been approved, with a total budget of $43 million. If all of them went ahead with private capital only the tax man would be down some 90 percent of it all.

Now any ordinary sort of bloke would be fair enough if he asked what is so important about the film industry that the Government must pay 90 percent of its costs. He may also ask what kind of madness is this that while the Government pays 90 percent, it doesn't get any equity in the film in return, but instead gives that financial interest to the rich people who put up the 10 percent.

In the case of companies, the leverage is roughly three to one; the company can finance two thirds of its investments in films from its provision for taxation. Now as both Kerry Packer and Rupert Murdoch established film production companies before the tax deals were announced, the concessions effectively triple the value of their film investments.

So what the blazes is so important about the film industry that the Government should be making what amounts to million-dollar handouts to Rupert Murdoch and Kerry Packer?

For a start it's not a big employer, although if you live in the Sydney suburb of Balmain you could be excused for believing that every second person is in the movies. Apart from the public servants working for the various government film commissions (which would total, roughly, about four and a half million people), a couple of thousand technicians and support industry workers would be the employment figure.

> The industry is not a great economic success. We'd probably make more money exporting boomerangs.

Nor is the film industry a great foreign currency winner. Even those few films good enough to be sold overseas are not exactly raking in millions. And if they are released overseas, collecting the money can be a problem.

Basically, the industry is not a great economic success. We'd probably make more money exporting boomerangs. Besides its lack of economic meaning, its very essence goes to make the word "industry" a misnomer.

Between 1971, when the Australian Film Development Corporation was established to, among other things, help finance film projects, and June 1981, the various government film sponsoring bodies have put $18.9 million into $42.6 million worth of feature films. (This does not include films in which neither AFDC or AFC were involved.) That is, so far the film industry has been 44 percent funded by the tax-payer. Not exactly a healthy industry then, unable even 10 years later to stand on its own feet.

The return to the producers from this $42.6 million worth of celluloid has been $16.9 million. To the extent that some of the expenditure is on films yet to be released, and thus yet to have the chance to earn a profit, the $25 million loss would be reduced.

However, these figures do not include the considerable secondary costs associated with just the running of the film commissions, which should really be imputed to the cost of the industry; nor do the expenditures count the several million spent over the years in creative development projects, which can be seen as capital investment in labor — allowing young film-makers to develop the necessary skills.

Nor have the costs to the taxpayers of the previous depreciation provisions for film investments been calculated. These provisions, fair on the surface, were abused soundly by smarties, and were stopped only two years after they were introduced. They allowed tax dodgers to get away with millions while doing the film industry very little. Indeed, last year the industry actually went backwards in the terms of films produced.

From go to whoa the "industry" is dependent on the taxpayer. We pay for their first lessons, and we pay for the selling of the feature film they finally make. We even pay for some bloke to hoon around Los Angeles pretending to be a big-time movie mogul trying to sell our films over there — to as yet not great success.

From the ordinary business point of view the industry is a failure. It has been unable to make money in the past, and now that costs are much greater, it seems less likely to make money. Yet we are now going to allow something like 10 times the annual bite on the taxpayer to fund this dismal financial flop.

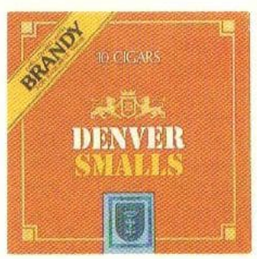
Why? Because, we are supposed to believe, movies are an art form.

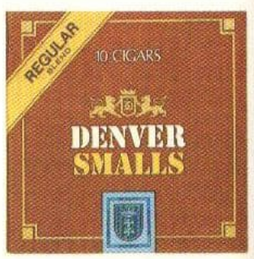
An Australian film is a cultural endeavor — a work of art. When the industry first kicked off in the early Seventies, many of the films being financed by the fledgling Government authority were surfie movies. This was largely because there was considerable experience in this work. Simple films of wave after wave they may have been, but they were something more to the industry.

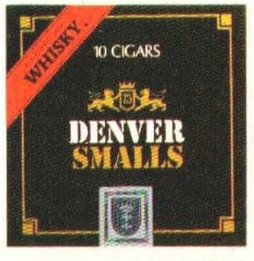
"It can serve as sonarphotic metalogue to the imaginative flights of Shelley . . ." was the way one senior critic wrote about *Crystal Voyager*, which was, you may recall, a movie about a bloke who built a boat and went surfing around the world. The same critic also described this innocuous movie as involving "a loss of body and ego boundaries, and a temporary shift of personal values".

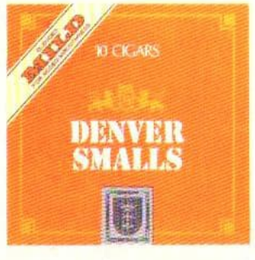
The shift in personal values is right. The style of the surfie movies set a trend in self-aggrandisement. Now how much high moral purpose is there in a surfie film about the son of a Yankee millionaire building a yacht to sail around the world's surfing spots? For this the Australian Film

Denver Smalls. Should've called 'em Denver Talls.









Longer than the others at the price. Four distinctive flavours and still better value than the rest.

P548

Commission put up half the bread? For a meretricious fantasy?

This was the film, remember, that ended with a 22-minute sequence shot inside the tube of the wave, while Pink Floyd rocked out the music (which it did for nothing, by the way). These were the days when we were paying out $1.4 million for Blue Poles, so I suppose $65,000 on psychedelic surfing celluloid — which was repaid within six weeks of release! — isn't worth thinking about.

Okay, so it isn't always art. Which is when the laundered "lefties" like Phillip Adams go on about the propaganda values of having Australian stories, settings and people instead of Yankee stories, settings and people. The cultural cringe backlash. What can I say?

Other than if we're worried about our kids talking about cattle rustlers instead of cattle duffers, dry-gulchers instead of bushrangers, or cookies instead of biscuits (and the movies haven't done much to stop them), why don't we just do it on the cheap and ban Yankee product?

Or if that is too dictatorial, we could maybe just forget about it. In these days of no free health services and cutbacks to pensions for people in wheelchairs one must ask are cultural idiosyncrasies worth spending millions of dollars on?

To be specific, why bother at all? No matter how many times Jack Thompson asks for a biscuit, 10 times more are we encouraged to buy "cookies" on the television. Besides, what is television for? Australians watch a hundred times more TV than movies, so any amount of cultural jingoism incorporated in the cinema is minimal compared to the influence of TV.

In the debate on the tax concessions, Senator Walsh characterised much of the film industry as "a noisy, greedy, egocentric bunch of tax dodgers and parasitic advocates". Although perhaps an overstatement, unrelieved by any appreciation of the good done by film-makers, one cannot help but agree with the general thrust of Senator Walsh's remarks.

The industry is an economic failure, run at the money end by smart aleck lurk merchants and at the other by dilettante armchair socialists who believe that because they can earn squillions shooting irritating but artistic television commercials they should enjoy similar riches making labored plot-less candidates for runner-up to the Golden Umbrella Tree at the Maroochydore Film Festival.

The art and culture argument is all very well, except that movie-making just happens to be incredibly expensive.

To write a poem one needs, besides talent, a pencil and some paper. To make a movie, well, we've all sat at the end of a movie as name after name after name rolls up, as if we were going through some honor roll of the dead from all wars.

The extravagance of a film is huge; and it occurs rights from the start. A bloke gets an idea; if it shows any promise he then gets a couple of grand from the Australian Film Commission or a State Commission to do a first draft of the script. To get this dough he need not be a writer living in a garret; he could be a rich solicitor, a rich advertising executive, even a successful television producer.

Anyway, after you've spent the money getting the script into some sort of shape you can then apply for stacks more money to send somebody round the country looking for a nice place to shoot your little epic.

The next step is the hard bit: getting people to put in the money. If the idea is any good, and meets with bureaucratic approval (which can often mean letting one of the bureaucrats be the producer), you could expect about half the necessary dough from the AFC, or perhaps even more than half from a State commission. The rest has got to come from the angels.

Having got together a few hundred thousand dollars the producer then hires 30 or 40 people, trucks, studios, cameras, and all other sorts of appliances, hot and cold running secretaries, publicity agents, and ego-soothers, and begins shooting.

> Investors like a bit of AFC imprimatur, it's a semi-guarantee of fair dinkumness.

With even ordinary actors getting a grand a week, and the technicians working 60 hours a week, the costs of shooting are enormous. After shooting there are even more costs. The footage must be edited, the colors matched, the music mixed and so on.

I caught up with the genuinely talented director Bruce Beresford doing post-production on *Puberty Blues*. He was running through black and white prints of various scenes putting in the sound of footsteps the mike had missed when the scenes were originally shot.

I wondered about the wisdom of using this bloke — who if not highly paid ought to be — hanging round a projection room shuffling over a sandpit in front of microphone in tune to the steps of a 16-year-old girl; but just put it down to one of the idiocies of the dream machine.

So you have these vast teams of assorted beardies in designer jeans and suede jackets racing round offering light meters to Apollo pulling foci and various other things and for what? To give the few who can afford it two hours' escape. For five dollars I'd rather buy a couple of bottles of beer.

Unfortunately, celluloid euphoria is catching. As if it is not enough that fantasists who spent their youth in dingy picture shows talked the politicians of the Seventies into setting up bureaucracies to help them realise their dreams; they want more.

Once upon a time Australia was a nice cultural backwater. Chips Rafferty would get the occasional role in a film and everything was rosy. Except a few frustrated Orson Welles' and Cecil B. De Milles talked the vaguely arty-farty Harold Holt into starting an Oz film industry. We had one once, but a brilliant piece of tax concessioneering back in the 1930's finished it — this concession made it easier for foreign film companies to make profits than for local film companies. Anyway poor Harold drowned, and John Gorton is the bloke who gets all the blame for the rebirth of the industry. It is doing the man an injustice.

It reminds me of the town bike we all used to get into most unmercifully, and when the poor girl does finally get some bloke to do the right thing and be official father to her child some nark goes and tells the unwitting fiance a few stories about who he's marrying. The AFC is the town bike. Any scam artist with glib tongue and a few stolen ideas can have it off.

The question that is worrying the AFC and the State Commissions is what they are going to do now that consolidated revenue is going to fund to 90 percent whatever films the doctors and dentists think are worth funding. They can always give the seal of approval by putting in a few dollars — the investors like a bit of AFC imprimatur, it's a semi-guarantee of fair dinkumness. But the major role will be that of exploration — script development.

The commissions will continue to fork out three and four thousand-dollar grants to writers to turn ideas into rough film scripts, for the private entrepreneurs to shuffle through until they find one they like.

It's as though all oil exploration in Australia was done by the Government, and as soon as they spud in a gusher, they sell the successful well to Esso or Mobil or International Greedheads or whoever — for the cost of drilling that well.

That's what the AFC does with its scripts. It'll fund about 60 a year, of which a dozen or two might ever get anywhere. Those which look like boomers, and are bought out by private investors, are bought out for exactly the amount put in to that point. No interest, no nothing. Certainly no accounting for all those other dozen dry holes.

"We're into development, not profit-making," AFC chairman, Mr Ken Watts, told *Penthouse*

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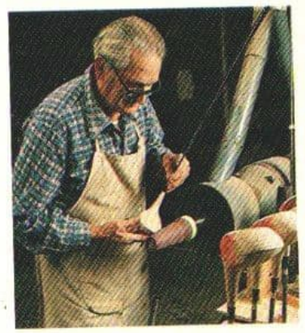

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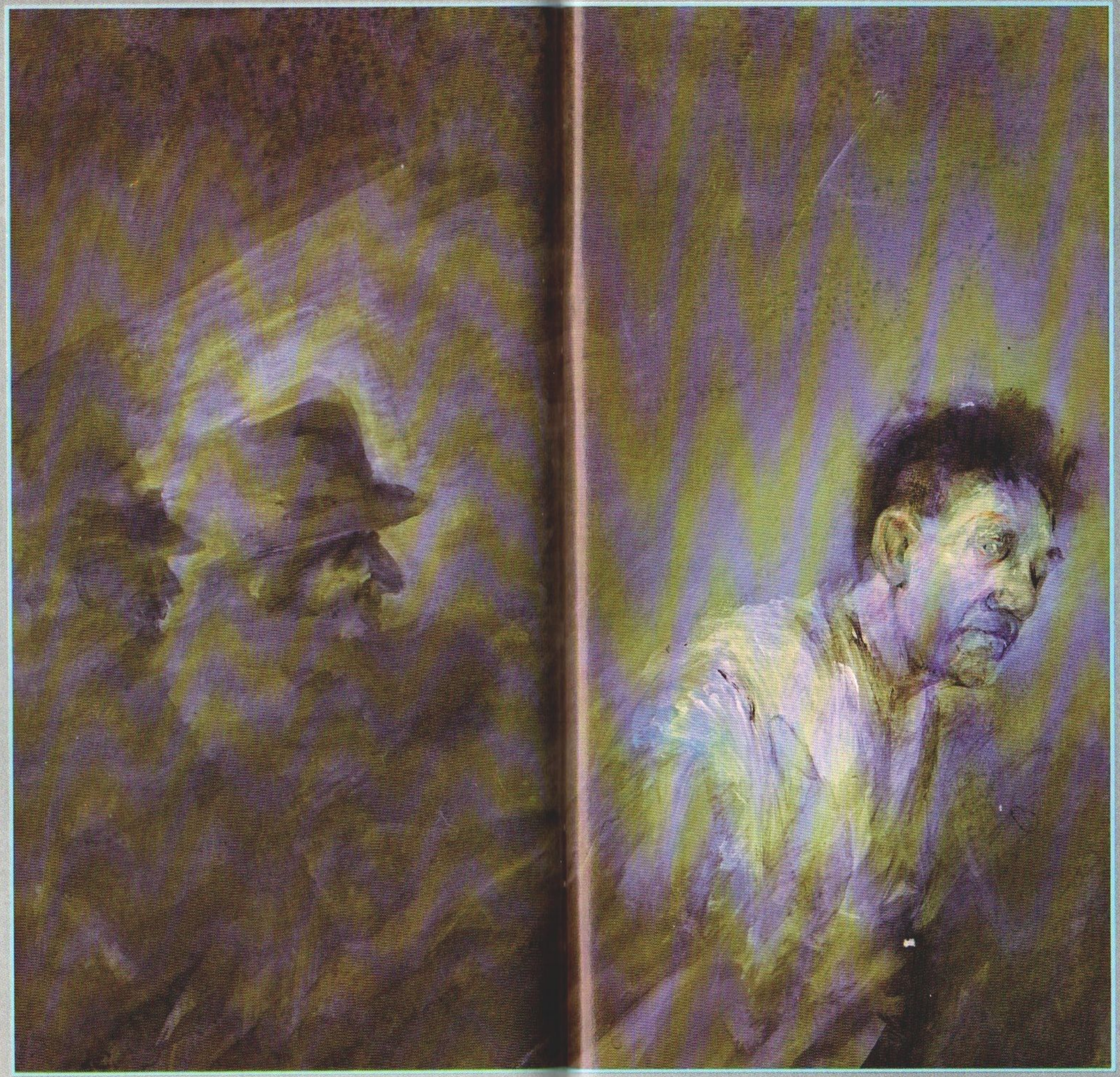
THE WINNING FEELING

JWT894.P097

TWICE BETRAYED

The shadow of death hangs over Tony Angelo, inside the Family and out.

BY ERNEST VOLKMAN AND TONY ANGELO



God knows what time it was the other night when my wife poked me in the ribs. "I heard a crash inside," she whispered, as I groggily came awake. "Somebody is in the house."

I wasn't fully awake yet, but I was out of that bed in a flash, the gun in my hand. I ran all through the house and then out the door, ready to kill the first thing that came up in front of me. Thank heaven it wasn't some kid; I would have blown him away.

My wife came after me, staring at me as I ran around the house like a madman with a gun. She was worried, not only about what I might do with a gun in that half-awake stupor but also because she knew what I knew: we're not really worried about burglars breaking into the house.

No, what we worry about — what we fear — is that the noise we heard was caused by Mafia killers out to collect the $100,000 contract for my death.

There's no doubt they would like to kill me. I've broken *omerta*, the Mafia code of silence, by testifying against them. At least 33 have been indicted because of me, and the mob has put out the word that I must die. Anyone who carries out the deed gets $100,000. That's what it's worth to the Mafia to shut me up forever, to kill the guy described by police as one of the most important witnesses against the Mafia ever to live to tell about it.

If you can call what I do living. I'm hiding out someplace in the United States, under an assumed name, as are my wife and children. Officially, I'm under the Federal Witness Protection Program, supposedly a setup under which I can live out the rest of my days with a new identity provided me by the federal government. I say "supposedly," because from where I sit, the program stinks. I've barely managed to stay alive, the alias they've given me is hardly worth the paper it's printed on, and things are so bad I sometimes wonder if it was worth it for me to do my good duty as a citizen and testify against the mob.

I don't think a day goes by when I don't wonder if I made the mistake of my life. I have plenty of time to think, since it's very difficult for me to hold a job. My insides are a mess. I live in constant terror — and so does my wife. As a matter of fact, I've been talking to her about a divorce. Not because I don't love her anymore, but because I tell myself that I can't put her and the kids through this any further. No matter what she ends up with after I divorce her, it's got to be better than this terrible life she's had with me these past few years. She's stuck it through this far, but I can't let her suffer any more.

Like all men, I wonder about those events in my life that at the time seemed small and insignificant, but much later on you realise how significant they were. And you wonder: what if I hadn't done this or that or the other thing, maybe things would have been very different.

Like the time I met Joey. Which is where all this began.

At the time I met Joey several years ago, I was a young guy from Brooklyn, just out of the army. My friend and I painted houses for a living. We had our own business and planned on expanding into construction. But to expand, we needed capital, and the banks didn't want to know us: too young, not enough credit references, business not big enough yet, and so on. Being streetwise or what I thought was streetwise, I figured the way to solve that problem was to get the money from a loan shark. That was Joey.

He played the part right: nice car, good clothes, real cool. I told him I wanted $2000. He told me how it would work: $100 a week until $4500 was paid. That just shows you how I wasn't as streetwise as I thought I was — even with Mafia loan sharks, that's not a very good deal.

He told me how I would repay and very quietly then told me what would happen if I didn't pay. "You miss the first payment, it doubles. And if you don't come across, you could very easily break a leg or have an arm broken or something like that."

He never said the word *Mafia* or *mob*, but it was clear to me where he was from.

Still, I wasn't worried. I now had the money I could advance to suppliers so I could get the business going, and I was sure I would make a nice profit so I could pay off the loan with no sweat. I didn't tell my partner the source of my new wealth (he wouldn't have gone for something like that) and actually made about eight payments. Then things started to go wrong.

The recession hit, and my business went bad. That meant I was strapped for money, and I wound up borrowing from my father and my mother-in-law to keep making the loan payments; I didn't want any trouble with Joey. But you can only tap into your family for so much, and finally I had to stop paying. Then I made another mistake; I tried to hide from Joey.

He found me a few days later in a local bar. "Hey, this is a lot easier on you than usual," he said. "This is the first time I've had to search for you. You've been pretty

Illustration by Rene Bolton

much on time. So it's a lot easier on you, at this point, if I don't have to go look for you if you've got a problem. Tell me you got a problem. Maybe we can work something out; maybe we can't." Then he said: "Look, we're going to get our money."

I believed him, but I told Joey, "Hey, my business went down the tubes; how can I pay?"

Pretty soon I found out. I was introduced to a man named Tony, and I was told this was the guy who would help me out of my problem. "Listen," Tony said, "you're now going to get involved in the big league; no more little league stuff. You're going to get involved in big family business."

It was only later that I figured out what I should have known all along: Joey and Tony were in cahoots, and they had me in some sort of squeeze play. I got the idea when Tony began to suggest some little jobs I could handle to "do the right thing" about my "responsibility". What kind of jobs? I'd get a telephone call saying they had a shipment of wigs that had been hijacked; could I see about trying to peddle them among people I knew? Or could I help out on a big heist or hijacking they were planning?

I spent the better part of a year doing this but then suddenly decided to stop cold. I'd been married, and had had enough of the Mafia. In a way, of course, that was pretty naive of me; I didn't know much about the Mafia at that point, but what little I knew should have told me that it wasn't going to be that easy.

I got a phone call telling me to be at a meeting — or else. So I went and was told in no uncertain terms that one of the bosses in "the family" — as this Mafia organisation, like all them, was called — had been arrested. When that happens, everybody in the family is supposed to start making as much money as possible in as short a time as possible to help the boss fight his legal problems. That was the subject of the meeting. "There's a robbery going down, and you're in it," I was told.

There was no way out. No matter how I figured it, I was boxed in. If I went to the cops, my family was dead. If I refused to get in on the deal, my famiy was dead. If I tried to run, my family was dead. So, hoping nothing bad would happen, I went along. That was my next big mistake.

According to the deal, these guys knew somebody at a department store who had access to the cash. They were supposed to stage a fake holdup, with the inside guy tied up. My job was simple: I was to sit in a car; when the job had been done, the three other guys involved in the job would drive past and hand me the bag of money.

While I sat there, sweating bullets, the first thing I discovered was that something had gone wrong with the inside man at the store and the robbery coudn't take place. But these guys weren't about to give up, and the next thing I knew, they simply walked into a bank next door and held it up. They threw the money in my car, and I took off like a bat out of hell. I dropped off the money to the boss, who gave me $700. That money went to the loan shark.

At this point I made an irrational decision: I decided to take my wife and kids and run off to California. The idea was crazy, but I had to get away.

I was there about a week. One night my wife the kids, and I came back to the hotel after a day of sightseeing. I opened the door, and somebody hit me from behind. I fell into the room, where a whole bunch of guys with guns were standing. They were FBI agents, and I was in trouble.

Now, while I was worried about what would happen to me, I believed at that point what Joey, Tony, and the others had told me: you get in trouble, and you don't have to sweat it. Just be a "stand-up guy" and keep your mouth shut, and the family takes care of you. But nobody was taking

> If I went to the cops, my family was dead. If I refused to get in on the deal, my family was dead.

care of me. Nobody was getting me an attorney, nobody was putting up bail money, and, most important, nobody was taking care of my wife and family.

The FBI seemed to sense that maybe I knew something of interest to them, because they took their own sweet time (20 days) to get me from California to New York to face trial. At one point they put me up in the Kansas City jail, which has to be one of the worst in the country.

Right there I decided that the only way I would be able to break finally with "the family" was to co-operate with the guys on the other side.

At the time my life was a mess. I managed to get out on bail, but I was facing a prison sentence, and my wife and child were living with in-laws. I started talking with the FBI, and they seemed to be interested in what I told them about the particular family that was using me. At one point, while I was out on bail, they attached a tape recorder to my body under my coat just before I was to have a meeting with Billy, one of the family bosses.

The scenario was that I would go to Billy, complain about my legal troubles, and refuse to pay anything more on the money I owed the mob. The hope was that at this point Billy would talk about the loan and then threaten me, all while FBI agents were listening in from nearby.

But Billy was an experienced Mafia hood, and no way was he going to get suckered that easy. Halfway into our conversation, he suddenly reached over and started checking me for wires. I thought he had found them, which meant I was a dead man; so I suddenly ran out of the room, jumped in my car, and took off. All the while I was screaming into the microphones, "Hey, man, I'm taking off; I think this guy found my wire!" Nobody heard me, however, because it turned out that the wires were short-circuited.

The bottom line was that nothing came of this, and I wound up getting sentenced to three years in jail. At the time I thought it was a disaster, but it's funny how things work out sometimes. In one way the jail time was the best thing that happened to me. I had all that time to think about my life to that point, get some education (I had never graduated from high school), and generally decide what I wanted to do when all this was behind me. What I hoped was that I would never again have anything to do with "the family" or any of those people. Again fate intervened, in a way I never would have figured.

Actually, it was sort of funny the way it happened. In jail I noticed that my fellow inmates ,included some big mafiosi, especially Sonny Franzese and Johnny Dioguardi, whom everybody called Johnny Dio. Normally, I'd stay away from people like that, but I discovered that the Mafia inmates regarded me as a fellow family member, a real stand-up guy. Strange, but I found out that Billy, the guy I tried to set up for the FBI, apparently vouched for me.

In fact, I was put into a section with all Italian guys, most of them Mafia, and I ate what they ate, which was Italian food cooked just the way they wanted it.

It was a real education watching the Mafia operate in prison, carrying on pretty much as they do on the outside. Business was going on as before.

When I came out of prison I was struggling to make a few bucks (I was working in a bakery at the time), and all the while there was easy money lying out there. All I had to do was to trade in on my new reputation as a "stand-up guy" and my Mafia contacts from the prison days, and that would have gone a long way in the family. As things turned out, I didn't find the Mafia; they found me.

For quite a while, "the family" didn't bother with me. But then, after I had been working my butt off for a while, I got to the point where I opened my own bakery. Things were really looking up. And then one day, who should come walking through the door but Joey himself, with a few hoods. "You're a stand-up guy now,"

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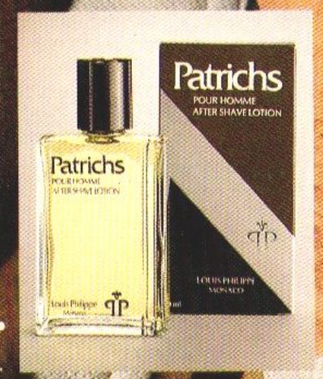


Joey said to me. "You did your time, you got nobody in trouble, nobody went to jail." Then he outlined a whole series of deals he could work with me and the bakery.

When I started fending him off, Joey said, "Hey, you're with us; you got family obligations."

Up yours with family obligations, I felt like telling him, but I played for time. Again I was in a bad squeeze, and I wasn't sure what to do. To the average guy, I know this sounds a little insane: how come I just didn't tell Joey and his hoods to go to hell?

Because that's not the way it works. You can't tell the family, "Look, I've paid my debt; so go away and leave me alone." You do that, and before you know it, someone's going to kick you in the arse or break your legs. Besides, at that time, I was again in money trouble.

So I wound up co-operating, allowing them to take a little piece of the business and putting two hoods on the payroll so they could show their parole officers they were working.

The hardest part for me was the play-acting, pretending I really liked this scum, with their sick jokes and their little sadistic pleasures.

Finally, the mob began to take bigger and bigger pieces of my bakery, and before long I realised that they were nibbling me to death. One day, I just walked out of the place and left the whole thing to them; I didn't get a dime.

You'd think that was enough, but those sharks still came after me. "Yeah, we know your daughter is sick," Joey said to me, "but you still got obligations." And when they came after my father, threatening him, I finally realised what I should have known all along: these people had to be stopped. Certainly, I couldn't go on the way I was. I was arguing constantly with my father, who couldn't figure out where all the money was going, and my relationship with my wife was falling apart. I think the one incident that finally made me decide I would have to destroy these people was the day one of the hoods was standing there in my father's store, fixing his fingernails with a knife while he was telling me how much of a percentage I had to kick in.

My next step was to talk to the police and propose an idea that had been stewing in my mind a while: I would become an undercover spy within the Mafia, giving information to the police. I was well aware of the risks. Simply, they were that the minute the Mafia even got a whiff I was working for the police, I was a dead man.

I never asked for any money from the police to do this. The way it worked out, the plan was actually pretty simple: the police wired me up with recorders. I would "rejoin" the family and go to Mafia meetings and other such encounters, with the recorders picking up every word. Nearby, police in radio cars would listen as the conversations were broadcast.

And so I began leading a triple life. I was a local businessman, a police undercover agent, and a member of the Mafia. Looking back on it, I don't know how I found all the time. I had to run my business, meet with detectives, and also spend a lot of time with people in the mob.

For the most part, I dealt with established mafiosi, ranging from 30 to 60 years old. They were "made guys", cunning, devious, and completely ruthless. Often they would discuss how they could rip off another Mafia family and get away with it by using imported talent from another State. This was tricky, but if you could rip off another family's policy bank, for example, you could easily make $100,000.

Several months had gone by, and up to this point I had not told my wife what I was doing. But I could see it was beginning to get to her, what with all the late hours and running around. In her mind, either I had become a Mafia crook again or I had taken

> The hardest part for me was the play-acting, pretending I really liked this scum, with their sick jokes.

up with a couple of broads. So I told her what I was doing, and she stood behind me 100 percent.

Of course, there's a law of averages in this tricky game I was playing, a law that says sooner or later, I would make a mistake and wind up dead. That was one reason why my spying operation had to end. But there was a more important reason: both the police and myself, it turned out, had badly underestimated the kind of bad stuff these mafiosi were into. There was so much that we could hardly keep up with it all, and the realisation began to dawn on all of us that these people would have to be taken off the streets. I became painfully aware of that fact the day some of the family were talking about ripping off a big policy bank. During the discussion it was made clear that the 10 people would be killed.

The police, using the information I had provided, were able to quietly forestall a lot of things, but they realised that things were getting out of hand with these hoodlums. That's when the subject of my testifying was first broached. Now, from the beginning, the assumption was that I would not be testifying. The detective with whom I was working closely, Joe Thompson, never tried to convince me to testify — I had pretty well decided it was the only way to stop those people — but they did insist that I should consider the Federal Witness Protection Program. (Little did they know what was in store for me!) Their reason was obvious: from the first moment I testified, the Mafia would put a price on my head. It was important that I get a whole new identify and a new location to escape what was certain mob vengeance.

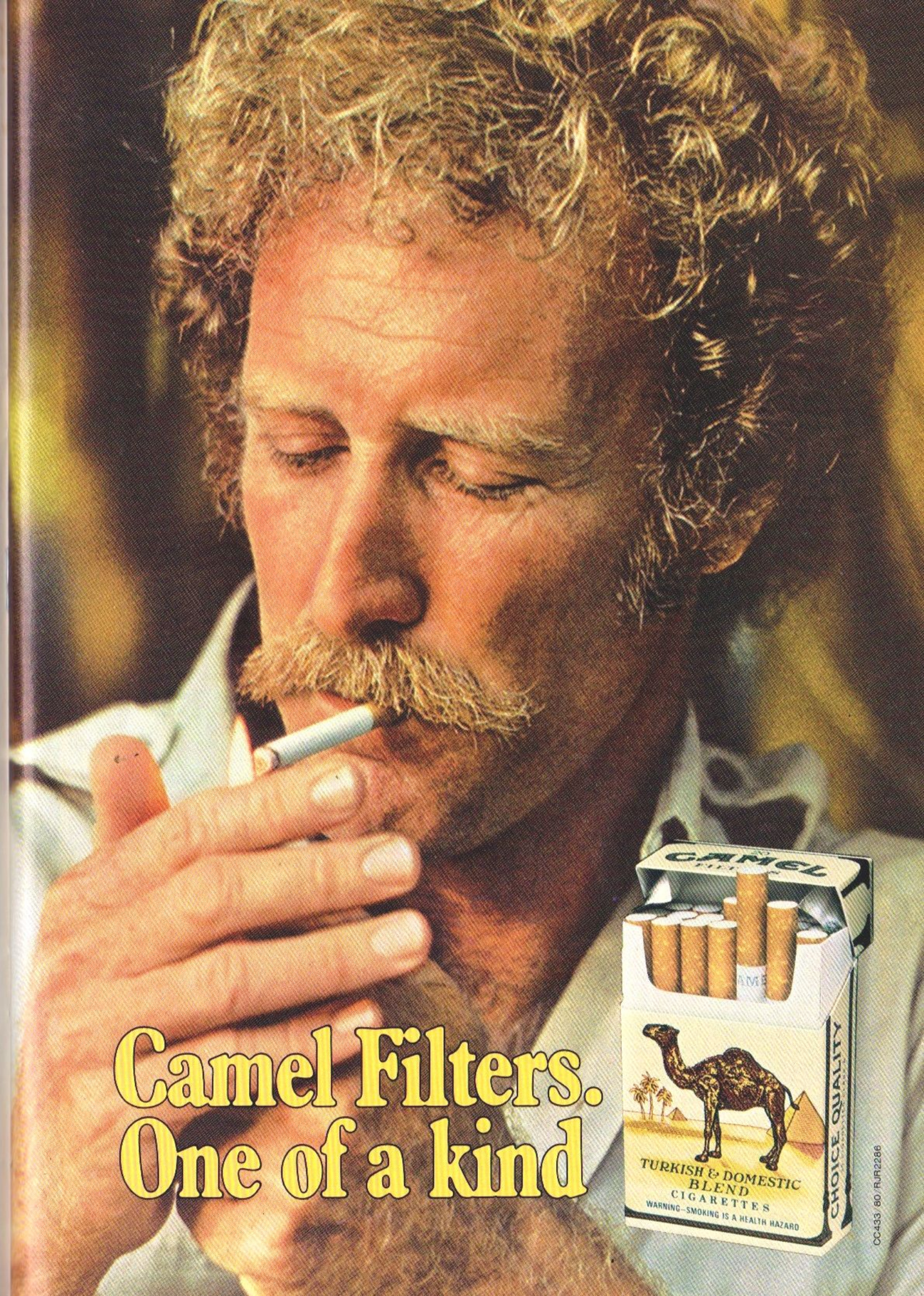
That would involve a big step for my wife and kids; so I sat down with her and explained what would have to be done. I told her that I was committing her to a life of fear and danger for the rest of our lives, for we would never be able to relax our guard one second. She was already in rough shape from what I was doing: many nights I would come home, and she would be shaking like a leaf. I would sit there for hours, trying to calm her down while she cried her eyes out. And no wonder: when I'd leave the house, often I'd tell her that I would be out maybe four or five hours. But nine or 10 hours later, I'd get back home while she sweated out all those hours.

Ultimately, my wife and I had a long talk with a deputy inspector with the Federal Witness Protection Program. It was very impressive, and all our questions were answered. My daughter would get special medical help in the area of the country to which we would be relocated, and we'd get new birth certificates, new marriage certificates, a complete change of identity, false employment records, new Social Security records, new army records, job assistance, assistance in finding housing, and subsistence until we got completely resettled. The meeting went on for hours, with every possible question answered. When it was all over, my wife and I decided to join the program.

After that things happened pretty fast. The police swooped down and grabbed as many mafiosi as they could. The phone calls started coming to my house: " big bust went down, something's wrong, go hide someplace."

I was out of that house fast, with the wife and kids. The police took us to a motel almost 100 miles away. The four of us were in one little cabin, under 24-hour guard. This went on for days, and it became so much a part of our lives that one of my daughters, seven years old at the time, said to one detective as he came in for a shift change, "Did you check your gun? It's at the door. If you need more bullets, they're on top of the refrigerator in the bowl."

The scariest times were the days I was scheduled to testify before grand juries. I'll never forget that look on my wife's face each morning when she'd see all those detectives, armed to the teeth, and one of them would hand me a bulletproof vest



She knew, as I did, that nobody puts a bulletproof vest on you unless they expect somebody to take a shot at you.

I testified before various grand juries for 30 days. (Later I was told that they got 33 indictments as a result of my testimony, and almost a dozen mafiosi have gone to jail so far. The cases are still ongoing; so I can't discuss them in any detail.) At any rate, when that period was up, a guy from the US Marshall's Department showed up and told me I was now ready to go into the Witness Protection Program. That was fine, but he then handed me a 21-page memorandum and said I had to read through it quickly and sign it. But what I read was completely different from the discussions I had with the deputy inspector several weeks before. Basically, the memorandum said that 60 days after I arrived at my "relocation area", subsistence would be terminated and I'd have to go to work. But I had already been told I faced at least another *two years* of testimony in court on all these Mafia cases; how could I hold a job and testify at the same time?

"Look," said one of the Marshalls, "if you don't sign now, you can't come with us. We'll just take off and leave." I felt I had no choice; so I signed it, and we took off.

We wound up in Connecticut, and right off the bat, things didn't look good. "You get thirty-six dollars a day for meals," said one of the marshalls to us. "You have to stay in your room; just tell us anything you need, and we'll bring it to you."

Well, for starters, how about food? How can you feed a family of four with three restaurant meals for $36 a day. For another there was no idea how long we were supposed to stay in this motel; we were just left there. When I started to get angry and said I wanted an attorney to look at the memorandum I had signed, one of the marshalls said to me: "Don't start that shit! We told you you can't tell anybody about this stuff. You can't have a copy of the memorandum; you can look at it any time you want by special request."

At this point I had an awful sick feeling in my stomach that maybe this thing was not the right thing to do, but I tried to be cheerful in front of my wife. "Geez, isn't this great?" I told her. "What a beautiful room! And they're giving us money for food. Boy, everything is really good."

We spent 37 days at that motel, never leaving the room except to eat. On the 38th day, the marshalls gave us papers in our new names, including a driver's license and car registration, told us we would be getting about $1000 a month in subsistence, and then said goodbye as we drove to our new relocation area. Once there, we reported in to a US marshall I'll call Jim. The first bad news he had for us was that we were supposed to find a house right away.

That wasn't the worst of it. The program had made no provision, we discovered, for the ordinary hazards of people changing their identities. For example, when I tried to rent a house, the landlord naturally wanted to know where I had lived before and the names of references. It was the same problem with the phone company: they wanted to know our previous number; so I felt like an idiot telling them, in so many words, "Yeah, well, I'm over 30 years old, married with two children, but I've never had a phone in my life." Worse, how about trying to find a job? Any employer wants to know where you're from, where did you work last, what the names of your former supervisors are. What was I supposed to tell him, that I had never worked in my life? I'm sure the first thing any of those people figured was that I was an ex-convict trying to hide a prison past.

We hit just about every other hazard. It seemed that every time we told somebody where we were from, damned if that person didn't also come from that area.

Despite trying to remain as reclusive as possible we have always had problems with neighbors. Like all people, they're curious about new neighbors and look puzzled when we tell them we're from Ohio — although we have pronounced Brooklyn accents. And every so often, one of my kids slips up: once she said we were from New York in front of neighbors. As far as the rest of my family is concerned, I've simply disappeared.

> As far as the rest of my family is concerned, I've simply disappeared.

For quite some time after my relocation I was still testifying, although some of the experiences I've had while being "guarded" by federal marshalls left me a little shaken. Once they brought me to a hotel in New York City. The marshall dropped me there and then said, "I'll see you later, man. I'm going up to the corner and get me a beer; want to come?"

With my testimony over, it was time to get a job. That's when I really started to hit problems, because the paperwork the government made out for its protected witnesses just didn't work. The big problem was that the new identities took no account of the fact that there was no background created. So, in one of the first jobs I was able to get, managing a restaurant, I immediately hit a snag when I tried to get a liquor license. Naturally, the State discovered pretty quickly that my name was phoney, and that was the end of the license — and the job.

All this was aggravating enough, but the real problem has been holding a job, since sooner or later that lack of a past comes back to haunt you. Not too long ago I had a good job, with several people working for me. But then there was a theft, and I reported it to the local police department. Sure enough, the minute they found out that the guy reporting the theft wasn't who he said he was, I got in trouble. I've lost other jobs because my boss has found out I'm a Mafia witness and doesn't want the danger of a possible hit on me around his office. Still other bosses have bounced me after finding out I'm in the witness-protection program, because they figure that I must have been some sort of major criminal to be in the program.

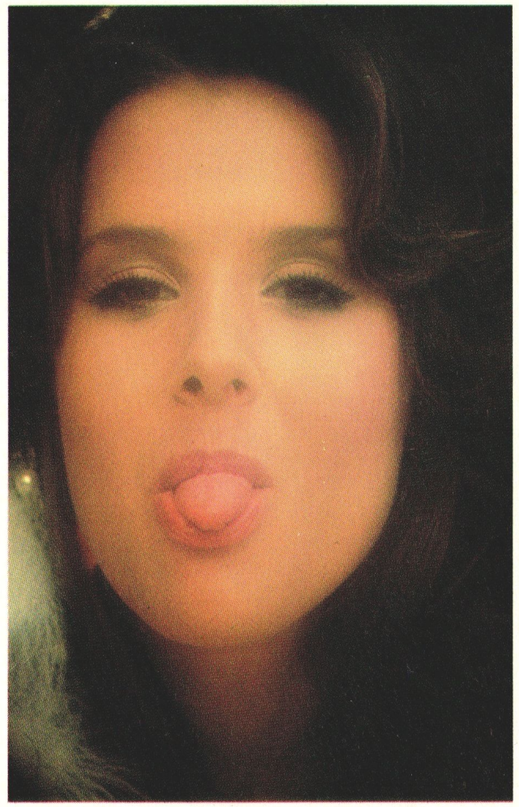
I've moved I don't know how many times, trying to start someplace fresh where that blank background won't hurt me. But no matter where I go, I hit that problem. I do take precautions: quick U-turns while I'm driving, always looking behind me, constant variation in times and routes. I can't sleep more than three or four hours a night; I'll wake up in a cold sweat. If I hear a noise or a backfire or maybe even the rustle of leaves, I'm up and out the door, looking around. My father was threatened by hoods trying to find out where I was, and he's had two bad heart attacks.

The worst effect of all this is not on me, but on my wife and kids. I'm tense all the time and often scream at them for no real reason. One of my daughters will stand there in tears, saying, "Daddy, I love you." They don't know the truth yet, because I don't know any way to explain why somebody would want to kill their father.

And that's where it is today. I take jobs in the sales field, mostly, because that's the one business that cares more for performance than background. I spend a lot of time fantasising about the future. I'd like to lead a normal life, get a good night's sleep, go to the park with my kids, enjoy my wife's company, take her out to dinner. I'd also like to go to sleep at night and not worry about who's at the door. I'd like to stop wondering every time the phone rings whether that wrong number was really a wrong number.

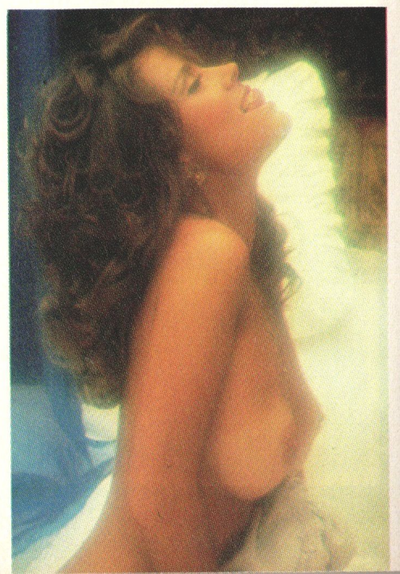
It's a fantasy that will never come true because the threat of death will never go away. If I knew then what I know now, would I have done it? The answer has to be weighed on the scales of justice. On the one hand, I've accomplished something in this life: I'm primarily responsible for putting away some of the worst criminal scum ever to infest this country, in the process saving some lives. On the other hand, look what has happened to my wife and kids.

And every time I look at them, I know the price has been too high. ○—■



CORINNE

"Rules are made to be broken. And I've broken every rule there is, one time or another."



In love with life

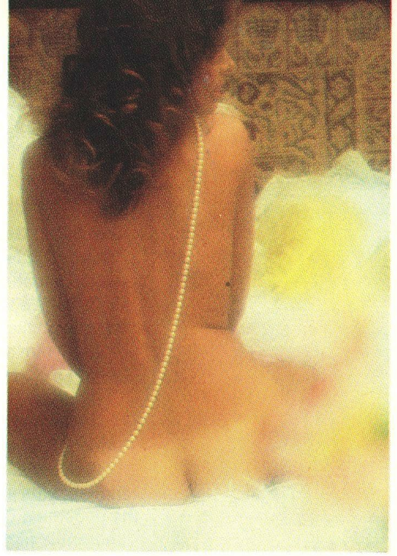
PHOTOGRAPHS BY BOB GUCCIONE

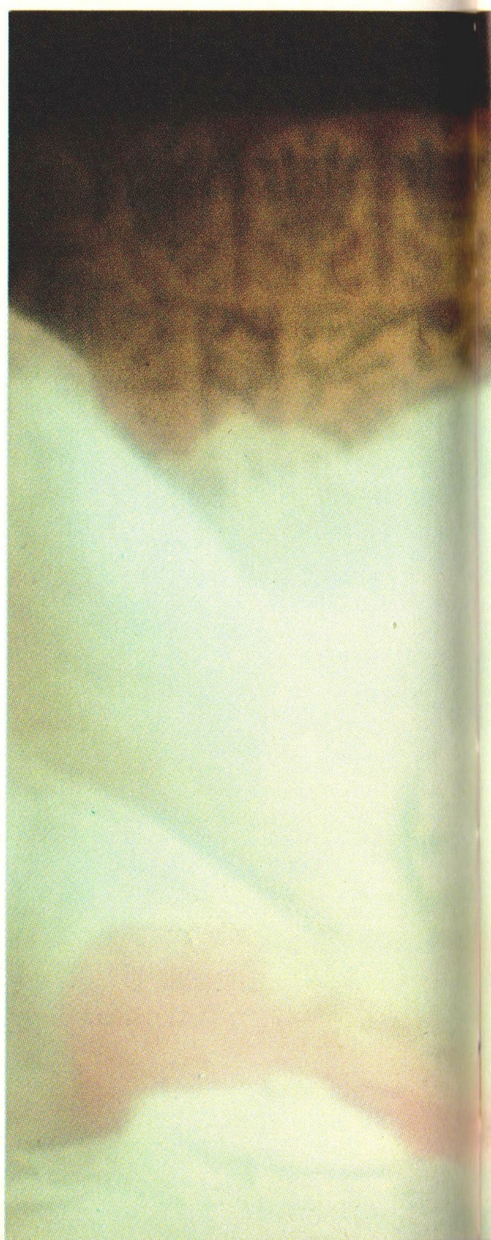
Lucky life. Corinne Alphen proclaims she's having a whirlwind romance with it. "I'll never be able to see and do everything, but I intend to stay out of breath trying!" she says. In that spirit Corinne spends more nights in airports than she does at home. And when she's on the move she takes a "friend" with her — her hamster, Woosie. "He's the perfect travelling companion. He packs like a dream, and he'll eat anything — even airline food!"

Our 37-23-36 Pet is a
head-strong beauty. "Rules are made
to be broken. And I've broken every rule there
is, one time or another." We forgive
all her trespasses, however — especially
trespassing so dauntlessly on to these pages.
In the meantime, we find her guilty
of being sinfully beautiful.

Since Bob Guccione helped launch this shooting star, Corinne's become a hardworking young film actress. Credits include *Snap, Bandaid, The Star-maker* (with Rock Hudson). *I, the Jury* (a Mickey Spillane thriller), plus a role in the upcoming Dino De Laurentiis film *Dune.*

Best of all, she'll be featured in Bob Guccione's new epic film *Catherine the Great.* "Penthouse is my base," she tells us. "And I'm one grateful lady that'll never split for long!" Corinne has also worked as a model, a television co-host, a sensational showgirl, and an accomplished beauty queen.





Our "provocative overachiever" drives men crazy offstage as well as on. Life in the fast lane is fine but only if a girl slows down long enough to savor the company of men. She likes the kind of men who love their mothers, animals, kids, and *her* — in inverse order. ○+

Skylarking is a serious business for Australia's champion freefall formation team.

SKYJINKS

BY RICHARD MILLS

Photos by Bill Rosenberg

There are six of us packed in behind the pilot of the tiny Cessna 207. Ian Lawrence interrupts his nap to grin and wink at me. Sandy Kane finds the exchange amusing and nudges Graham Jeffrey. The other man in their team, George Creecy, is off on his own apparently absorbed in a small tear in the aircraft's interior lining. There is only one tense face in this plane and it belongs to me. I'm disappointed. I had expected the air to sing like a strand of number eight fencing wire, to see the psychic links between the four tighten unbearably as the time they would have to jump grew closer. The four make up '925', Australia's champion freefall team, and as we trundle through the sky in a tiny tin box, bumping and surging through the capricious atmosphere, they are so cool, there is no tension at all — except mine. Graham Jeffery scratches his nose, yawns, and stretches across to lean out the hole where the door should be. He waves a finger up and

to the right, and the alert pilot adjusts the line of approach a fraction. For 925, the team that has "worked from nine to five for a year" to put themselves at the top of the Australian skydiving ladder, this was just a milk-run. Just a jump for the camera.

Shortly the spotter — in this case, Graham — will have guided the pilot in on the correct line of approach, at the correct height. Looking straight down, he will watch as the tiny pit of pea-gravel swims slowly under the aircraft, and judge his moment so that the team leaves the plane at a point which should allow the wind to drift an uncontrolled parachute right into the pit. His hand signals will become more frequent, more urgent, finer, until at last he will look up and say clearly: "Power off."

The pilot will slow almost to stalling speed. Then the cameraman, Bill "Hawk" Rosenberg, will climb out the door and down the fuselage. Graham will get out and move down to the rear of the door, just in front of Bill, face-on to the plane, held there by one arm and one leg crimped inside the door-frame. George will mirror his movement at the forward edge of the door.

Inside the craft, Sandy will crouch on one knee, leaning as far out as she can, firmly grasping Graham and George by their inside legs. Behind her crouches Ian, holding firmly to the leg-straps of her harness.

There will be a brief interrogative look around, a nod, a quick shake — and then they will let go. The tiny plane will bump then steady as five people leave as one, the team already linked into the first of the several freefall formations they will show for the camera, the cameraman already active, perhaps 10 feet away from them but on the same level, falling at the same rate, using his considerable flying skill to hold them in frame and focus as they fall at about 120mph.

Parachuting has come a long way since Leonardo da Vinci designed his falling contraption in 1495, and since the Montgolfier brothers demonstrated the effectiveness of their parachutes by successfully dropping a sheep from a high tower in 1783.

Coming of age when the first freefall jump was made in America in 1919, the activity remained a death-defying emergency procedure for many years: a last ditch bailing out for distressed pilots. Although the first sport parachute meet was held in 1930, with amateur jumpers at a Russian sports festival trying to see who could land closest to a target, it was really the French who got freefalling off the ground.

In 1948 Leo "Birdman" Valentin perfected the basic arched, spread-eagled, stable belly-to-earth freefall position, thus achieving a consistently stable attitude during freefall. He also began to examine body movements, and initiated the basic use of the arms and legs to make controlled turns and barrel rolls.

In 1958 the first baton-pass was made between freefalling skydivers: in Canada,

A clean exit from the Cessna (below) is necessary if the champion 925 team is to complete its routine in the allotted time. One of the more testing manoeuvres is the canopy relative work (right) where the danger of tangled parachutes makes the team even more conscious of the need for synchronised timing.

between Americans Lyle Hoffman and James Pearson, in America between Steve Snyder and Charles Hillard. The way was open for modern freefall relative work, the flying of several bodies relative to each other and the earth, to the point where a team like 925 can achieve 20 different linked formations in under 40 seconds.

But there was much still to be achieved before the sport of parachuting achieved its present stringent standards of safety and reliability.

The original parachutes were made of silk, and completely circular, and had two disadvantages: the silk was prone to develop high charges of static electricity, which would sometimes hold the fabric of the canopy closed during an otherwise-perfect opening, causing fatal streamers; and the circular canopies were almost unsteerable, oscillating wildly as the trapped air spilled out willy-nilly under the edges of the canopy.

So holes were cut to the rear of the canopy, forming a constant release of air in a forward-pushing jet stream. The oscillations stopped, and by pulling on steering lines to change the attitude of the modifying air holes and redirect the airstream, the canopy could now be steered. Rip-stop nylon, impervious to static, replaced the silk, and deaths through streamers dropped sharply.

In 1964 a revolutionary new parachute canopy, the *Para-Commander*, made its appearance and changed the whole sport. Highly modified, fast, reliable and supremely accurate, the PC was the cornerstone of modern sport parachuting accuracy events. With the advent of the square high-performance aerofoil canopy several years later, the sport began reaching for the high precision and intense competition it shows today.

The square parachute had an adjustable forward speed of up to 24mph; it could be flown, drop straight down, be stalled and banked; it could be flared near the ground to give the jumpers a toe-touch-down landing with a high degree of accuracy. No more walking miles home or climbing out of trees — sport parachuting was a valid past-time.

Eight thousand feet: the Cessna turns through 90 degrees, trims, flattens, and begins the long steady run-in which will bring us just upwind of the target. There's movement now, and the faces come out of their reveries.

The team checks each other's ripcord pins, goes over straps, harness, instruments, checking and tightening. It's too late to find you have left an important strap loose once you're out of the plane. Graham stares down intently, pivoting the plane on the movement of one finger. Hawk sets up his camera and crouches, waiting for the "off".

To fly and manoeuvre, the human body requires a strong passing airstream, which the freefaller can use and direct in much the same way as birds and aeroplanes do with their wings. If you were to jump off a bridge, out of a balloon, or from a hovering helicopter, you would fall helplessly for several seconds. Your stomach would be in your mouth, and you'd experience all the terror of an Icarus whose wings had melted off.

Newton determined that a falling body accelerates at 32 feet per second per second, until it reaches a terminal velocity governed by its weight-to-surface-area ratio. After that, the body's falling speed remains constant. For the average human being, this speed is about 120mph in the basic freefall position, and is reached after about 12 seconds of freefall. At that speed the air passes the body in a tangible, jelly-like flow, and can be used with body-movement to fly, to move at will.

But when you leave an aircraft, you already have about 60 knots of forward speed, and this allows you to begin flying straight away. Manoeuvring through the turbulence of the prop-wash you are already stable as you flatten out and begin your series of links.

> A freefalling body at 120 mph does nasty things to itself and others if it falls through a canopy.

There are six basic attitudes assumed by the flyer: the full flare, the relaxed flare or frog, the delta, the max-track, the negative arch, and the head-down vertical dive. All are calculated to make the best use of the passing airstream, or relative wind, to move precisely. Special jumpsuits are worn, with large underarm wing areas and widely flared legs to create drag and lift.

A skydiver might leap out of the plane head-first, facing the tail. As the slipstream hits him it will tend to throw his legs up over his head, pushing him into a somersault, so he tucks his legs tight, reaches for air with his arms to bring him horizontal. Already he is looking to see where the others he must meet are flying, and as his legs come higher and higher, his head dips.

When the body gathers downward speed and clears the slipstream's turbulence the lift from his arms flattens him out to a horizontal, belly-down attitude. His arms go wide and arch back, his legs extend, and he moves to the full flare — the basic stable freefall position. Relaxing arms and legs slightly, he pulls in to a frog as he estimates the manoeuvres needed to bring him down to the star, the already-linked group of flyers who left before him.

Slowly his arms come back, his head dips, and he gathers forward speed, horizontal velocity increasing as his glide-angle deepens. Not enough . . . the arms come back to a rigid 45 degrees and his legs extend until he forms the classic delta shape, gliding at about 45 degrees. But the group is still too far away . . . his shoulders hunch forward, his stomach tucks up, his head goes back as the hands move forward to cup and direct the air, turning his whole body into an aerofoil shape.

Faster and faster he moves forward, his glide angle altering sharply as his max track attitude takes effect . . . he is now going horizontally about two feet for every one foot down . . . turning his body into an aerofoil he has gained lift off the passing air, and can move at speeds up to 200 mph: at that sort of velocity he reaches the group in seconds.

But he is still too high. Throwing his arms wide to snatch the air, using his extended body as a brake, he flares out of his max-track just short of the group, but far above them. Back go his arms, straight by his sides . . . his head tucks in to his chest and his legs extend as he cancels all lift, falling straight down in a headlong vertical dive. He flares out again — he's misjudged and gone too low — the star is about 100 feet above him.

From his full flare he bends forward at the waist, reaching with arms and legs to cup and trap air beneath his body in a negative arch. His falling speed slows dramatically, and he seems to fly upwards, floating back up past the star as it falls. Relaxing, he moves to an easy frog, brings his arms back slightly to generate forward speed, and nudges in quietly to take a wrist in either hand, joining the linked fragment of humanity grinning and flying high above the earth.

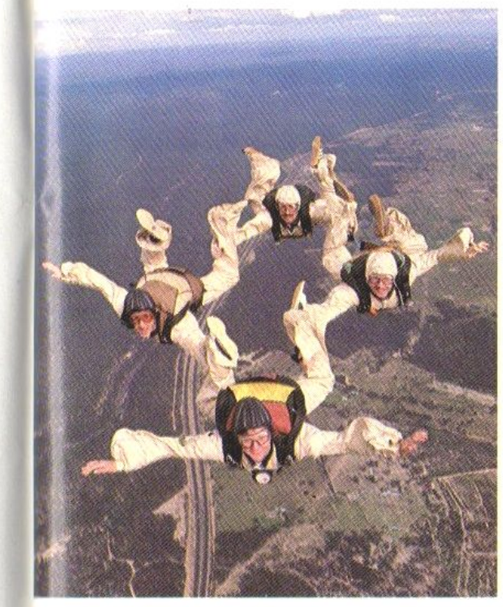
Graham looks up sharply: "Power off!" As he speaks he moves back from the door, and Hawk is already half way out to his precarious station near the tail. The other bodies flow into place, and the moment of tension before exit is a poised, coiled eternity. None of this nonsense about vertical dives and missed flares for this team — that's for beginners. They leave in a linked formation, and by the time they hit terminal velocity they are already changing grips, moving into their second formation.

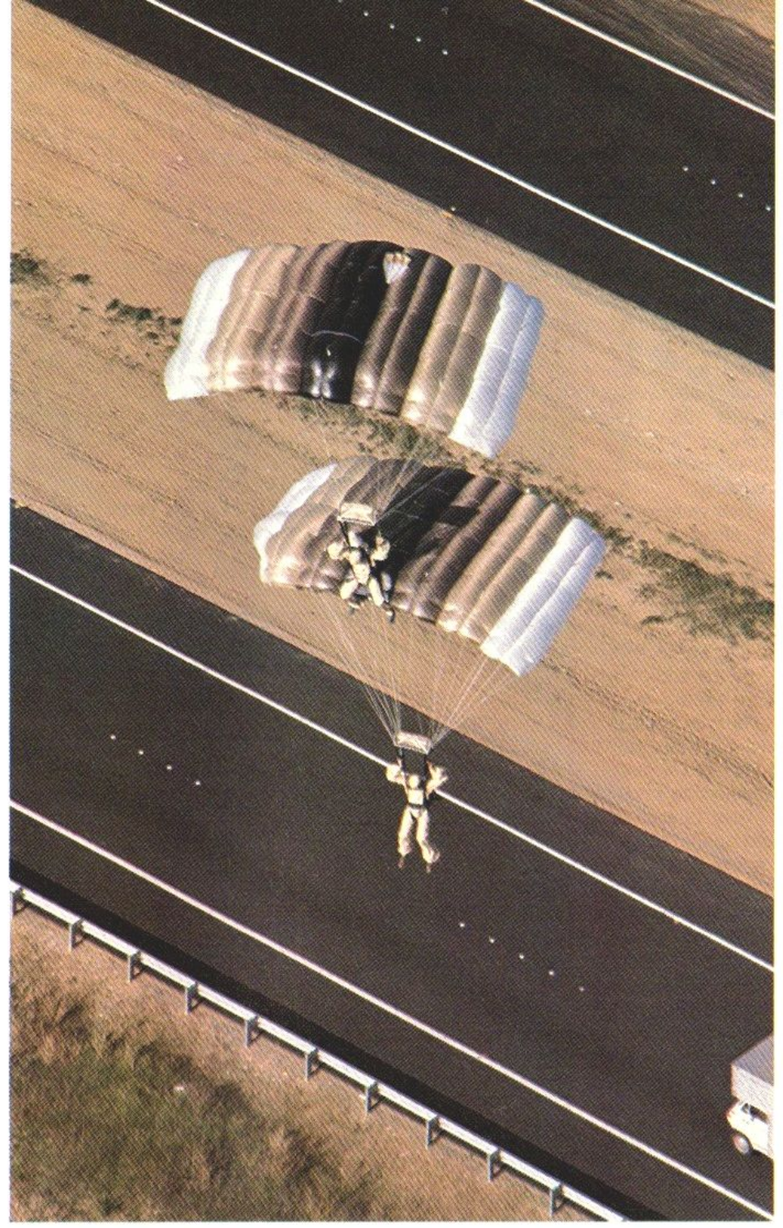
Freefall team events are judged on the number of formations a team can form, break, and form again in a given time from a given height. The team must break off at 3,500 feet, turn and max-track away from each other to obtain safe separation by opening height at 2500 feet. A freefalling body at 120 mph does nasty things to itself and others if it falls through a canopy travelling down at about 6 mph. Opening height is predetermined for safety, and by law canopies must be open by 1800 feet. This allows time for the safe deployment of the reserve canopy in an emergency.

Leaving at 8000 feet, the team has 35 seconds to form as many formations as they can by break-off. There are five set rounds in the competition, and five random rounds. In each set round the team is given a sequence of five formations to perform in order, beginning the sequence anew if they finish the five.

The random rounds are simply put together along the same lines, by pulling formations out of a hat and matching them into a sequence.

Getting to the top in skydiving doesn't happen by accident. Two years ago Ian Lawrence began prospecting among his





The four man freefall team smile for the camera (above) as they hold formation at 5000 feet. The canopy relative work (above right), photographed just before the team lands near the F5 freeway at Winton NSW, demands a high degree of skill and precision. The highest skydiver, who steers the formation, is sitting on top of his partner's canopy. The team checks the view (below right) as it plummets towards the ground at 120 mph.

skydiving acquaintances, trying to sort out three others with the necessary competence, stamina, motivation and determination to make a top freefall team. Graham Jeffery, George Creecy, Sandy Kane and Ian now form the number one team in Australia. They came a close second to a Chinese team at an informal competition in Peking in June, and are competing in the World Championships at Zephyr Hills, Florida.

Pooling all their resources, the team lived together in a flat at Corowa, near Albury, for six months last year. The National Titles were held at Corowa, in August 1980, and following their philosophy of "improvement through total involvement", the team wanted to train on the spot.

They were required to study and master 25 different linked exits, and numerous other freefall formations. For six months they did nothing but jump, analyse, rejump, sleep, eat, discuss and jump again, chasing the slickness that would put them up into world-class competition.

By the end of their training period 925 were averaging 7.5 formations over five rounds; by the end of the title event, their average was close to 9.5; in one jump they completed a devastating 20 formations. Needless to say, they won.

They relaxed after the titles, and set about generating the $40,000 they needed for this year's training and competition. One member left and Sandy Kane, a nurse from Melbourne with over 800 jumps under her belt, joined. They trained together solidly for two weeks before leaving for China in June, and again for six weeks before departing for the World Championships, beginning on October 9. They have made well over 300 training jumps together this year.

In the Cessna, time stops for a moment. Poised at the door, Australia's top skydivers nod to each other, give a slight twitch of grips to show their readiness. They tense — and let go.

Most teams give a count at the door, to assist the smoothness of the exit. The propellor blast and slipstream can wrench any but the strongest grips apart, and a moment's difference in letting go can put such strain on the links that instead of a stable formation flying out of the plane, the result is a jumble of tumbling bodies careering through the air, losing valuable time and height as they stabilise and reform.

But there is no count for 925. They have worked on their timing so intensely, created such an exquisite nicety of understanding, that their moment of letting go is reached in unison. They simply tense for a moment, then let go — together.

The crowded door is suddenly empty as I move into it, positioning myself as I look for the team. They are already 50 yards back, 100 feet below, flattening and moving into their second formation. Hawk hangs facing them about ten feet away, never deviating as his helmet-mounted camera frames their flight. I throw myself headlong out the door, never losing sight of the diminishing formation as I ride out the slipstream and flatten out.

Moving quickly I fly slightly around the formation, taking up a position just to Hawk's left, facing the team, and about 100 feet above them.

Good vantage point . . . I relax my fall to keep to the same rate as the team, and watch.

I hadn't realised such things existed. Barely conscious of the air around me I watch entranced as one of the world's finest teams puts on a spectacle of precise and fluid motion unequalled by anything in my experience. Against the hazy green-brown of the earth far below, the group of fragile bodies close, hold, grin at the camera, drop their grips, and move in together again.

> Any jump can kill, and that realisation must be kept in mind all the time.

Their drag-out or linked exit was a Chinese T. From the position at the door, with Graham and George facing in, Sandy gripping their legs, facing them, Ian behind her, they flowed out and down from the Cessna.

As they let go the door with their inside hands Graham and George reached for Sandy's legs, so that the group flattened out with Sandy in between in a compressed accordian, heel-and-toe with them, and Ian flying extended from the group, his hands gripping Sandy's legs.

As they flatten they drop grips and pour their bodies through a series of precisely-calculated motions. Sandy moves forward slightly and stops. Graham and George both turn through 180 degrees to face the same way as Sandy.

Never separating by more than four feet, they slide in to grip one of her legs each with their inside arms, outside arms flaring wide for stability. Ian moves up and closes the diamond.

Again the group breaks, Graham and George moving up alongside Sandy to join hands with her, Ian flying along to the edge of the line to join hands with George. There seems to be some confusion, and the line wavers and shimmies, finally settling down into an even formation as the camera clicks away.

I glance at my altimeter: 3500 feet. I must be very aware of break-off and separation, as the team has enough to worry about without a spare body careering through them as they open canopies. Hawk, unable to look upwards because of the bulky helmet and camera, has asked me to break off well above them, and track wide before opening.

At three thousand feet, the group breaks. "At last," I sigh with relief, and turn to track away. As I turn I realise they are moving to a new formation.

"To hell with that," I decide, and hunch into a max-track. Waving-off widely with my arms, I slow and stabilise, pull my ripcord and sit up sharply as my canopy deploys. I look around.

About 500 feet below me, five canopies blossom.

With the extra height I have at opening point my high-performance canopy easily takes me the quarter-mile or so back to the drop zone, and I land quietly, strip off my gear, and sit with a cup of coffee as the first of the team walks in.

Ian looks slightly sheepish. "Good thing Sandy saw you tracking," he says.

"We usually jump from 9000 feet, and we got a bit carried away with the jump.

"Sandy saw you track and broke us off." He pauses.

"Bit low that time."

Even at the top of the ladder, death is not far away. Any jump can kill, and the realisation must be kept in mind all the time. The group is a little subdued — that was a bit close for comfort.

Before the dive, the formations are "dirt dived" with precision, every grip, movement and formation being rehearsed on the ground until the dive sequence is reflexive. After the jump comes the analysis, the "de-briefing".

Relaxed, now, the team puts the dive together again. There's some good-natured chivvying: someone moved during the exit, and the formation tilted. No-one will admit it.

Eyes twinkling, Graham looks at Sandy. "I know why it twisted," he says.

"Sandy turned the whole thing so that she could face the camera." Blushing furiously, Sandy denies it emphatically, but judgement had been passed and she's stuck with it. Her turn comes a moment later, when it is found that Ian had caused the line to waver for the same reason — his position wasn't clear, and he wanted to get into the frame.

Slowly they talk themselves down; the exhilaration is expended in laughter and horse-play. They rerun the jump again and again, so that every movement will be finer next time, every mistake allowed for. They drift away to pack their parachutes for the next jump. And the next.

Amanda

Flaming Star

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RICO METTBACH

"I'm a romantic, Scarlett O'Hara kind of girl," says Pet of the Month Amanda Ford with a toss of her head, which sends ripples of light down her beautiful, long, flame-colored hair. "I'm very happy to be living in this day and age, but there are times when I yearn for the genteel life style of yesteryear."

Our petite 32-22-32 Pet who likes horse riding, dining out and music, says she is attracted by tall, dark, handsome men. "But what girl isn't! Actually, it's pretty hard to generalise about men. Subtlety is a quality I particularly appreciate in a man — that way some men have of letting you know they adore you just by looking into your eyes, without saying a word. It's an attitude, an understanding."

Jewellery and clothing by Margo Richards; shoes by Raymond Castles.

Amanda works as an accounting machine operator, and she has had some experience in modelling work. "My ambition, my dream," she says, "is to be a successful actress and model."

At 23, Amanda is sophisticated, bright and versatile. She knows where she's going and how she's going to get there. She feels as comfortable in her day-to-day working life in Sydney as she does when she "goes romantic" in the country. "One day I'll be running barefoot through a field, and the next day I'll be doing back-up vocals for New Metal Music — that's the band in which my boyfriend plays."

"I really don't understand all this fuss about relationships these days," says Amanda. "It all seems natural to me — doing whatever feels right."

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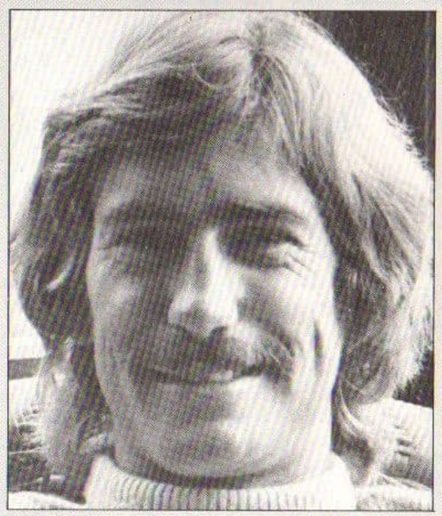
ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION



BY PHIL JARRATT

The author is the editor of *Australian Penthouse*. He feels that on the occasion of the magazine's second birthday he is entitled to a small whinge.

CENSORSHIP IS A RESTRICTIVE TRADE PRACTICE

Happy birthday dear *Penthouse*, happy birthday to us. Another year older and, despite the efforts of the rising forces of wowserism in this country we are alive and well and on open sale in all States of Australia except Tasmania. In Tassie the bureaucrats are still considering the cases for and against exposing the citizenry to the edition of the magazine which even Queenslanders are allowed to read.

We can afford a wry smile now that we've resolved most of our censorship problems but it hasn't been a great year for free expression in Australia. In fact it sometimes seems that the international moral backlash which swept Reagan to power and Jerry Falwell's Moral Majority to unprecedented influence has manifested itself here in the form of a new wave of righteous censorship.

Let's just look at the national situation. A year ago our then Publisher Mark Day wrote in these pages: "To us it seems surprising in the early Eighties that censorship remains an issue at all." Two months later we were banned from sale in Queensland, ostensibly because we ran an article about bikie atrocities. The Queensland Literature Board of Review is not required to furnish a reason for banning, but my later discussions with Board members revealed the nature of our offence.

We were allowed back into Queensland after I made an undertaking to keep the content of the magazine within the community standards guidelines set by the Board. These guidelines are verbal and can change every month. So far, so good, but it is difficult not to be aware of the power of the five Brisbane burghers who meet each month to determine what community standards are vis a vis the latest issue of *Australian Penthouse*. In Victoria new legislation was introduced earlier this year giving the State Classifications Board the power to enforce partial restrictions on the sale of publications. In its passage through the Houses of Parliament this legislation was hailed by small l liberals as an enlightened and responsible reform, facilitating the sale of previously banned publications. In practice the "reform" has turned out quite differently. Publications which previously were sold openly are now being partially restricted.

> "I resent these intrusions on our business affairs and, on a personal level I resent the intrusion on my and other people's liberties."

Two issues of *Australian Penthouse* suffered this fate before we began to appreciate the subtle shift in Victorian community standards (as perceived by the Board) which had apparently coincided with the introduction of the new legislation. Our economic fate in Victoria now hinges on the Board's monthly evaluation, and although the past few decisions have gone our way the problem remains. For example, we were warned about the contents of the August issue. The offending article? A review of a book called *The Best Bits*. The book consists of salacious passages from a variety of classic and not so classic novels, all of which are (or have been) on open sale in Victoria. *The Best Bits*, published by Cassell Australia, is itself on open sale in Victoria. The Board didn't even evaluate it! And yet its contents were considered offensive in the context of a magazine for adult males. But we were lucky, we got off with a warning.

Following the Victorian lead, South Australia (the pioneer State in the censorship revolution of the Seventies), Western Australia and Tasmania have all since introduced new restrictive classifications, meaning that NSW readers alone receive the edition of *Australian Penthouse* which we originally intended for the nation.

This worries me, and not simply because of the costs incurred in producing two editions. It worries me because I'm buggered if I can see what the point of all this is. The various State boards go on about labia majora and minora and unnatural acts and erogenous zones and so on, but they have all, with the exception of NSW, demonstrated an amazing inability to define community standards, let alone police them.

The members of these boards are respected, and one suspects, well-meaning members of their communities. They no doubt believe in their work, although in Queensland board members have pointed out to me that they are merely the enforcers of an antiquated Act of Parliament. I am sure, however, that the people who censor in this country are committed to the principle of censorship. So am I. I believe children should be protected from violence, drugs and pornography. Until, say the age of 18, they should be kept free of the influence of those rather base forms of exploitation. They aren't, of course, but they should be.

Furthermore, adult Australians should, in my opinion, be free to read and view whatever they like, with the proviso that its production in no way infringes on the liberties of others. We aren't, of course, but we should be. In theory there is no adult censorship outside Queensland; the restrictions apply to minors. But in practice the State boards use their restrictive powers to dictate to the entire community what it may or may not see or read.

This may be unintentional, but it is demonstrably true. No publisher (or any other supplier for that matter) can afford to have his goods hidden from consumers, and this is exactly the effect of the most frequently used restriction on sale. An AB classification in Victoria, South Australia, Western Australia or Tasmania means that the publioation can be sold provided that it is enclosed in a plastic sealed bag, so as to prevent perusal by a minor. Now if a minor happens to break the plastic seal and steal a peek the newsagent is liable for prosecution. (And it does happen. There was a recent case of a Mildura newsagent receiving a large fine.)

Because of this risk some newsagents stock restricted publications behind the counter (although they don't have to) or worse, refuse to stock them at all. In that case we lose out and you lose out.

Australian Penthouse has been banned in Queensland for an article exposing bikie violence; it has been restricted in Victoria for an article which revealed there were places in Tokyo where gentlemen could get laid. In financial terms these were body blows of equal devastation (and I hope nobody misinterprets that allusion or we could be in the s--t again).

I resent these intrusions on our business affairs and, on a personal level I resent the intrusion of my and other people's liberties.

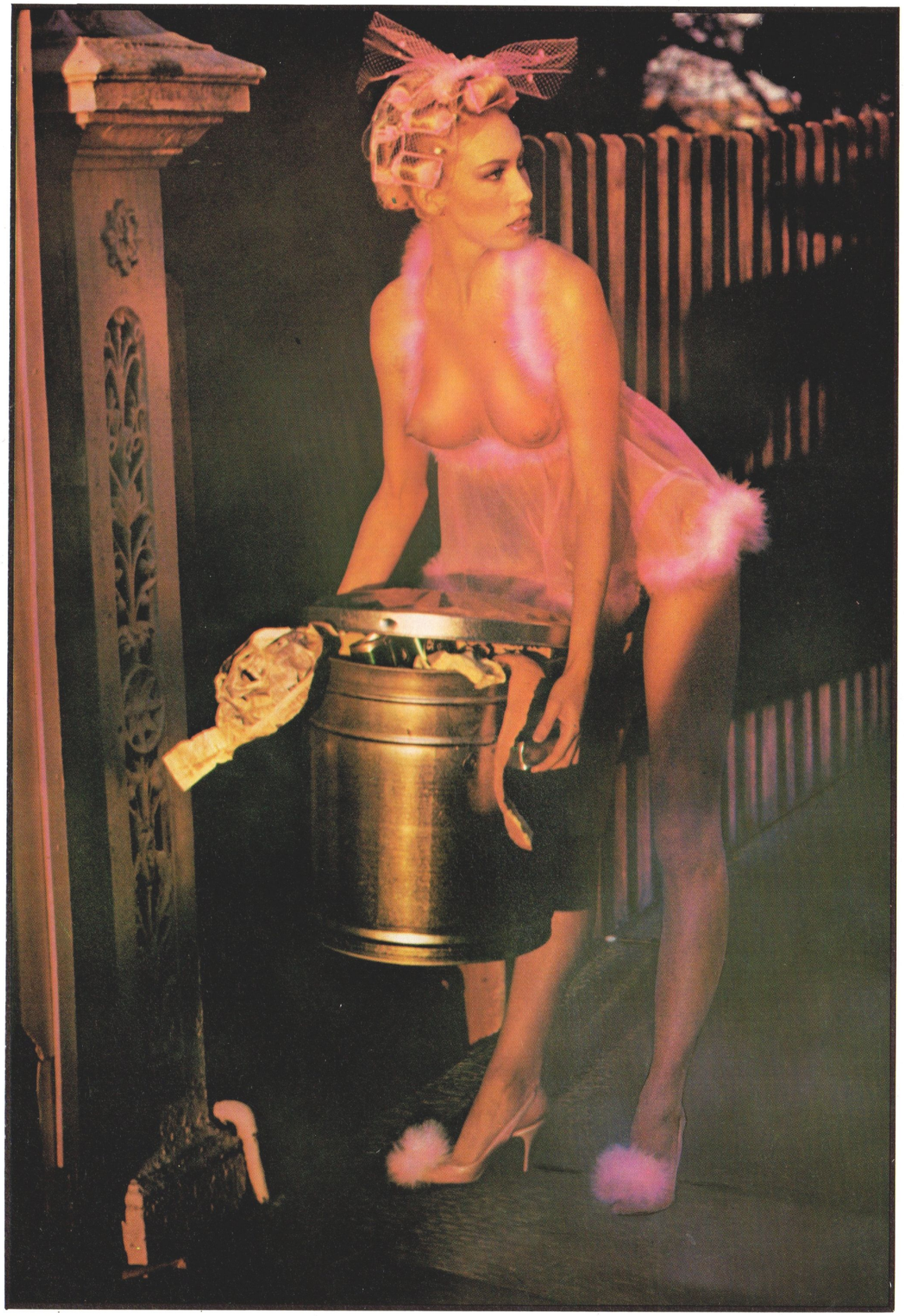
More than 10 years ago I was present at the University of NSW when a group of notables read aloud from banned novels to challenge the law. It seemed then that we were getting somewhere. It seems now we were wrong.

Dreams of an Everyday Housewife

PHOTO/ILLUSTRATION BY
NICK BROKENSHA AND MARK SALWOWSKI

When photographer Nick Brokensha returned to Australia from a stint in Paris a couple of months ago, one of the first things which struck him was the luxuriance of our suburban gardens compared to the drab European scene. In Paris, he shot photographs for fashion and men's magazines, working with an illustrator who touched up his shots to give them a hyper-real effect. Back home, Brokensha teamed with artist Mark Salwowski, took a series of photos which combined his appreciation of our gardens with the female form and came up with this fantasy sequence. The juxtaposition of the woman at work and everyday household objects — laundry, rubbish bins and lawnmowers — subtlely airbrushed by the artist, created some startling scenes — the stuff that dreams are made of.

Make-up, Alain Deikman; hair, Barbara Sylvester; shoes, Mr Figgins; lingerie, Estelle; gardening equipment, Nock & Kirby's.



MOTIVATING MAN

Les Cunningham has taken the hype out of hypnotism.

BY BILL TUCKEY

Leslie Cunningham is large-large. There is really no other description for him. Sitting in his large black leather armchair, pure Burmese cat CB ("That stands for Clumsy Bastard") prowling along his tree-trunk leg, cigarettes and matches balanced on his giant shelf of a stomach, he is with his white goatee beard and snowy Fauntleroy curls a triple-size Colonel Harlan Sanders, a great, chuckling, childish rooster of a man. Leslie Cunningham is a hypnotherapist; a hypnotist, a PhD; a New Zealander, a former top-grade Rugby League footballer who could run 100 yards in even time, and a better-than-average boxer and wood-chopper. He is 50 years old. He must weigh 20 stone ("Do you really have to mention that?" he says, and wheezes, laughing). He is very, very successful in treating people for obeseness and smoking addiction. He smokes 100 cigarettes a day.

When I first talked to him for this story he lived at Haberfield, a seedily 1930s-genteel inner Sydney suburb on the ethnic fringe. In the backyard then was an enormous wire mesh structure, like a boat-shaped zoo aviary. It was a boat — something like 20 metres length of hand-welded mesh framework for a concrete motor cruiser that Dr Cunningham had been building as a hobby, a magic vehicle to carry him away to the swaying palms and pearlescent seas and compliant pubescent dusky maidens of everyone's dreams.

"Sure, I'm building the bloody thing myself," he grunted then as he hauled himself up the ladder, his agility a surprising contradiction to his bulk. "You can do anything in this world once you have made up your mind to do it. I'd never welded a damn thing, but I just got the plans for this and started welding."

The boat took him three and a half years. Just before it was finished, he took his wife Jo outside Sydney Heads on another cruiser, and he knew there was something wrong when less than a kilometre out she started to pray. He ponders now that the quality of her sea-sickness would probably resist even his

hypnotherapy. So he sold the boat. It took a very big crane to lift seven-and-a-half tonnes of it out of the Haberfield backyard, and soon after they moved west to Greystanes, further from the sea.

In his clinic at Greystanes he practises the black art of hypnotism.

Hypnotism is tainted. Mention hypnotism, and the listener's eyes glaze and the reflex twitch starts and the mind conjurs up Svengali, spread fingers flexing in front of your face, the loss of self-will, people leaping up and down on the stage of the old Sydney Tivoli, arms flapping, imitating a barnyard fowl. Stage hypnotism is still banned in Victoria, and in Queensland in the last decade the redneck threat of tar and feathers has persuaded most hypnos — "sight acts", or "hippos", as the profession calls them — to seek more profitable employment.

Les Cunningham has done all that, read the book, seen the movie. He started working as a stage hypnotist in 1960, but no more. He claims to have been the first man to conduct hypnotism classes for Australian doctors and dentists, and nobody has yet challenged that. He says it wasn't easy at first. Even though the Australian Medical Association — then still affiliated with the BMA — approved hypnosis for medical use on April 23, 1955, Cunningham in 1960 found only two doctors who would accept its use. "The general reaction from the AMA and the Dental Association then was that it was hocus-pocus bullshit".

By 1977, however, he was averaging a dozen doctors or dentists a week in training classes, and the fact that L'Academie de Francaise accepted the practice in 1838 now seems a little superfluous.

Today it is respectable and is called hypnotherapy, and nobody wonders about it much any more. But neither hypnotherapy nor Leslie Cunningham is without hype. In the little pamphlet that accompanies his cassette tapes that supplement his living, Dr L.M. Cunningham says "Hypnosis is perhaps one of the oldest of the healing arts. No one is sure when the phenomena (sic) of hypnotism was first discovered. I am of the opinion that Eve was the first hypnotist when she talked Adam into taking that first bite out of the apple. It is recorded, however, that hypnosis was being practised in China in the 18th Century BC. The Egyptian high priests, the Druids, the Persian Magii, the Yogis and Fakirs, the Kahunas of Hawaii, witch doctors in Africa, North and South America, Greeks, the Shamans of Siberia, and over the centuries, many, many others have used hypnosis in one form or another."

A cavalier view of medical history? Certainly. Flackery? By God, yes. But Cunningham has probably got into the habit of flackery and flim-flam because he became tired of confrontation with reactionary doctors and stupid reporters. The fine line to be drawn is that between the genuine value of his work and selling in dark green bottles a patent medicine that will cure warts, dyspepsia, appendicitis, fallen arches, impotence, syphilis, cancer and hairy palms.

When I left him after that first meeting, after five hours with him and his happy, chubby wife Jo — their baby, now two years old, was born naturally under hypnosis, naturally — the sheer exuberance of the man swamped all my knee-jerk reactions to hypnosis. You see, like thousands of people, I too had gone up on stage in the early Fifties at the behest of The Great Franquin (known in the trade as Frank Quinn) to be hypnotised; except that (and I suspect like some others) I had only pretended to be a chook, or a helicopter or a boy in a dark cinema or a racing driver, to stumble off afterwards and bullshit with my peer group.

Today's immediate contrast is that Mel-

> Cunningham first started getting publicity as the man who mesmerised football teams.

bourne radio station 3AW runs promos for its resident consultant's tapes on how to relax, and from Cunningham you can buy cassettes on How To Break The Smoking Habit, How To Study More Effectively, How To Improve Your Sporting Performance, How To Diet Effectively And Easily, and so on. The final stamp of approval happened in September when Cassell's released his book, *Hypno Sport*, with a foreword by Forbes Carlile, and all the media hype normally accorded to public appearances by stars of our peculiar hit parade of gurus of the para-normal.

It would make an interesting sociological study to analyse how in a hundred years Australia has moved to its present level of gullibility about psychic phenomena from a stance where the carpetbagging con-man failed dismally with the American style of trickery. Cunningham, has survived the transition to the point where he is now respectable, where in the Sixties he was regarded as a huckster.

It is probably persistence, one thinks. Motivation, in sport, in retail selling, in job performance, is now so fashionable that there are in Australia at least five full-time practitioners — including the most notable, Ronald Barassi, who Mars Bars flew to Newport to gee-up Hardy's Heroes in the America's Cup challenge. In the early Seventies Cunningham first started getting publicity as the man who mesmerised football teams or boxers, rowers and weightlifters, into exceeding their normal limits of endurance, power, pain and achievement.

Through all of this, however, the backbone of Cunningham's livelihood has been his clinical practice of hypnotherapy. And most of his patients are women.

He treats women for vaginismus, frigidity, menstrual pain, migraine, poker machine addiction, nail-biting, bed-wetting, agoraphobia, blushing, anxiety neuroses, weight reduction, smoking, insomnia, and stammering; he treats men with problems of premature ejaculation, impotency, excessive masturbation, and latent homosexuality.

The question one asks immediately is whether he is offering himself as a substitute for psycho-analysis, and why he should claim success in curing those problems. His answer is instant, and almost irresistible.

Cunningham says that first, hypnotherapy relaxes. Then it helps people isolate and recognise the cause of their problem, and by that recognition, causes it to go away. Much of his technique seems to be based on aversion therapy, which itself is a recognised psycho-medical technique anyway.

But his strongest argument is that hypnotherapy is a short cut on psychiatric analysis. "I've been practising for 30 years, and when I first started studying psychology I realised very quickly the advantages of hypnotism. The main technique of psychology is to ask you to lie there and if you talk long enough about yourself there will emerge the deeply-repressed emotional trauma — you know, you trace it all back to being locked in a dark cupboard or being kicked by a cow.

"But some patients may not be willing or able to allow that conscious release and subconscious repressions are very rarely accessible in the conscious state. With hypnotherapy it comes out in one or two sessions, and the patient's confidence is quickly established. There's a money thing too. They don't have to spend a bundle of money in endless sessions."

But what about the fine edge between medically-based, deep-seated problems, and those that are only lightly buried in the subconscious? Cunningham says that he can recognise that wall, and when he does, he fires the patient straight to a handful of psychiatrists he says he trusts. "But the overriding fact is that I have stayed in business in the public eye this long only because of the results I get. If I didn't succeed I would starve, because I don't advertise, and most of my patients come through referral."

In 1960, Cunningham says, there were only two lay hypnotherapists working in Sydney. Now they take up a page in the Yellows, and have their own professional association. Cunningham says he trained "over half of them", and I am inclined to believe him, because he is unrelentingly enthusiastic about the achievements of his trade and never hesitates when asked to explain the technique.

The use of hypnosis in clinical applications is not new. Dr Lewis R. Wolberg, assistant clinical professor of psychiatry at the New York Medical College, published in 1948 a two-volume work on medical hypnosis. Since then there has been a flood of literature on the subject.

Probably the first practitioner was one Franz Anton Mesmer, who was born in Schwabia in 1734, and graduated as a doctor in Vienna in 1766, presenting a thesis on "The Influence Of The Planets", which contained the bones of what later became his theory of the influence of animal magnetism, or "mesmerism", on the human body.

The first accepted recorded use of hypnotism in surgery was when a French surgeon, Jules Cloquet, performed a mastectomy on a mesmerised patient on April 12, 1829; in 1842 an English surgeon named Ward amputated a leg with the patient mesmerised. And so it goes.

Cunningham: "People have a preconceived idea that hypnosis is like being under anaesthetic or in a deep sleep, but they're wrong. It's only a state of super-relaxation. It's as though you're sleeping-in one morning and some of the kids are kicking a tin in the alley. You're fully aware of your surroundings — in fact, your senses become more acute — but you're in a luxurious state of drowsiness. It's a matter of the degree of relaxation."

Cunningham has done his most-publicised work in sport. He has worked on people like the paraplegic weight-lifter Vic Renalson, setting him up to the point where he set a new world record bench press. He hypnotised New Zealander tennis player Onny Parun's younger brother Tony into his best-ever performances. He used hypnotic suggestion to dispel fear and instil teamwork in the Australia skydiving squad that shocked everyone by finishing a close second in the 1975 world championships in Germany. New Zealand shot-putter Bernie Harland and Australian Socceroo striker Marco Janovics have been his patients. He has been working recently with Australian champion cyclist Gary Sutton, and the NSW pursuit team. Of the 20 swimmers who went to Moscow, 12 had been using Cunningham's tapes for two months before.

However, his biggest successes seem to have been in rowing and Rugby League. He is adamant that the East Germans and the Soviets have been using hypnosis in rowing for many years. He started work in rowing with Coach John Welch and the Drummoyne lightweight four, then in 1976 worked with Welch on the Sydney University Junior crew. They brought them up to a point where the crew produced a 35 percent improvement on the ergometer (the energy scale). They went on to win the Riverview Gold Cup against senior and junior crews, and then this remarkable squad at the 1976 Australian Championships took out the second-grade eights, fours and pairs.

The first Sydney Rugby League team that called on Cunningham was Penrith. While he was brought in too late to help them make the finals in 1975, they did after one week of Cunningham, turn a nine-game losing streak into a five-game winning run. But Penrith, with the biggest recruiting area and a very rich licensed club that gives the football team unlimited backing, have yet to make the final five.

Cunningham did better with Canterbury-Bankstown, who turned out to be the

> It's a familiar technique, digging the traumas out of the catacombs of the mind.

glamor side of the 1980 Sydney competition, much the same way Geelong did in the same VFL season. The hypno worked with the side in 1975, 1976 and 1977, and while they exceeded everyone's expectations, there was no real evidence that Cunningham's attention was directly responsible. On the other hand the brilliant scrum-half Steve Mortimer, whose form had vacillated from lethargic to dazzling, started making secret solo visits to Cunningham's clinic. Since then he has blossomed into an absolute match winner and a much more aggressive player. He saw Cunningham for a session before each of the 1980 finals. "I put the savagery into him," says Cunningham.

He talks willingly about his sporting patients, but fastidiously preserves a doctor's caution about discussing his clinical subjects. However, talk about their problems in general terms he will, all day, until you are dazed by the gamut of problems that walk through his door. Take the obsessive poker machine player, for example.

"I suddenly got very busy in this area in 1972, because I had a woman come to me with this problem and somehow the newspapers got on to it and it snowballed. What I do is give them two solid days of straight aversion therapy. In the morning I put them under hypnosis and aggravate their hurt by reminding them of all the things they could have had with the money they gave to the machines.

"This really hurts because by the time they come to me it's like going to Alcoholics Anonymous — they've hit rock bottom. One woman actually worked in a club and every pay-day put her entire pay envelope through the machines."

In Cunningham's big bar area there is an old manual poker machine with the knob removed to expose the thin and sharp threaded end. The mechanism has been tightened to make the handle very stiff to pull. After the hypnosis session he gives the patient $20 and makes them put it all through the machine. When it is gone he opens the cash draw, gives them back $20 in coins and makes them start again. Jo cooks them lunch but after only 30 minutes' break they are put back at the machine until 4.30 pm. "At the end of two days they hate my guts — but they hate poker machines more," he says.

Some of his other success has apparently been fairly spectacular. He talks about a 22-year-old girl, married eight months, but still technically a virgin when her doctor sent her to Cunningham for treatment for psychosomatic vaginismus, the involuntary contraction of the vaginal muscles that had stopped her having intercourse. "Her mother had had a bad marriage and had hammered into her daughter that sex was dirty and all men were vile animals wanting only one thing. I had to get her over that, and also overcome her inability to relax, and make her less tense. She's fine now. Actually her husband rang me later and asked if there was a way to slow her down. Really."

His most common female conditions that respond to hypnosis are anxiety neuroses and migraine. The first shows some fairly common symptoms: "They're tense, nervous all the time, swearing at the kids and the husband; they think a lot about running away and say they're unable to cope with day-to-day problems. They're generally on tranquillisers, but that's like using a surface ointment to treat a finger infected by a splinter". His contempt for wholesale prescribing of drugs rises to the surface fairly easily.

His treatment under hypnosis for the neurotic condition is to get the patient to relax, and to try to bring to the surface the deep-seated cause of the problem. It's a familiar technique, digging the traumas out of the catacombs of the mind, but he says it is surprising how often it goes right back to childhood.

Most of the causes of migraines are also well-buried, he says. "About 80 percent of migraine sufferers that I see are women, and a rough generality would be

that they tend to be intelligent and almost always demanding perfection of themselves. I ran my own survey of 2000 migraine cases over the years, looking for a common denominator, and it seems that the cause is generally an unknowing repression of an upset or a shock that's been pushed right back because it's too painful to recall."

This demanded a question: "Aren't you sometimes concerned that by ripping away the veil the patient has drawn over an incident, you'll cause even further emotional stress?"

Cunningham: "Most cases stem back to some kind of trauma in the patient's history, and until the hypnotherapist — or psychiatrist for that matter — identifies the trauma and isolates it from its surroundings he can't begin to treat the case. But the big danger with inexperienced hypnotists is that they try to remove the symptoms without isolating the cause, so one trauma is replaced by another. In almost every case, once you have brought the patient to the point where they can recognise the root of the trouble, you have automatically diminished the size of the trauma. Then the rest is relatively easy — training them to relax, to enjoy life, to find alternatives."

About 20 percent of his woman patients come to him with sexual problems — inability to achieve orgasm, severe menstrual pains, what they consider is nymphomania, guilt about homosexual feelings, and that dreadful word "frigidity", which Cunningham prefers to describe as "the inability to enjoy sex". Again, he says, most of these problems can be traced back to early sexual experience. "A surprising number have been interfered with by a stepfather, cousin, neighbor or some man in a position of trust. Most of the others relate to wrong conditioning by the mother — you know, men are lustful beasts, sex is dirty and sinful . . . the poor bloody girl gets to 19 or 20, has a beautiful, expensive wedding, and then expects her sex life to be marvellous just because she's signed a piece of paper. The emotional let-down is dreadful because the mothers never prepare them for it. Some of them never get over it."

Another question: Do you take them back to the age when, say, the uncle molested them? "That's the old-fashioned technique of age regression; it can get them screaming, but that's not what you want. No you use softer techniques that are nowhere near as painful or unpleasant. You make them *want* — need — to talk about it as a kind of Catharsis."

What about weight reduction? "Ha. They look at me and think they've come to the wrong place . . . I simply instruct them under hypnosis to avoid bread, cakes, potatoes, chocolate, booze and so on, and that they mustn't eat between meals. I condition them so that when they sit down to a meal they'll enjoy the first six or seven mouthfuls and then feel full. I also work to take away their feelings of irritability and depression when they're on a diet. I get varying results. The best was bringing one woman from 18 stone to 11½ stone."

He uses the same technique to stop smoking. He tries to kill the desire for smoking and kill it with a hatred. Part of his stop-smoking tape, recited in his lush, mildly-ocker voice, runs: "First make up your mind to give up smoking. Then give yourself a count-down period of one week to S-Day. Tell all your friends and the members of your family that you're giving up smoking on that day. Play this tape every day. Make a list of all the reasons why you don't like smoking, and read it every day. The night before S-day, take all your things involved in smoking — cigarettes, tobacco, lighters, holders, pipes, cigars — and throw them in the garbage. On S-day itself, clean your teeth first thing, then play the other side of this tape."

> She wouldn't be under hypnosis for more than a minute, then click! — another woman would come out.

The tape includes the usual statistics about the association of smoking with various diseases. Overall, it's not enough to make most of my smoker friends hurl their fuming accoutrements into the nearest vacant block, but you never know.

Inevitably, inexorably, we got around to the heavy clinical cases — paranoia, schizophrenia.

And it was then, in an almost off-handed way, Les Cunningham told me a story that chilled the blood. I refused to believe it, but he showed me part of his clinical records, on the basis that he could do this because the woman concerned had signed a contract with a publisher to write the book of her story, and Cunningham had signed an agreement with her not to divulge her identity.

Her story was straight out of *The Three Faces Of Eve,* that classic Hollywood movie, based on fact, about the woman who had three totally different schizoid personalities. This woman had two.

She came to Cunningham five years ago at the age of 40, well-groomed, polite, concerned. She had just left her second husband, because he wouldn't make love to her, and she thought something was wrong with her.

As the sessions of hypnosis developed, the story emerged. During her first marriage she had been doing some spare-time work for a building contractor, and he offered her $15 one night to hostess a function. She arrived and found it was a bucks' party with a live sex act. When the men started "putting the heavy" on her, she locked herself in the bathroom. Her boss broke down the door, beat her up, stripped her naked, and threw her to the wolves.

At the end of the night he gave her $100 and told her she would keep doing it. She couldn't tell her husband, because he had been giving her a hard time anyway, and while the whole thing repelled her she kept giving in to her boss' pressure, and took the money. Whenever she told him she wanted out, he said he would kill her.

Finally she broke out. She fled interstate, but he sent a hit man after her and he tracked her down at a motel. After bashing the woman brutally, he drove her into the bush and rammed handfuls of sleeping tablets down her throat. Then he stripped her and threw her out of the car. She survived and found help only because she was able to make herself vomit.

Cunningham shakes his big head as he talks. "It was incredible. She wouldn't be under hypnosis for more than a minute, then — click! — another woman would come out. Her face would change, her voice would grow coarse, her eyes would change; she'd take off her rings and throw them across the room. Often Jo had to come in and help because she'd attack me, scratching and kicking and biting. I never heard a woman use words like that either, ever. One woman was quiet, ladylike and unworried; the other was a moll, a bitch, a mad woman. She had another name, which she used, and she hated the patient's second husband. She literally turned the patient away from him and made her leave him. God, she was awful."

It took Cunningham just on five months of intensive hypnosis to repair the damage. The woman is happily reunited with her second husband.

Cunningham today has the track record and the respect of many doctors and dentists, particularly those he has trained in the technique, that of masterminding a journey into the dark netherworld of the human subconscious. He is able to explain it in words of one syllable, and thus remove much of the medieval horror related to the loss of free will.

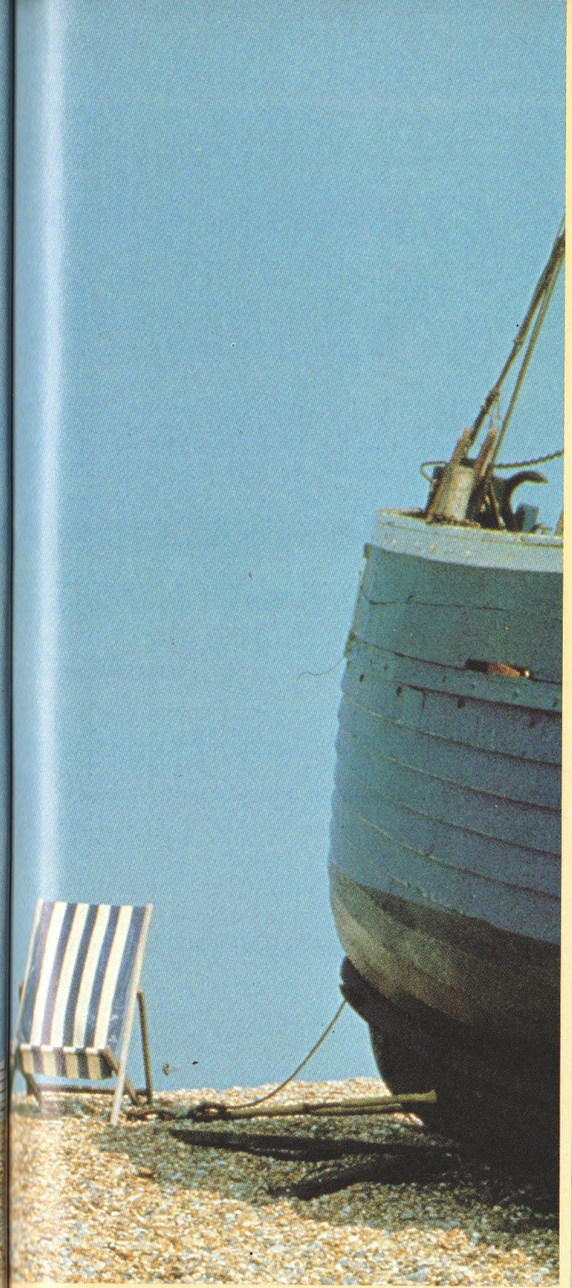
One always finds it difficult to dissociate his work from a certain amount of necessary hype, but one cannot quarrel with the essential truth of his introduction to any lecture on improving personal performance. It runs this way:

"You can do anything in the world once you have made up your mind to do it. The only limitations are those we place on ourselves. Believe in yourself." ○+

LADY CHATTERLEY'S LOVER

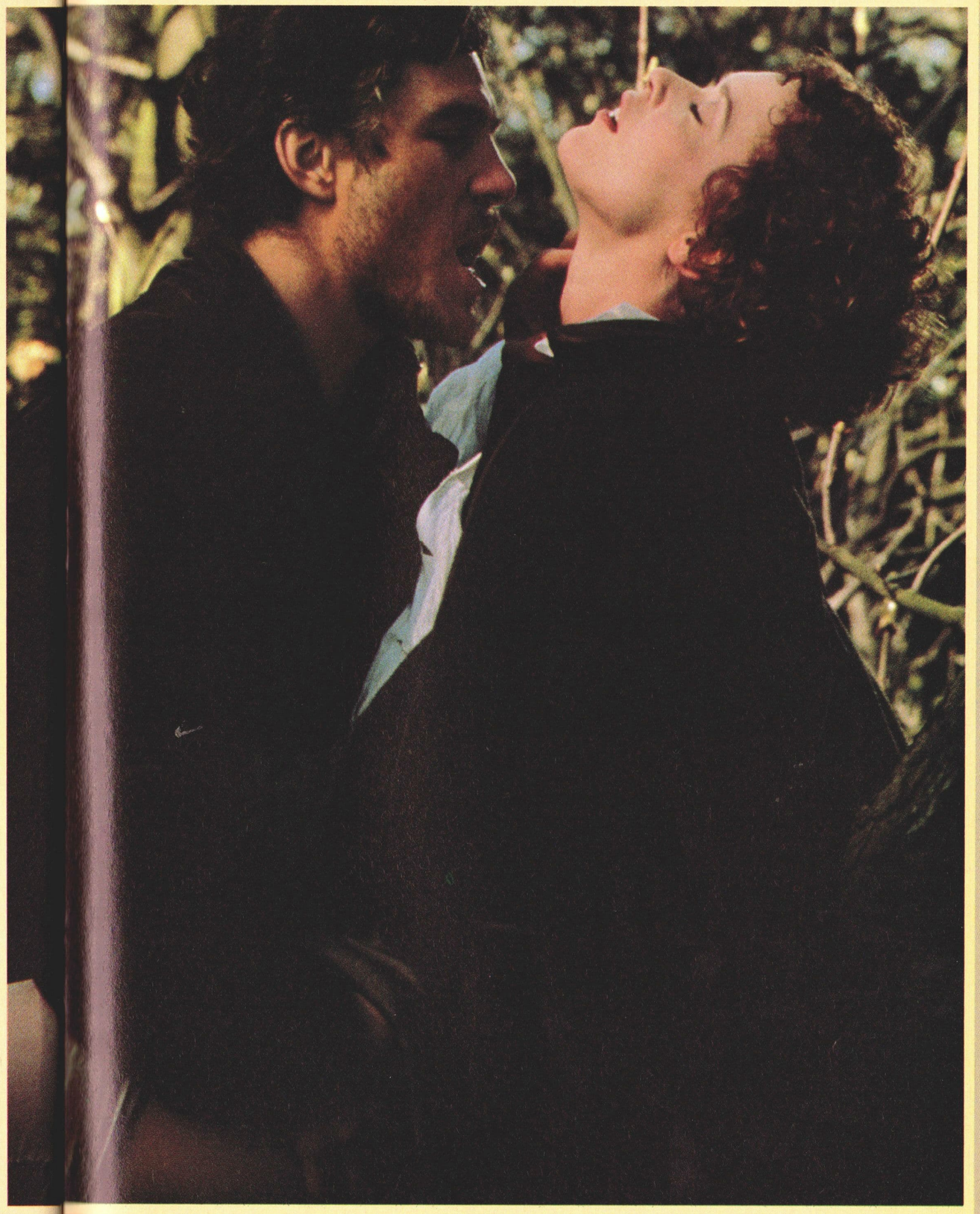
> Their sensual guest sways between tenderness and aggression.

PHOTOS BY GEORGE PIERRE — SYGMA

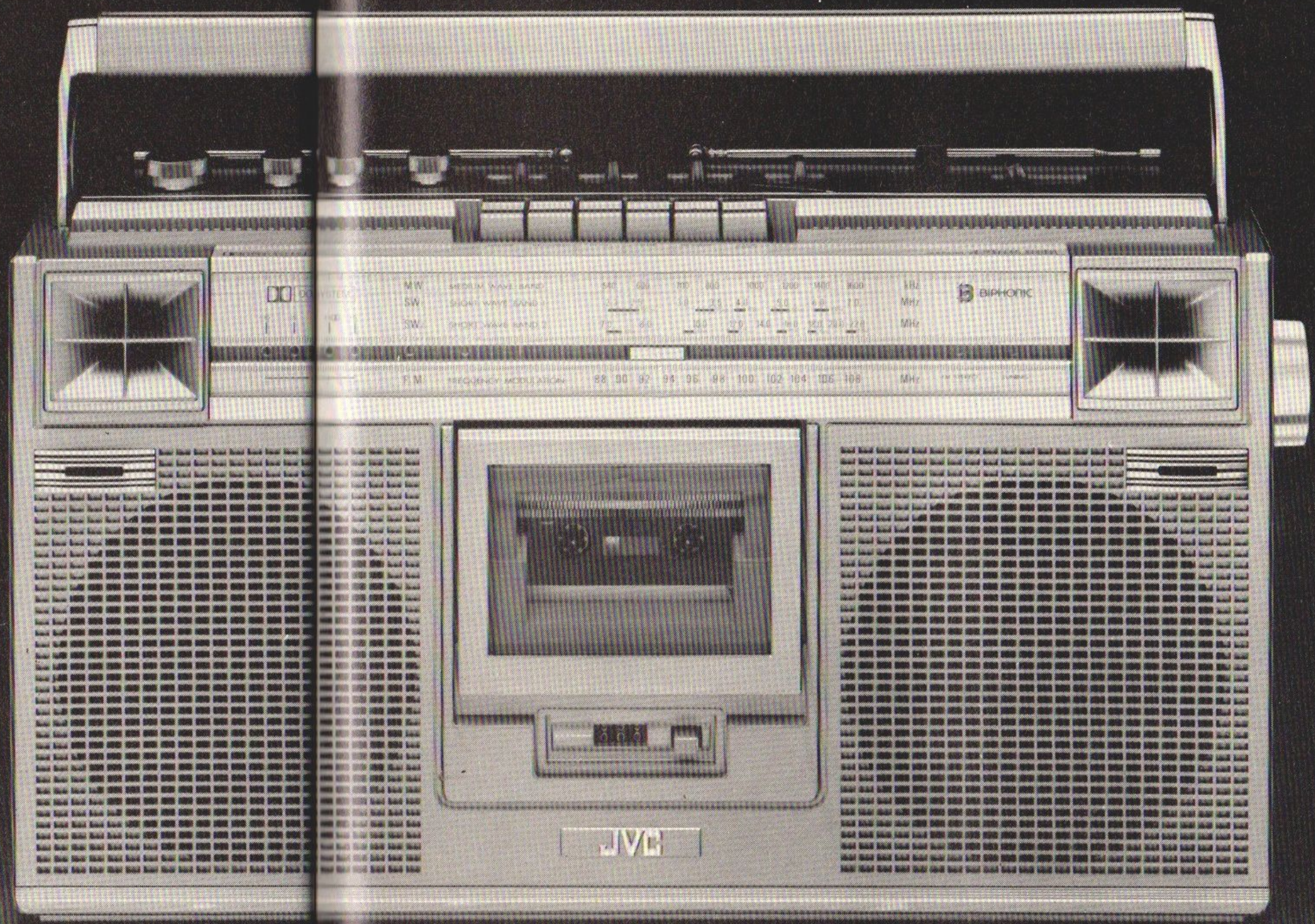


SYLVIA KRISTEL IS BACK

Sylvia Kristel has revealed her talents again. The girl who starred in that remarkably successful sexual romp *Emmanuelle* is back on the screen, this time in the role of Constance Chatterley in a new film of the controversial novel, *Lady Chatterley's Lover. Emmanuelle* director Just Jaeckin has again teamed with Kristel in this film, guaranteeing another daringly erotic cinematic experience. D.H. Lawrence wrote three versions of the novel, published in 1928, but then banned from the bookstands by King George V. The book became the subject of a lengthy obscenity trial and was altered by its author to suit the censors. Jaeckin has chosen the first and most explicit version for his film, which was shot at Barnet, north of London, in an isolated manor house. The mansion was built by a D.H. Lawrence admirer, to resemble as closely as possible the chateau imagined by the writer. It was a perfect setting for this French production of one of the most widely read stories in the English language. Sylvia Kristel gives her character a romantic and haughty image, while retaining the gentle purity of the young and aristocratic Lady Chatterley.



The story is well known. Constance is married to the titled Clifford Chatterley who suffered wounds in World War I which left him paralysed below the waist and impotent. After an unsatisfactory affair with the playwright Michaelis, Constance notices her husband's gamekeeper, Oliver Mellors, who lives in a rough hut in the grounds of the estate. One spring day she comes across Mellors, tending some newborn chicks. Constance sheds a tear for her own unfulfilled fertility: Mellors comforts her and in a surge of passion they make love. The affair develops and their sensual quest, played out in Mellors' bedroom, on the floor by his hearth and in the forest, becomes an act of defiance, swaying between tenderness and aggression. D.H. Lawrence's preoccupation with sexual themes raised the ire of staid 1920s society. His last book's use of forbidden four letter words and its detailed descriptions of the coupling between the lady and the gamekeeper, scandalised the establishment, despite Lawrence's insistence that his aim was to liberate the individual from primitive inhibitions. Sylvia Kristel's role in the Just Jaeckin film also has the capacity to shock, but in 1981, it is far more likely to arouse applause. *Lady Chatterley's Lover* will soon be released in Australia by Columbia Pictures.



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HYPERSEX

BY CATHERINE HILLER

Every college has its golden couple, and at the University of Wisconsin five years ago that couple was Hank Gurney and Melissa Pierce. He was handsome, smart, athletic; she was lovely, happy, bright. As they walked on campus together, holding hands, laughing, murmuring, they drew all eyes toward them. They seemed as infatuated with each other in their senior year as when they'd met; they testified that true love was possible — you just had to be gifted and gorgeous to achieve it.

Then, one afternoon in March, Hank stayed after class to copy some notes from the mousy, studious girl who sat next to him. She was the kind of girl he had always felt vaguely sorry for — who would ever love her? Or desire her? And so, when he'd finished, out of gratitude for her notes, which were excellent, and out of pity for her face, which was not, Hank Gurney, in the empty classroom, casually put his arm around Joan Morrison and bent to touch her lips. In the second before their mouths met, he saw that her face was surprised, delighted, even radiant. It was the last thing he saw for some time. He awoke on the floor alone, exhausted, enraptured.

After that, no one saw Melissa and Hank together any more, and people regarded Joan Morrison — the dumpy science student Hank now followed everywhere — with the same puzzled hostility that Yoko Ono had inspired during the breakup of the Beatles.

The dream was over; the gold had gone brass. But Hank Gurney, like John Lennon before him, didn't see it that way at all. He didn't give a damn what anybody else thought of the matter. He felt he was the luckiest man in the world.

Joan Morrison felt lucky herself, but she also felt puzzled, uneasy. What had she done to inspire such passion? That is, she knew what she'd done with Hank Gurney that afternoon the month before. And she knew why she'd done it: she was ready to lose her virginity, and finding a guy like Hank to help her was a chance too good to miss. What she didn't understand was why a little sex should have made this great-looking Rhodes Scholar her slave. Surely he had slept with many women before, most of them beautiful, practiced. What did he find in her arms (or between her short legs) that made her so special to him? He would mutter and groan and call her my angel my bitch and say never before, baby, never never like this. Afterwards, she would marvel to behold his sleeping face, so beautiful, so blissful. What shining ecstasy did she bring him? Would he ever bring her there, too? Oh, she came with Hank, and it was ripples to her toes, but he came pounding like the surf, pulsing for minutes at a time. I'll do anything for you, he said.

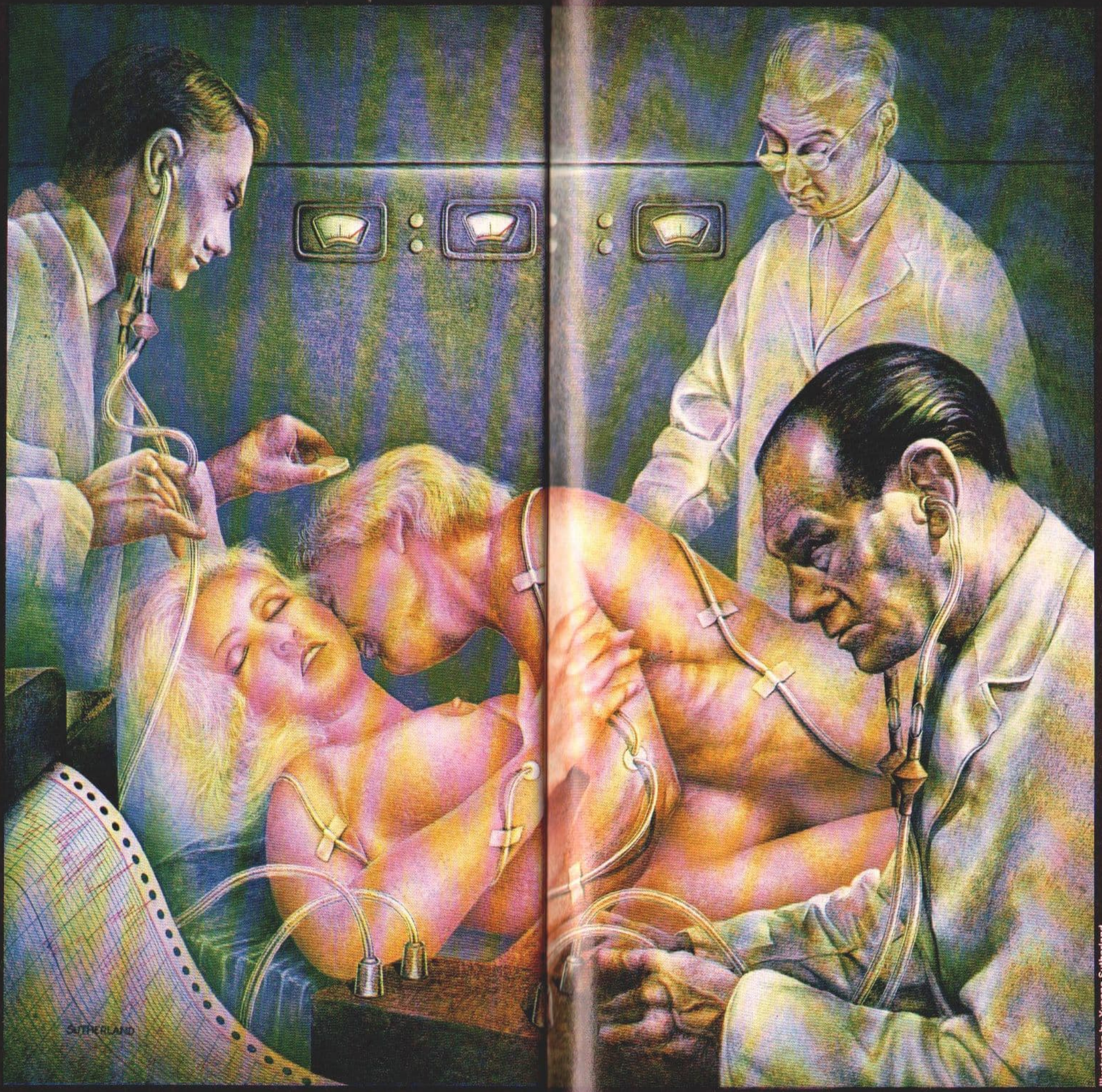


Illustration by Yvonne Sutherland

"I love you" said Elke Stahr, Vogue cover model, to porcine Georgie Dibbs, her accountant. "I'll do anything for you," she said.

He groped for the chocolate bar he had placed on the night table. It always made him uneasy when they carried on this way, these beauties who would organise their lives so that they could sometimes screw him. It had been this way for eight years, since he'd been 15. He had been the erotic sensation of the neighborhood — although there was certainly nothing sensational about the size or the shape of his cock. At college, only the first date, the first kiss were hard to achieve, for Georgie Dibbs was plump and boring. This meant nothing compared with the way he made love. "It's how you understand," said Elke Stahr in her penthouse with Georgie. "It's like you're telepathic, doing just what I want when I want it, entering my secret dreams. Oh my darling, my darling!" Elke Stahr began to cry. Georgie frowned at his chocolate bar. He knew what was coming. He stroked her hair ruefully. "Georgie," said ravishing Elke Stahr to the pudgy young man in bed with her. "Since knowing you, I can't enjoy sex with anyone else. It all seems shallow and forced after you. Oh, you bastard, you bastard!"

Senator Harrison Barnes was not a credulous man, but he found himself seriously wondering if he was the victim of witchcraft. Since that afternoon with Blair Armstrong six months earlier, all sex had been grey. For marital peace, he still performed twice a week with his wife, but he had to feign his pleasure. He could go through the motions with Elspeth — or with his hand — and he could even get off, but the exercise was about as thrilling as doing 60 sit-ups.

But that afternoon with Blair Armstrong . . . Again and again, with eyes and mind streaming, he had blazed into her, knowing joy so deep and keen it went beyond sex, beyond pleasure. Why this? Why Blair? She had plunged him to

the centre of euphoria, but he didn't love her; he didn't even like her.

Blair Armstrong was a young New York lawyer representing a company his subcommittee was about to investigate for stock-market fraud. She was clever, fast-talking, and pushy — pretty enough, perhaps, but dark, glossy, not at all his type. Furthermore, he was not sympathetic to her clients. He had been guiding her out of his office when she had turned to kiss him on the lips. He made it to the door, which he locked. He told his secretaries to take the afternoon off. And for the next two hours, he was prince of the afternoon, king of the jungle, emperor of ice cream. "I have to be getting back," Blair had said at five, putting on her earrings. "Give me a call when you've changed your mind about what we were talking about."

He had been hugely indignant — but he had also called her up a dozen times. He had postponed the investigation of her clients, but that wasn't enough: she wanted them cleared. After that, she said, she'd be happy to meet him in a hotel if it really meant so much to him. She laughed, then, as if knowing just what it did mean.

It is easy enough to withstand corruption until you are offered the ultimate bribe. Senator Harrison Barnes, was fighting hard with his conscience. He wanted desperately to get back to his paradise island with the tough New York lawyer who could get him there, but he knew it was every way wrong. Distraction: perhaps that was the key. Absorption in his work. He touched a button on his phone, and Hank Gurney, his clean-cut new aide, came into the room. "Yes, Senator?" he said. "Can I help you with something."

Beverly Leven, PhD, listened to Elke Stahr's story with great interest. Of course, Dr Leven was paid to listen to private torment; of course, Elke Stahr was so lovely that she compelled your bemused attention even if she was just hunched over, sobbing and blowing her nose (as she was doing at present). But Beverly Leven was avidly following Elke's tale for yet another reason: Dr Leven had heard the story, almost word for word, three months earlier, from a young actress named Susan. In each case, a young man called George had been involved; in each case, the woman had known such erotic ecstasy with him that sex with all others became flat and tame. One such case was an odd aberration, but two were, well, a phenomenon. She could see the article already: "The Case of George: A Study in Psychosexual Power."

"He's nothing much to look at," sobbed Elke. "That's the joke on me, a model, loved for my beauty — it's all irrelevant now."

"What does he do?" Dr Leven asked.

"It's just indescribable. Beyond words. Bliss upon bliss leading up to the ultimate orgasm."

"I meant, for a living."

"He's my accountant," said Elke. "He does my taxes."

"I could use a good accountant," said Beverly Leven, but Elke gave her such a hard suspicious look that Dr Leven dropped the subject at once. She got George's last name, during hypnosis, from the actress named Susan.

Blair Armstrong watched from the door of her office as the workmen unrolled her new rug. She had just been made a partner — the youngest partner in the history of the law firm. With her new status came a new office. When the Oriental rug was entirely unrolled upon the polished parquet floor, Blair sighed with pleasure. The rug was absolutely magnificent, transforming her handsome new office into a place of sumptuous beauty.

"Thank you, Mike, Don." She closed the door behind them. It was 11 o'clock on a

The woman had known such erotic ecstasy with him that sex with all others became flat and tame.

Tuesday morning, but she sure felt like getting high. She had grass so good one hit made you stoned, and she had that hit, and another, before stubbing out the joint. "No calls, please," she said on the phone to her secretary.

Then, from her soft suede couch, Blair Armstrong gazed at her carpet, at the creams and greens and browns that made up the intricate pattern. After a few minutes of this, she took off her shoes, took off her panty hose, pulled up her skirt, and lay upon the carpet. Its wool was soft and smooth against her legs, good against the skin. Blair stood up and pulled up her panty hose. She didn't plan to use her office for seduction, but you never knew. As she put on her shoes and smoothed her skirt, she thought that if she had to, at least she could lie down in comfort.

God knows, *someone* had to think about comfort at those times, for once she began kissing some man, he would roll about anywhere — on burlap, on nails — just to keep going.

For Blair had the power. She'd known it since she was 16. She called it the wave. She didn't know if anyone else in the world had it, too. She didn't know how to look it up. What do you call someone who can effortlessly induce ecstasy? Someone who gives — well, one man called it *hypersex* — thrills so keen all others failed later? It was easy and fun, although sometimes she felt resentful as she watched her lovers writhe. What were they feeling? Where were they falling or flying? Why couldn't they tell her, or take her? The resentment would ebb when she got her reward — an A from a teacher, a jewel from a playboy, a promotion at work.

At 26, Blair Armstrong had reached the top of her profession — and had enslaved 43 men along the way. "Give me a man for an hour, and he's mine forever," she'd once said to her girlfriend (who didn't believe her, of course). For 43 males, sex was now a tepid, dull activity only performed to satisfy others, but Blair was getting just what she wanted. As she gazed at her Indian rug, a slow smile crossed her face. What she really wanted now was not sexual but political power.

She came out of her daydream. She picked up the phone. "Get me Senator Barnes," she said.

When he heard her voice, he could feel the blood drain from his face. His aide rushed to his side. "Go away!" roared Senator Barnes. "Later, later!" And he found himself actually making shooing motions with his hands until Hank Gurney left the room.

"The offer won't last forever, you know," said Blair.

"But I'm doing all I can."

"Oh, no, you're not. And I'm getting impatient." She slammed the phone down. He ordered two dozen roses for her, but he doubted they'd make things any better. They hadn't made things any better last time. Then he remembered the aide he'd shooed out and buzzed him back in.

"Are you all right, sir?" Hank asked. "I thought you were going to faint."

"I'm fine, fine," said Senator Barnes. "It's nothing serious." He looked at his handsome young aide, and for just a moment he felt this crazy impulse to confess, to say, *You're an attractive young guy, you must have had lots of women. Did you ever have one who just surged over you during sex, who made you swell and crest amazingly?* Once again, Senator Barnes wondered if Blair Armstrong had drugged him; once again he rejected the idea. He hadn't ingested anything with her, and, besides what drug existed that could enhance sexual feeling and response so majestically? Or was he out of date? The biochemical frontier advanced so rapidly.

"Tell me something," he said to his aide. "Are there any genuine aphrodisiacs?"

"I don't think so. I don't know if they've isolated human pheromone yet. I can research it if you like."

"This would be something so strong that afterwards a sexual burnout ensues, making all other sex dreary."

"I've never heard of a substance that did that," said Hank. He gave the senator a questioning look.

"A constituent wants to know." Senator Barnes forced a laugh. "He thinks he must have been drugged to have such incredible sex."

"Perhaps he just met someone, uh, very special."

"*Special*?" Senator Barnes leaned forward. "How?"

Hank said: "Well, perhaps there are people like that. People with, uh, a power. Individuals so sexually attuned that they can give, well, call it *supersex*. And afterwards, nothing is ever the same."

"Yes, yes," said the senator. "Go *on*."

Hank looked down. "Well, that's it," he said lamely. "Perhaps there are people like that."

"I don't think you're talking hypothetically," said Senator Barnes. "I think you've known it, too." He gripped his aide's arm. "Please tell me more."

"I don't know much more," Hank Gurney said slowly. "Only that it's always glorious with that person, always overwhelming, transcendent."

"No burnout, then," murmured Senator Barnes.

"No. You just need that person."

"You just couldn't enjoy women after *her*?"

"I didn't try." Hank smiled. "We ran away and got married when I was at college. It was the best thing I ever did."

"You're a lucky man," said Senator Barnes.

"She's not at all pretty," said Hank, as if offering the Senator consolation. But there was satisfaction in his voice. Had Joan been prettier, he'd often reflected, she'd have never been a virgin when he'd met her, and someone else would have married her first. How fortunate he was, how blessed! After doing the dishes that night, he would put his arms around his mousy wife, and she would put down her book and, ah, once again, make him fly.

"Well, there's good news and bad news," said Georgie Dibbs to Beverly Leven. He looked up from his pocket calculator. "The good news is, the Federal Government owes you $730. The bad news is you owe the State $1060."

"Is that so?" She tried to feign surprise, although her usual accountant had given her much the same piddling figures three weeks earlier. She had been alone in her office with Georgie Dibbs for an hour, trying to understand his pull. So far, she felt he had about as much sexual magnetism as his pocket calculator.

"Mr Dibbs." Beverly Leven looked into his little eyes. "I'm afraid I've been deceiving you."

"You mean you have additional revenues you haven't listed?"

"I don't mean that at all. I mean, I didn't ask you here to do my taxes. I just wanted to meet you."

He looked up warily.

"Susan Arlen is one of my patients. So is Elke Stahr. They're both very unhappy right now. I thought a talk between the two of us might help."

Georgie Dibbs was silent.

"You don't have to say anything, of course. But perhaps it might help you, too. To talk about your, uh . . ." She paused.

"You want to know about me in bed," said Georgie Dibbs, putting papers back into his briefcase. "I'm sorry. I'm tired of the subject. I'm this wonderful stud. I bring women bliss. I spoil them for anyone else. They whine about it for years." He snapped his briefcase closed. "Do you know how *boring* it all is?"

"I can imagine," said Dr Leven sarcastically.

"It really is! I mean, I like to screw, sure,

He would put his arms around his mousy wife she would, once again, make him fly.

but do you have any idea of the demands made on my time?"

"All because of your, um, power?"

He nodded. "I must be unusual, but I don't see how. I don't know how other people have sex. I know what they do physically. I don't know where their minds go."

"Where does your mind go?"

He relaxed his grip on his briefcase. He closed his eyes. "Well, for one thing, it *goes*. I don't exactly think. Then, I am a *wave*. You know."

Dr Leven shook her head. "I don't know anything about it. I think you're a very unusual young man."

"And you'd like to *study* me, I suppose."

"For the advancement of science."

"For ambition. For titillation."

"If you like," said Dr Leven. "My motivation may be mixed. But first I'd like to help my patients, and before I can do that, I have to know more about you."

"What's in it for me?"

"Perhaps self-understanding, some way to explain your strange effect on women. It's not just a blessing is it?"

Georgie sighed. "Sometimes I think it's more like a curse."

"Shall I schedule some time for you, then?"

"Complimentary therapy?"

"Certainly."

"What I'd really like to talk about," said Georgie, "is my chocolate addiction."

"We can talk about that, too," Beverly Leven assured him.

Joan Morrison Gurney worked as a researcher for the National Institute of Health. She was very surprised to find herself summoned one afternoon to see General Abbott Elihu Gage. His car awaited her outside. She combed her hair and powdered her nose. She looked presentable enough, but she'd never be pretty. Not that it mattered to her any more — she had Hank. She had stopped wondering why she had him; the main thing was she did. But what could the General possibly want with her?

He eyed her curiously when she entered his office. After a few pleasantries, he said: "We'd like you to participate in a top-secret study we're conducting."

She listened, somewhat dazed, as he outlined the subject under investigation. He handed her page proofs from the *American Journal of Psychology*. She read "The Case of George: A Study in Psychosexual Power." She looked up at the General. "But why you?" she asked. "Why the Department of Defence?"

"These individuals could be a grave threat to our national security," he said.

"They could also be an asset." Joan smiled. "Say, in international espionage."

"We've thought of that," said General Gage. "We have to look at both sides. That's where you fit in. You can provide us with important information. With your special knowledge of the phenomenon, you can help guide this investigation. Will you do it?"

"How did you find out about me?"

"Never mind about that, Mrs Gurney. Can we count on your co-operation?"

She sighed. "I suppose so." Then she grinned. "Up to a point, anyway."

General Gage smiled with her, and in that moment he found himself smiling with a surprisingly beautiful young woman. The moment ended, and he was, once again, merely enlisting the aid of a mousy little woman — a mousy little woman who apparently had the power. He wondered what hypersex could be like. It was too bad you couldn't try it out once without suffering its unfortunate consequences.

The President of the United States glanced at the summary page of the study and burst into a loud guffaw. "Here's a good one," he said to his chief of staff, handing him the report. "At least someone over there has a sense of humor."

The chief of staff flipped through the report. "I think it's for real," he said.

"It can't be," said the President, looking at the summary page again.

Department of Defence
Top Secret
FACTOR X: A Preliminary Report
1. Certain people born between 1953 and 1958 seem to have a special power, an unknown element, Factor X, in their psychosexual make-up that enables them to give their lovers astonishing sexual pleasure.
2. These special people do not themselves experience the sexual bliss they can bestow at will.
3. They do not know how they bring their partners ecstasy. They don't know why they have X-Factor, nor how it works. They often refer to it as "The Wave".
4. Many wish they didn't have it, for they leave dissatisfaction in their wake. Once a person has been Waved, he or she cannot enjoy ordinary sex again. Large numbers of Americans are presently demoralised, frustrated, and depressed because they've been Waved.
5. According to computer projections, there are at present some 1500 Americans who can Wave.
6. We must immediately embark on a program to identify them; we must quickly devise ways to neutralise or contain them. They are a menace to the public health of the nation.
7. While the X-Factor seems an inborn characteristic, apparent from the onset of sexual activity, we have discovered a few cases of people who have somehow absorbed this X-Factor after having been Waved. Thereafter, these people are able to Wave, too. Thus, the condition seems to be contagious, under certain circumstances. We must prevent the Waving of America.

"Waving?" said the President of the United States. "The X-Factor? 'Special People'? It's got to be a gag . . . It sounds like a drive-in movie — 'The Sexoids Take Over'."

But his chief of staff wasn't smiling.

"You see, it's no joke," said General Abbott Elihu Gage in the Executive Office 20 minutes later.

The President nodded. "I still don't see why you consider them dangerous. It's sad, of course, for those who've been Waved, but you know how I feel about Government interference.

"Mr President, this is different. There are no precedents for Waving."

"What about Tripping, General?" asked the chief of staff. "Remember when the young were getting stoned on LSD? Now they're getting Waved. In each case there are burnouts. It serves the fools right."

"The difference is," said the General, "Wave victims don't know what they're getting into." *Literally*, he thought, mentally snickering.

"The weak will always go under," observed the President, drumming the fingers of his left hand upon the desk.

"Mr President." General Gage tried to think of a way to communicate what Wavers could do. Suddenly, General Gage leaned over and put his hand over the President's, stilling the drumming fingers. Their hands were in contact for three or four seconds.

"What the . . .?" said the President, pulling back his hand and standing up.

"If I were a Waver," said General Gage, "at this moment, you'd be in my arms, pulling me to you. You'd do anything for it," he said. He watched with satisfaction as the President of the United States sat down again, slowly. In the next 15 minutes, the President assigned $50 million to a program to identify, contain, and study Wavers. He also authorised the Department of Defence to set up a secret laboratory in Arizona, which would use some of the equipment developed and designed by Masters and Johnson. General Gage saw no need to tell the President that one supersecret unit of Project Wave was to work on an antidote or cure to Wave-burn. For General Gage wanted to try some of that hypersex.

> The President assigned $50 million to a program to identify, contain, and study Wavers.

Beverly Leven, PhD, had only herself to blame. She certainly knew what could happen if you played with the Wave. Her patient Elke Stahr said her life was altogether ruined because of Georgie Dibbs.

Another patient, Susan Arlen, blamed him for all of her problems.

As if in atonement for the women he'd left high and dry, Georgie Dibbs now maintained total celibacy. "I can't take the hassle," he told Dr Leven. "The guilt." He'd been in therapy with her for eight months. She'd published her paper about him; she'd continued his free treatment; she'd come to dread their sessions together. For Georgie Dibbs was, without doubt, the most boring patient she had ever met. She once fell into a light doze while he droned on about bittersweet chocolate with almonds. He was of interest only because of his astounding powers as a lover — a subject he either could not or would not discuss further. And this subject was of intense personal interest to her.

Beverly Leven was 45, slender, attractive, divorced. In the past five years, she'd enjoyed sex less and less. She'd always been a passionate woman. Now she could go weeks without sex and not mind. When she took a man to bed — and there were many candidates from which to choose — everything he did seemed awkward. She would long for him to stop sucking her breasts and go on to the next step, but then his hand on her pussy was wrong, too. *Oh, get on with it*, she'd think, and then with his cock inside her she would fantasise so hard it was like work, for there were three or four stories she found erotic year in and year out, and if the man didn't distract her from her movie and maintained the right rhythm and lasted long enough, Beverly could come.

Surely, it would all be magically different with a man who knew just what she wanted, with a man whose every touch and move was right. She figured that she didn't have all that much to lose. She had already lost interest in sex and was considering permanent abstention. Perhaps Georgie could show her some other shore. Perhaps only neurotic women like Elke and Susan suffered sexual dysfunction after riding the Wave. An encounter with Georgie might be beneficial in her case, she rationalised. But could she bring herself to do it?

She regarded the chubby young man sprawled on the couch. His skin was pink and shiny, and although he was only 24, he was already half bald. "So you can see why chocolate-covered cherries mean so much to me," he said.

She sighed. "Georgie, I'd like to see if under hypnosis we can go a little deeper, perhaps get to the root of your problem."

"Okay, Dr Leven. I'm game."

He proved an excellent subject for hypnosis. Within a few minutes, he was in a heavy trance.

"Georgie," she began, "can you tell me why you're here?"

His eyes were closed and he spoke slowly, as if drugged. "To . . . find out . . . about . . . chocolate."

"Why else?"

"To . . . understand . . . myself?"

"Of course. And I'm here to help you do that. Now, Georgie, besides, of course, your love of chocolate, what's the most unusual thing about you?"

He didn't say anything, but his lips parted in a dreamy smile.

"Georgie?"

"I Wave," he whispered.

"But you won't talk about it. You won't help me help you. You won't tell me what it is."

"I can't . . . talk about it."

"Then there's just one other way. Georgie, do you see it?"

He nodded.

"Go on," said Beverly Leven. He's not ugly, she thought. Not. "What's the other way?"

"I . . . could . . . show . . . you."

"You find me very attractive," said Dr Leven. It was a command.

Georgie Dibbs whispered: "Yes."

"My voice . . . gets you . . . very hot."

"Yes."

"You'd like me . . . to take off my blouse . . . so you can fondle my breasts . . ."

"Yes."

"I'm . . . removing . . . it now." At this point, she was almost hypnotised herself. "Go ahead then," she whispered.

"Yes," said Georgie, and, blind, began.

"Yes, God, yes," she murmured.

"I've missed this," he murmured.

Beverly Leven, PhD, was beyond speech. The next hour was heavy floating and helpless soaring and, time after time, seismic release, ecstatic dissolution, overwhelming tenderness. When she awoke, he was gone.

He called the next day to announce that he was terminating therapy and that he considered her behavior grossly unprofessional.

She felt herself getting aroused just at the sound of his voice. "Darling, don't be so petty," she said.

He slammed down the phone. She sat there, stunned, for several seconds. At least, she told herself, I won't have to go on treating that fat, boring chocomaniac. But she was blinking back tears, and she knew she could love all of his flaws for the sake of his sole, magnificent gift.

Nanette Johnson was the highest paid call girl in Los Angeles. Jason Abraham was a substitute teacher in Albany. Clara Simmons was a medical researcher in Philadelphia. Mike Hawkins was a miner in Virginia. Two weeks later, they were all living in Arizona, working at a top-secret laboratory, making their contribution to science and defence. Their lodging, meals, and remuneration were splendid; their duties were simple. All they had to do was Wave — with the volunteer of their choice — three or four times a week, with electrodes attached to their scalp, skin, and genitals, and a camera overhead, and a dozen scientists in the next room watching everything on television monitors.

General Abbott Elihu Gage was now watching Clara Simmons perform with the volunteer named Tim Stuyvesant. (She always chose him, for he looked like her first lover and kissed like him as well.) The atmosphere in the viewing room was unimpeachable, as if the researchers were watching chemicals, not human beings.

In the next room, Clara and Tim were deeply engaged. It looks like good, old-fashioned American sex, thought General Gage: no tricks, no acrobatics, in and out, up and down. But the instruments attached to Stuyvesant were recording astonishing responses. Usually during sex, temperature rises by a degree or two. Timothy's rose to 102.4. His heartbeat increased by 60 percent (20 percent is normal during intercourse). His orgasm lasted a full three minutes. His ejaculate was 4.1 times as much as his average.

By and large, however, Clara's responses were unexceptional. After 3.3. minutes of foreplay, her nipples were erect. After 11 minutes of coitus, she orgasmed. There were eight contractions to her spasm, and she seemed satisfied with the encounter. The instruments wired up to Clara Simmons revealed her to be resolutely normal in response. Only her brain waves, during sex, were remarkable. They were like nothing that had ever been recorded before Project Wave.

Senator Harrison Barnes insisted that his aide, Hank Gurney, stay with him 24 hours a day during the investigation of the Delta Corporation. "I don't want that bitch to get to me," he said. "Only you know the risk that she poses." He was talking about Blair Armstrong, a sleek young woman of 26 who was chief counsel to the Delta Corporation and who had Waved her way to power and success. Only with Senator Barnes had Blair failed to get what she wanted. He knew it was wrong to yield to her; yet at the thought of his rapturous hours in her arms, he felt his resolution weaken. "I need you with me round the clock," said the Senator to his aide.

> In certain cases personal investigations were mandated, and 53 agents suffered Wave-burn.

At any other time, it would have been keen hardship for Hank Gurney to be parted so long from his wife, a frumpy little woman — and a Waver. But Joan Gurney was so busy these days, and so tired, that she didn't often feel like sex. She was busy with her work on Project Wave. Already, thousands of undercover operatives at every level of society were tracking down every hot rumor that came their way. In certain cases, personal investigations were mandated, and 53 agents suffered Wave-burn. Thirty of these agents, however, had never enjoyed sex in the first place, and so their loss was minimal. Many felt the Wave was worth it. And each was told that a cure was just around the corner. (In fact, no cure was ever discovered — except total abstention. As Beverly Leven's experience came to show, if, after being Waved, you went two years without any sex whatsoever, you could once again enjoy ordinary people).

Responding to Joan Gurney's print campaign, many Wavers actually reported themselves. In the month of October, a number of national and regional magazines printed the following advertisement in their back pages:

Are you someone Special?
Do you have unexplained Powers?
Do you bring your lovers sexual rapture without quite understanding why?
Have you ever been told you're so good you're a "spoiler"?
Medical researcher offers substantial rewards to those with the Valentine Touch. Please write Box 3W34.

This ad brought thousands of responses: some from bona fide Wavers; many from self-styled superlovers, who were easily identified as such during questioning; and hundreds of letters from ordinary people, who wrote that they knew someone with the Valentine Touch. Joan Gurney was surprised by the bitterness expressed in this unexpected mail.

Joan Gurney was glad that no one had ever thought of her that way. But then, she'd had only one lover, Hank, and she would never leave him. She was wedded for life. She was, she knew, one lucky woman. She was worshipped by the man she adored. In a year or two, she hoped to start a family. Meanwhile, her work on Project Wave had meaning. For without her influence, the Department of Defence might decide on the easy, brutal solution to the problem of the Wavers. She was sure she could devise a better plan.

The four Wavers who were being studied at the Arizona laboratory could do what they wanted in their abundant leisure time — with one exception. They were absolutely forbidden to have sex with each other. Nobody knew what might happen if two Wavers got together. Their combined powers might create more ecstasy than mortals could bear. General Gage's team intended to study this possibility, for defence purposes, only at the end of the experimental period, for he didn't want to risk losing half of his experimental Wavers quite yet. In the meantime, the four Wavers always performed with someone from the pool of volunteers.

In the third week of the program, the volunteer Timothy Stuyvesant was requested by Clara Simmons on Tuesday. He was summoned by Nanette Johnson on Wednesday. On Friday, Clara Simmons asked for him again. General Abbot Elihu Gage was getting tired of watching Timothy's muscular buttocks and was about to leave the viewing room that Friday when an extraordinary series of readings began appearing on the monitor screens. Now Clara's temperature was 103; her heart

beat rose to 120; she came and laughed and cried and came and came and came and then blacked out with Timothy Stuyvesant, whose brain waves showed, unmistakably, that he was now a Waver, too.

General Gage called an immediate meeting of all the researchers at the Arizona lab. "As most of you know," he said, "something's gone terribly wrong here. Instead of merely studying the Wavers, it seems we've created a new one. How did it happen? Why him?"

"General Gage," said one of the researchers, "Tim Stuyvesant is the only volunteer who's been chosen by two different Wavers in one week. Perhaps if a person is in intimate contact with two Wavers within a short time span, the power somehow rubs off on him."

"General Gage —" it was Joan Gurney, Hank Gurney's frumpy little wife — "does this mean we'll be able to create Wavers at will?"

"Perhaps."

"Then a whole new vista lies before us. Instead of controlling and limiting Wavers, perhaps we should systematically increase their numbers. It would take some planning, at first, and a good publicity campaign, but before too long there'd be so many Wavers in circulation that their total penetration would be all but guaranteed. And we'd have a nation of perfect lovers."

"Hold it, there, young lady," said General Gage. "We can't have that."

"Why not? Does the idea of so much pleasure alarm you? Would it be bad for our national defence or our gross national product?"

"Probably," said the General, "but it's not that. We just don't know enough about the long-range consequences of Waving to risk it. We don't know what damage 20 years of Waving may do to the body. We don't know what the children of Wavers are like, if they can Wave, too — or if they suffer from birth defects. Has anyone investigated that side of it?"

"I'll run it through the computer, sir," said a researcher. He left the room. When he returned, he had a startling announcement. Of the 900-odd Wavers identified to date, not one was a parent.

There was a silence in the room. Then Joan Gurney burst into tears.

"Now you all see why we can't have the Waving of America," said the General. "Wavers are sterile. They are spreading their condition. We must isolate them from the general population. We must double our security here."

But it was too late. Clara Simmons and Timothy Stuyvesant, the new Waver, had already run off together. And Joan Gurney, wiping her tears, thought of what to do about the problem of the Wavers. It would come to be known as the Oahu Solution.

Meanwhile, back in Washington, information about the Wavers had been accumulating. It was only when Project Wave researchers began interviewing the mothers of Wavers, however, that they discovered how the Wavers came to be. Each woman, early in her pregnancy, had made a trip to the south-west. Each had gone to a small amusement park off the highway at some little town in New Mexico. A few mentioned something about the tunnel of love.

The Paradise Amusement Park near Tioho, population 148, had only been in operation for five years, from 1953 to 1958, but the man who ran the general store remembered the owner, "One-eyed Fred," very well. "Lives in Albuquerque in a nursing home, I hear. Not all there anymore, they tell me. What you might call a kook. He always was a character."

One-eyed Fred was 83, but although he was losing his wits, he wasn't nearly as dim as he seemed. He knew that the serious young lady with the tape recorder was no doctoral student in history. He didn't know what her real interests were, but she sure as hell didn't know anything about "Amusement Parks in America" — the title of her dissertation, she claimed. Why, she even seemed surprised to hear that in the good old days, small amounts of laughing gas were sometimes pumped into fun houses, to make sure that the folks had a really good time.

"Did you ever do that, sir?" she asked.

"I didn't have a fun house," said One-eyed Fred. He thought he'd have a little fun with her. He laughed and let his laugh get imbecilic.

He wasn't entirely sure if he was dreaming or awake. With these new pills, you couldn't tell. But it didn't matter much anyway. If they thought you were senile, you could get away with anything.

"Not the fun house," he cackled.

"The Tunnel of Love?" she suggested.

One-eyed Fred licked his lips lasciviously. "Maybe," he said slowly. "Babybee. Hee-hee. Hee-hee." When he stopped laughing, he was wheezing.

"You're getting him overexcited," said the nurse reproachfully.

> He wasn't going to tell which two gases he had used to make the Tunnel of Love more romantic.

"I'll come back tomorrow," said the young woman.

One-eyed Fred grinned, exposing his gums. Oh, he would have a good time with her, capering, acting dumb, getting lechy. Perhaps tomorrow he would drool upon her arm. But he wasn't ever going to tell her — or anybody else — which two gases he had used to make the Tunnel of Love at Paradise Amusement Park just a little more romantic. The mixture was odorless, and its effects were subtle, so people had never suspected why they felt so lovey-dovey, feely-squealy in the dark. Certainly One-eyed Fred had no idea that his innocent enhancer, inhaled by women eight weeks pregnant, had resulted in humans who Waved — and were sterile.

Blair Armstrong felt very flattered. She had been invited to give a speech on her legal specialty at a special government conference at Oahu. Georgie Dibbs was also pleased. He was asked to lead a seminar on theatrical-tax loopholes. Hundreds of other Wavers were told that they'd been selected to take refresher courses in their line of work, all expenses paid, at a gorgeous resort of Oahu. Hundreds more were told that they had won a luxurious vacation — all expenses paid, including airfare to Oahu.

With one inducement or another 97 percent of all known unmarried Wavers were lured to the government compound at Oahu. Married Wavers did not participate, for it was felt that their spouses were probably so grateful for regular Waving that they were happy, selfless mates, whom the Wavers would cleave to. It was the unmarried Wavers that had to be controlled; they posed the greatest threat of Wave contamination — unless they were somehow removed from circulation as quickly as possible. Removed benignly, according to Joan Burney's plan.

Take a thousand single people in their twenties and put them on a resort in Hawaii. Give them light, exquisite meals and lots of wine and privacy. Do not provide tennis or scuba or golf. In three days' time, 76 percent of your guests will be having affairs with each other. At the end of a week, the figure climbs to 95 percent. If the guests are Wavers, for the first time in their lives, they are getting as good sex as they give. A mass euphoria reigns. Relationships begun out of casual carnality are soon revealed to be rich, golden, sacred. Each day, the chaplain performs marriages from dawn until midnight. And sleek Blair Armstrong and fat Georgie Dibbs, naked on volcanic sands, embrace once, twice, again. "Oh, my darling," she murmurs. "Never leave me."

"Never," he promises. "Never." he gropes for something underneath a palm leaf. Then he holds out his hand. And they walk into the sunset together, blinking back ecstatic tears, chewing on bittersweet chocolate with almonds. ○

Bali High

BY JAN MACKEY

Bali was once a dream land. Warm, welcoming people invited the traveller to join their family. "Be a part of my life, share my food, my house, my ritual and religion." And this was all set in the magic valleys, the rice paddies, the sheer tropical luxuriance of Bali the beautiful. These days, it's more self-conscious. Pour in half-a-million Australians, mix a liberal splash of French, Germans, surfers, filmmakers, Swedes, beautiful people, and Nikons-at-the-ready Japanese and what do you get? First you get a money-based economy. Sure, you can barter a T-shirt or a towel, but the glint of the good life which money buys is twinkling away in Balinese eyes these days. Economy based on barter has a different energy flow: you swap something that you made or grew. In some sense it is a part of you, something you nurtured. Your stamp is on it, and the to-and-fro of haggling involves pride as well as market value. Now the good natured dickering with the tourist involves no more than

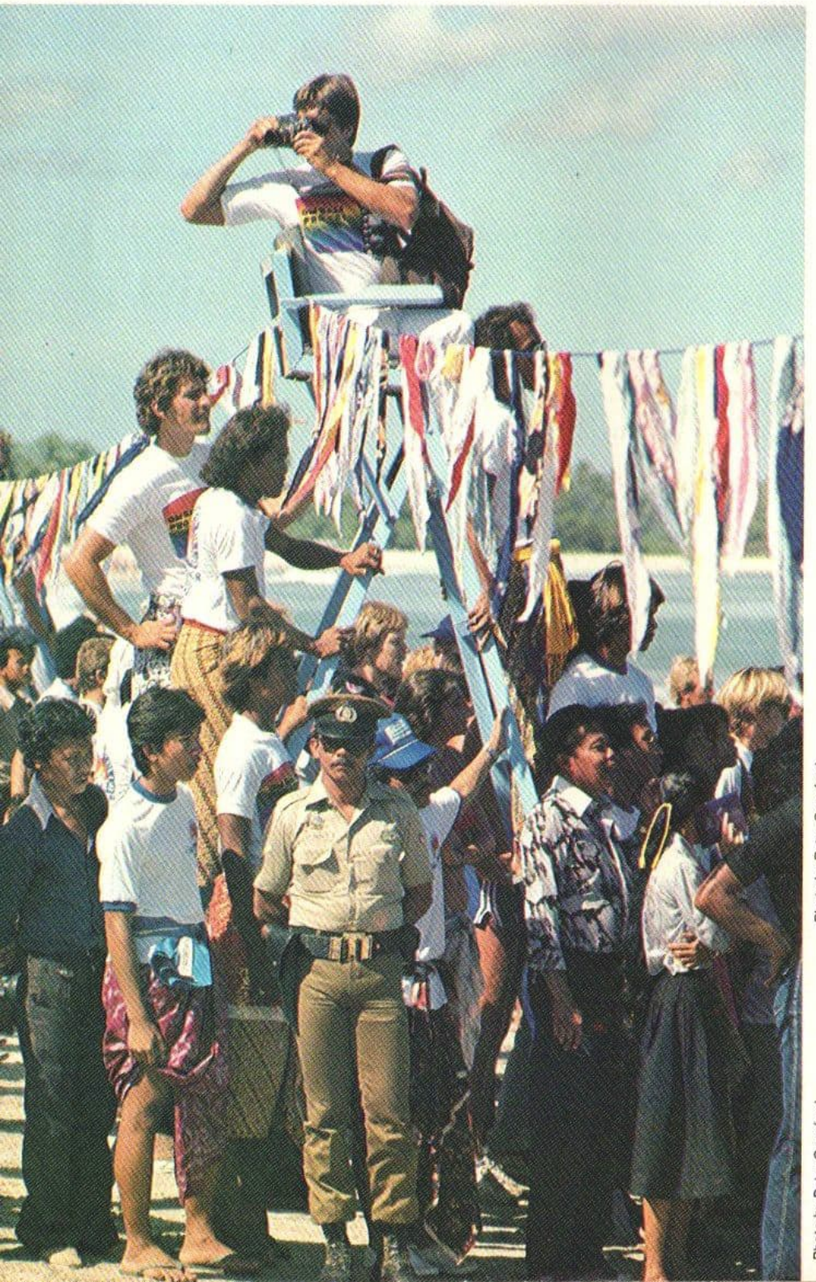
Photographs by Geoff Klimm

money. Not that Balinese skills in dickering have degenerated. They're razor-sharp. The first offer depends upon your nationality. Resemble the Japanese and for openers the traders and child postcard sellers and massage ladies will try you out at about 10 times market value. An Australian rates three or four times, depending upon the depth of suntan and the size of the "sucker" sign writ large across the forehead. Cringe about confident price slashing and you've had it. One flicker of doubt and you're gone.

Balinese society is modest. While tangles of young girls lie wrapped in sleep together in the rest-times of their working day, demonstrations of affection between male and female are just not on in public. What the Balinese must think of the coo and cuddle of the honeymooners, the casual intimacy, the touch and feel of the all but naked Westerners on the beach is only just imaginable. The sturdy sellers have no doubt moved beyond the shock-horror stage. But such offences to decency must arouse contempt.

The face of Bali is changing fast, spreading its welcome in the comfortably familiar terms that the tourist recognises. That path you tread to your favorite restaurant has three metres more per day of concrete footpath. Lining that path are three more losmans per week, ten more businessmen out to hustle the tourist dollar. The entrepreneurs are out in force. As the law requires at least a nominal Indonesian as the front-man, many a village elder or whippersnapper sharpie finds himself heading an overseas company. Antiques are freshly made. The market floods with Western clothing. Want a skimpy, lacy, pink playsuit? A pirate tape or 20 of the latest releases? A luxury hotel with hot and cold running water, swimming pool, golf course, yellow beach imported from another part of the island and Western toilets? It's yours.

If the Balinese welcome has become more familiar, it has also become more sceptical. Ten years ago, the traveller was a source of delight and pleasure, an honored and perplexing guest to be shown hospitality and affection. Balinese these days are more reserved — as well they might be. Menstruating women ignore the taboos on entering temples; ignorant pleasure seekers try their machismo on the beauteous virgins. Culture clash is magnified. Forgiving one tourist his/her ignorance is possible. Seeing one's



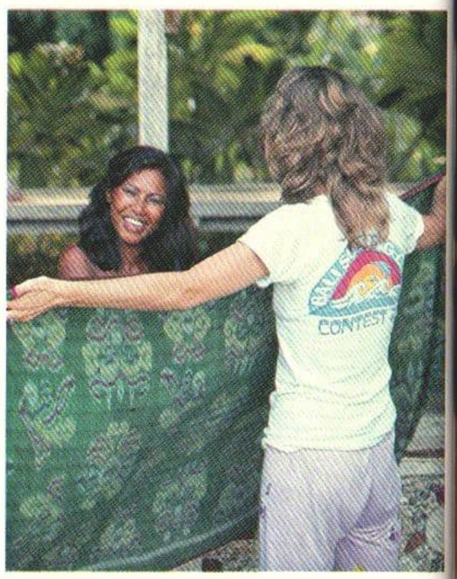


Photo by Peter Crawford

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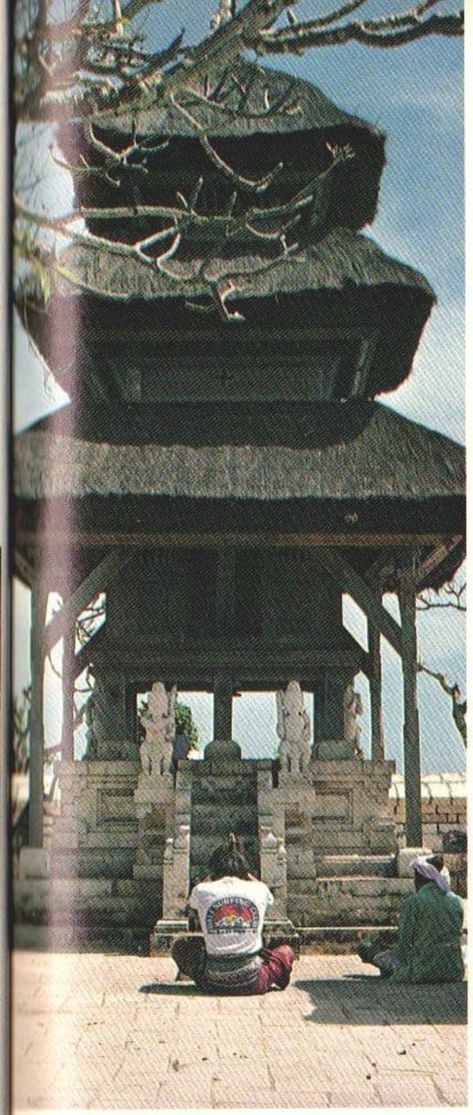

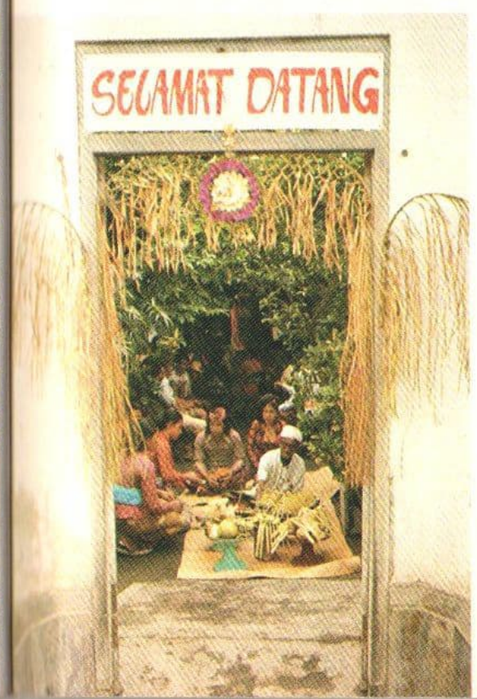

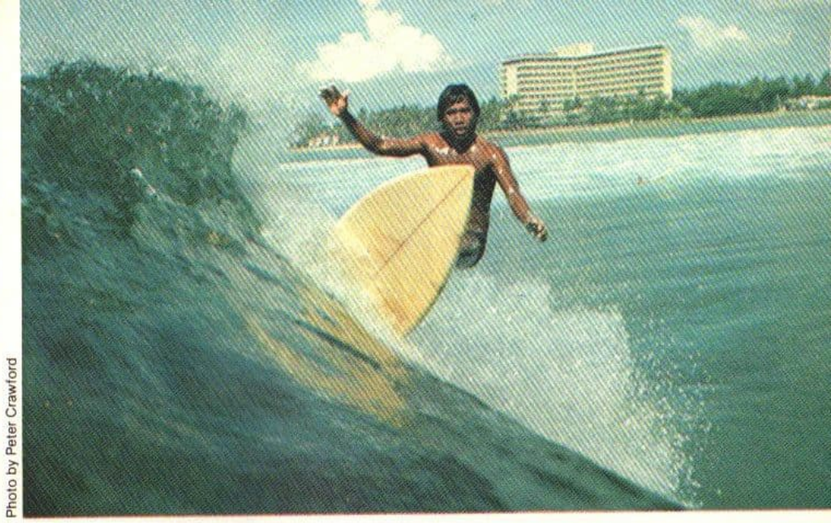

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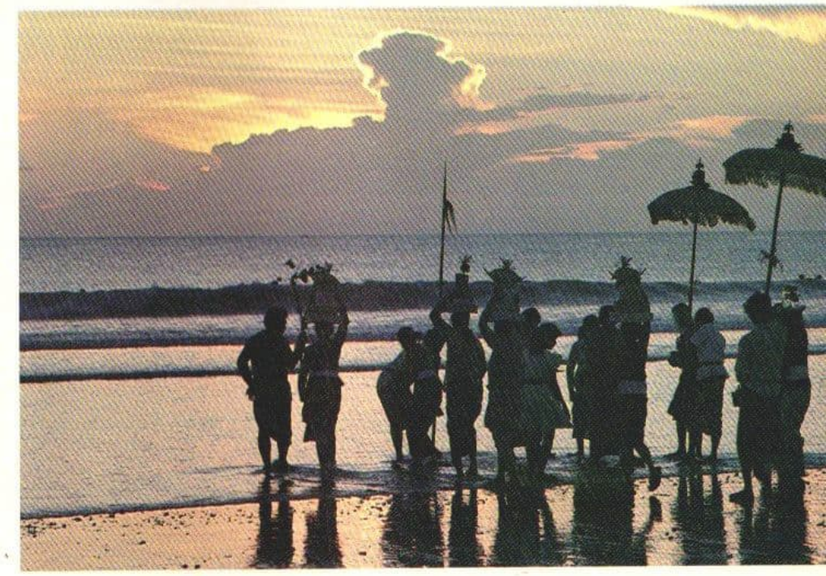

integral beliefs flouted daily by dozens is another matter. An how many tourists have even a mite of comprehension of this delicate Hindu society?

A triumvirate of god-beings — creator, preserver, dispenser of justice — form the three in one trinity. Galaxies of lesser good guys and demons who must be placated surge the peripheries of Hinduism, inhabit the streets or the temples, the houses, skies and seas. Build blank walls before the entrance of your house: demons cannot turn corners in the dark. Plait baskets, fill them with flowers, food and incense and offer them to spirits of dark and light hues.

All this, and more, is still to be seen in Bali. The most staggering aspect of the culture is that it survives. Without indent, with barely a mark, Balinese society has the strength of conviction and daily practice and belief. Despite the horrendous photographers who force themselves to the forefront of ceremonies, despite tourist buses descending upon magnificent cremation ceremonies, the Balinese way of life is alive.

In 1963, the volcano of the Mother Temple, the most sacred of the multitudinous Balinese temples, erupted. It happened during a ritual meeting, timed once a century where all religious life focused. Of the multitude gathered, perhaps 5000 died in the lava flow. Religious Balinese dove into the molten rivers in the hope of stemming them. Nobody doubted for an instant that divine displeasure was manifest. The gushes of fire were a direct castigation.

Balinese relationships with their religion are no dimmer, no less certain now than in 1963. Accustomed as we are to the division of life and belief, it is difficult to comprehend a society where both are so interwoven. The polite formalities of Western birth, marriage and death are invested in Bali with supernatural significances, palpable to eyes, ears, body, mind and the beings beyond them. Influxes of aliens have hardly made a dent.

One end of the scale is the Balinese

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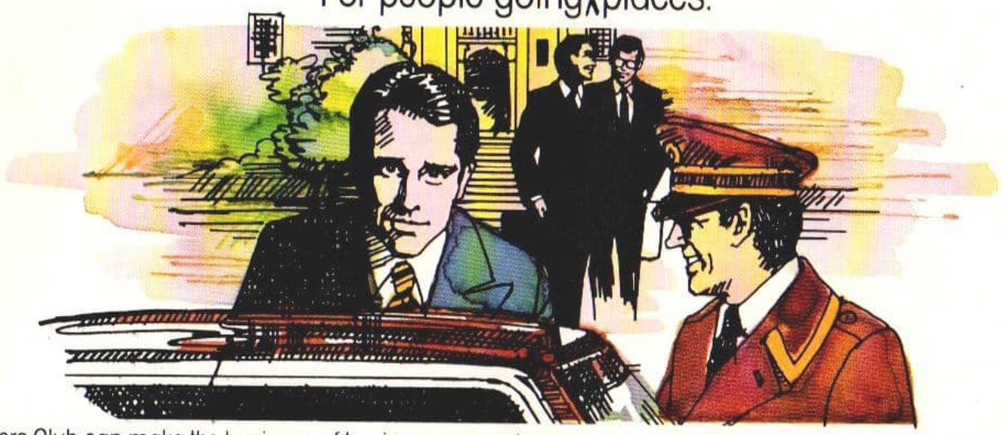

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DINERS CLUB INTERNATIONAL

A CREDIT TO AUSTRALIA

surfer competing in the Om Bali Pro, a points-scoring stopover on the international circuit. He confides that his prayers at the temple have made the waves three metres higher. He is not kidding. And his incredulous disbelief at your statement that you're over 25 and not wed is unfeigned. Where, he wonders, will your many necessary sons spring from?

So what does this mesh of religion, art and daily life mean to the impatient, experience-it-all traveller? If the dazzling variety of temples and shrines, ensconsed in the backyard, the neighborhood and the near vicinity do not touch that vein which yearns towards beauty, the ceremonies surely will.

Some are staged with full knowledge that the tourists will arrive. Yet few have their essential meaning compromised.

You might chance upon tiny boys dressed in gold stepping the warrior dances which signified the beginnings of battle. You might see maidens moving through the flirting dances, lightly tapping embarrassed young men with their fans as a command to take the sash and the dance with them. The roistering, vulgar monkey of the Ramayana, rescuing the damsel and defying the human social mores, may well skip across your path to the other-worldly sound of the gamelan orchestra. Or you may find that path strewn with dying animals, blood and mud as preparation for the grand immolations of a cremation.

Has Bali changed? Not much, not yet, but be quick. The slickest of Balinese dudes — they are still few — are not immune to the flavors of the restaurant where Mick Jagger once drank coffee.

If you're seeking your own kind, you'll find them in Bali. Somewhere, someone is holding a convention decked out in your particular tiger stripes. Flurries of antique dealers prowl; bevies of businessmen lounge beside swimming pools. The beautiful people have abandoned Ibiza. Now Bali is where you import your sequined leather jockstrap, head feathers and your Walkman. Not to mention your blissed-out woman in her tiny silver or gold leotard, black net skirt and Parisian accent. Or, if it's nostalgia you're after, you could hook in with the surfies on the fame trail. It's a straight line back to the days when fine upstanding lads lost their inhibitions along with their amateur ratings and dropped their daks and sang Waltzing Matilda.

Everyone's there: trendies with trimmed moustaches and threads of gold hanging pointedly around their necks; troglodytes blinking outside the gloom of dim offices; sleek suntanned models; hysterical entrepreneurs wondering where the next bribe is coming from; happy families; girls on the make; planeloads of writers, photographers and filmmakers on the take. Perhaps you prefer the company of yachtsmen? Try Bali when the Perth to Bali race pulls into port with tales of whales and huge seas.

Bert and Gladys are there, not to mention Dirk and Hermione, Simone and Sebastian. The wonderful thing is that you can ignore them totally. Instead of chitchat about the price of houses in Perth or comparing notes on the Balinese gold market, you can follow your ears and the sound of the gamelan. You can risk the roads on a hired motorbike and fall through spectacular ravines of rice paddies, rivers and coconut palms. Breakfast on avocado and shrimp salad, banana papaya juice, lunch on crab and aparagus soup and chillied frogs legs, dine on fresh fish and fruits. Forget wine unless your budget is limitless but indulge every cocktail fantasy or soak up the spirits. Bali pampers the gourmet and the glutton. And you can do it all on the cheap.

Is Bali finished? Perhaps for the purist who knew it when there were cows and coconuts around any hotel. But the sunsets haven't changed a bit. At Kuta Beach, come dusk, the whole tourist population wanders down to gawk. It's impossible not to. There are icy golden sunsets in clear skies; rolls of purple, gold and heavy blue haze when the sky is overcast. The beach is a broad melee of joggers, Balinese women in sarongs with baskets on their heads selling massages and cold drinks, stall holders with hot nuts and sate, frisbee throwers and Soccer games. It's the perfect place for lovers and picture postcards. Even if you're not sentimental, you'll love it.

Bali pampers the gourmet and the glutton. And you can do it all on the cheap.

Certainly Bali is puffing its last for the lotus-eaters. Residents become redfaced in their efforts to impress upon others how dangerous a few joints can be. Be caught with the most miniscule amount of grass and the Embassy conveniently located in Jakarta — can't do a thing for you. Being zonked is a bit passe these days and you can always console yourself with another $6 bottle of Johnny Walker. Or you can just relax. Stretch, suntan and smile the furrows from your brow. Drink it all in: the music, the art, the beauty.

Is Bali buggered?

BY PHIL JARRATT

I went back to Bali this past winter to sort out a few personal problems. For a start, pressure of work and compulsory lunching had meant that I'd been having the one with somewhat monotonous regularity and was therefore running to fat at the tender age of 30. And not only was my flesh sagging, it was also pale.

"Come on," I said to my wife and small children as I confronted a particularly cruel mirror one morning. "We're going to Bali."

"Don't be ridiculous," my wife said. "You know the sight of healthy, happy young people frolicking in the warm tropical waters would only depress you." But my mind was made up and about a week and six hours later we were there, smelling the coconut and kero in the warm breeze as we stepped on to the tarmac. It's a smell that I actually think about, yearn for sometimes. The smell of Bali and the memory of a mis-spent surfie youth.

So there we were in Bali after four years, during which time the memories of Vegemite jaffles, jackhammer headaches and appalling bowel control had receded far enough to have almost happened to someone else. Sunshine, flowers and laughing children were what remained, and there was enough of each in the immediate vicinity of the airport to reaffirm our belief in good news only.

I first went to Bali in the early Seventies. People who even then considered themselves Asian tourist pioneers warned me not to expect much. The place is buggered now that they've built the airport, they said.

When I came back full of traveller's tales I was able to tell people that the place would soon be buggered because they were building two resort hotels.

The buggerisation of Bali has continued unabated in the minds of all who visit. Benchmarks in this process include the concreting of Poppies Lane, the inevitable arrival of Colonel Sanders, the construction of a Coca-Cola sign at Uluwatu and the widening of the Sanur road.

In fact, westerners have been warning other westerners off Bali for most of the 20th Century. One of the Vanderbilts took it upon himself to warn the readers of *New Yorker* in the early 1920s that the old tropical paradise wasn't what she used to be now that the ships were steaming regularly into Batavia.

One can only assume that Charlie Chaplin had a similar tale of woe to tell

when he availed himself of one of the first intercontinental commercial flights to visit the island in the late 1920s. Many years later, when the surfers arrived and found that Bali had some of the finest waves in the world, this spirit of sharing manifested itself in new ways. The warnings now involved killer sea snakes lurking under every rock, strange and unidentified sea mammals and the high probability of fatal coral infection. Oh, and the waves were already crowded anyway and the food gave you the runs.

Few people were deterred. Many, like me, developed an addiction. And it is probably this addiction which is the root cause of Bali one-upmanship which still reigns supreme. If you've just come back from New York or London, for example, do your friends ask: but is it buggered completely? Tropical paradises inspire this sort of personal commitment to non-development, but I suspect that Bali veterans also, somewhere deep in their psyches, want the place to change so that reality doesn't interfere with perfectly good memories. My mother remembers Sydney before the Bridge and no one can argue with her. But I digress . . .

Some brief observations after a four-year absence: (people who've never been should skip this paragraph) there isn't much jungle left between Denpasar, the capital and its tourist trap satellites, Sanur and Kuta; there is more of everything, people, cars, bikes, bars, restaurants, losmens, hotels; package deal tourism has forced the hippie traveller further into the backblocks of Legian and Ubud, there to lament the increasing difficulty in scoring dope and the passing of the good old days; the Balinese merchants have discovered the wonderful art of window dressing.

On this last point, to dress a window you must first have one, and very few of Kuta's shops did, until recently. Now the plate glass revolution is in full swing, and in shops like the Bondi Beach Boutique you can not only see the batiks in full, western-style display, you can buy them at full, western-style prices. The new style shops have small signs indicating that the prices are fixed and that no amount of haggling, walking away, sighing, shouting or ranting will get you one rupe off.

American Express is everywhere, although I was pleased to discover the concept of credit is not entirely understood by all. When I pulled out the plastic to pay for a coat in Denpasar the shopkeeper looked at me as if I were mad. I pointed to the friendly blue sticker on the window which said: AMERICAN EXPRESS CARDS WELCOME. He said: "Yes, very good." And waited for me to produce the real McCoy, fair dinkum moolah, which at the time I sorely lacked. When finally he produced the amazing little machine which makes us all millionaires for 28 days, he signed the slip and gave it to me in triplicate, which will undoubtedly give them something to think about at head office.

Whereas on previous visits I had stayed in a cold water, lamplit losmen and hired a motorbike, this year we stayed in hotels and rented a car. The reasons for these seeming concessions to middle age are simple: the children need an air-conditioned room in the heat of the day and four people won't fit on a motorbike. With this rationale firmly implanted and with the knowledge that we'd be much happier going completely ethnic as in the glorious days gone by, we commenced to make the best of a bad thing, firstly at Pertamina Cottages in Kuta Beach, and later at the Bali Hyatt in Sanur.

"But where's the real Bali?" asked my wife as we sipped on large, cold glasses of Bintang beer at poolside.

"Down the road," I said.

"Oh, that's right," she said, and we ordered more beers.

> The Bali Hyatt, one of the most beautiful hotels in the world, actually blends with its environment.

The Indonesians regard Pertamina as Bali's best hotel, and indeed its position on the Kuta beachfront, its western-style amenities and its luxurious bungalows make it a frontrunner. But my preference is for the Bali Hyatt, one of the most beautiful hotels in the world.

In direct contrast to the Bali Beach Hotel, a couple of kilometres down the road, the Hyatt actually blends with its environment. The thatched-roof reception hall looks over palm trees, shrubs and vines, behind which a hotel hides. The Oberoi, at the far end of Legian Beach, is another stunning example of architecture complementing environment. Formerly the Kayu Aya, this place lay deserted and in disrepair for years, the victim of a recession in the hotel business. Hippies squatted in its bungalows and there were wild full moon parties (complete with marijuana, magic mushies and acid in the punch) in its great hall. The amazing Oberois have changed all that.

None of these places is cheap (though by world standards none is expensive either) but the beauty of Bali is that everything else is. You can afford, if you so desire, to drop a bundle on accommodation and pick it up by eating cheaply at the dozens of excellent restaurants in Kuta and Sanur. But a word of warning. (See, can't help himself.) Don't expect to drink wine with your meals. The worst drop of battery acid ordered in the scungiest restaurant you can find will still set you back a squillion.

And should you choose to splurge on a bottle of French bubbly in the dining room of a major hotel, come armed with a couple of fifties. A modest Australian vintage red or white (range very limited) will cost around $15, or roughly double Australian restaurant prices. Food, on the other hand, is still cheap after all these years. A lobster for five bucks or nasi goreng for 50c, take your pick. And Bali is one of the best places in the world to savor seafood.

The arrival of car hire in Bali hasn't done a lot for Kuta's traffic congestion or for the safety of its pedestrians, but it has made island sightseeing a lot easier. By far the most popular hire car is the Volkswagen jeep, which is apparently indestructible. (I managed to break off a gearstick while double-shuffling, but I'm told this sort of thing is rare.) The VWs negotiate even the worst pot-holes with flair, if not comfort, and they take to the bush effectively with every oncoming car. Experienced only in the passage through Bali traffic on the humble motorbike, I was scared shitless until I mastered the first law of the Asian driving code — honk the horn and keep coming. After a while fatalism takes over from scepticism, and you get where you want to be a lot faster. And if you're still not convinced take heart in the fact that Denpasar Cemetery is full of Australian motorbike casualties.

The Balinese people, whose culture we supposedly have been destroying for the past 80 years, seem to be weathering the tourist storm with open hands and hearts. Kuta Beach is chocka with ockers 12 months of the year yet we are not merely tolerated, we are bowled over with hospitality. The bottom line is invariably a commercial proposition, but there is genuine friendship in Bali around every corner. A little boy who used to carry my surfboard into Uluwatu for pocket money remembered me after four years. I got a real kick out of that. "What's been happening, Wayan?" I said.

"Not much," he said. "You wanna buy some peanuts to feed the monkeys?"

Ah yes, Bali. There's no place quite like it. I love it with a passion and I shall continue to bugger it up with my presence for years to come. But be warned, as trop paras go Bali ain't what she used to be. The culture's been destroyed and now they've gone and concreted the bloody lane. I tell you mate, when I first staggered ashore the menus were all written in Balinese and the coinage didn't have small enough denominations so everything was free, and . . .

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The boy with the bow-tie's *Bad Habits* have made him a bullet performer.

BILLY THE KID

BY PHIL ABRAHAM

Billy Field is a wanted man. These days, everyone from hicksville radio announcers to international advertising company executives are demanding a piece of his action. He has become a marketable commodity: there's a price on his head. The most remarkable aspect of Field's success story is the speed with which he shot to the top. Within three weeks he rose from the obscurity of playing a couple of nights a week in a piano bar to become a chart-topping performer. His Bad Habits song was on everyone's lips, and Billy Field was suddenly a popular identity, recognised by strangers on the street. Some pundits were even proclaiming him the leader of a swing revival and saw him as the man who was going to bring back Sinatra-style crooning, romance, glamor and big band musical extravaganzas.

Part of his plan to avoid the pitfalls of instant stardom has been to sign up with manager Peter Rix, whose credentials include the consistent success of singers Marcia Hines and Jon English. Field is confident that it will be a profitable partnership. "Peter's a gunfighter," says Billy, "but he's a straight shooter."

Billy's pretty quick on the draw himself. There's no way all that attention is going to go to his head. Field's background and business preclude the naivety and vanity which often characterises the flash in the pan in the popular music market. He's had a behind-the-scenes interest in the music industry for years, and his schooling left him no stranger to the good life. Billy Field is very much a product of Sydney's swanky eastern suburbs — the milieu in which he grew up.

He hangs out with successful recording industry people like advertising jingle writers Wayne Thomas and Terry Hannigan, likes to drink good Australian red wines and eat out at top class restaurants like Pruniers and Le Trianon, and always gets a good reception when he occasionally accompanies himself on the piano at Rogues.

Upper-class suburbs like Vaucluse and Point Piper are inhabited by young men who take far too much for granted. These sons of stockbrokers, big businessmen and eminent lawyers get BMWs for their birthdays, first-class air tickets for Christmas, enough money to get themselves into trouble, and enough parental dotage to buy them out of it. Although Billy Field displays the veneer of class and culture bred in the rarified air of

Photo by Richard Bailey

this environment, he doesn't fit the spoilt brat description which applies to others of his ilk.

His appearance is unpretentious. He wears glasses, has a businessman's build and a musician's complexion. If you saw him on the street you'd probably conclude that he was a clerk who'd just blown a fortnight's wages on a new suit. But a few minutes in his company soon allays the ordinary first impressions.

Field comes on like he just completed a Dale Carnegie course, with sincerity, handshakes, eye contact and enthusiastic patter.

He's gregarious. When he's with people he likes you can see that if he had a tail it would be wagging like crazy. It soon becomes obvious that he didn't need anyone to teach him how to win friends and influence people.

The conservative, bow-tied image presented on *Bad Habits* is real. Billy Field has impeccable manners.

He sends flowers and handwritten thank you notes. Billy has charm on tap and a pleasantly self-depreciating sense of humor. But the exuberant Billy Field is also vulnerable.

It is Field's family background which sets him apart from his peers and makes him sensitive and defensive about personal matters. The Fields have been extensively and profitably engaged in rural industries for many generations. The family's wealth was based on cattle sales and butchery.

The meat company, T.A. Field Holdings, is no longer controlled by the Fields, but they still own sizeable chunks of the State of NSW.

Billy Field attributes the determination which drove him to achieve his aims in music and business to the inspiration of his hard-working relatives, and the solidarity of that wealthy country family background makes him wary of personal revelations.

His shrewd and suspicious nature has made him adept at evading the barrage of personal questions aimed at him by voracious journalists. The most common query is: "Well Billy, ha ha, just what are your bad habits?" Field's stock reply is another question: "Where do you want to start?" which usually deflects the personal probes.

He could tell them that contrary to his song's lyrics he's recently repressed one bad habit — smoking. Field used to smoke 60 or more Dunhills a day. He says he stopped to improve his voice.

"I needed a bigger vocal range, and I couldn't get it while I smoked. It has already changed my voice. I sound less throaty these days."

That raspy vocal sound was a key to Field's success on the charts. If a song is going to be a massive seller in the fickle popular music market, it must escape the restrictions of limited audience styles like rock, country and western or disco, and strike a common chord.

Mike Brady's Up There Cazaly and Joe Dolce's Shuddup A Your Face are two recent examples of songs which broke the barriers of age, class, gender and ephemeral trends and became big money spinners.

Billy Field and his partner, arranger Tommy Price, hit the right note with their swing-style rhythms and the phrase "bad habits".

Field sings about them with flippancy and frivolity. The song is classy, catchy and irresistible. The way Field tells it, Bad Habits was not a calculated attempt to create a hit. "I said to Tommy, let's do something that goes! I don't want to do any more old ballads. So we sat down and it just came out.

"We weren't actually thinking of any particular bad habits at the time. And it was preferable that the references were general. It meant more people related to the song."

> Billy Field has impeccable manners. He sends flowers and handwritten thank you notes.

At least 50,000 Australians liked it enough to go straight out and buy the album, and it went platinum a little over a month after its release. Those are the sort of figures which keep record company executives out to lunch.

Not too many local artists go platinum; they wouldn't number more than a handful a year. Recent Australian albums which broke the 50,000 barrier include Cold Chisel's *East*, Australian Crawl's *The Boys Light Up* and Split Enz' *True Colours*, all of which went platinum a number of times over.

The next step for Field, on his manager's instructions, is a national tour with the Bad Habits Band. Billy has mixed feelings about that, mainly concerning his ability as a live performer. He's been playing and singing many of his own compositions in his home territory, at Julie's Piano Bar upstairs at the Golden Sheaf Hotel in Double Bay, but a national tour is likely to be more demanding.

"At the moment, I don't feel confident performing live," says Field, "because I'm not a very confident person. It's not that I'm insecure, I'm just not an overly cocky, confident type of person, and you've got to be confident to get out there and hold the attention of an audience for a long time. I do love performing, but I find it nerve-wracking. I guess as I do more of it, I'll like it more too."

Field says his first live performance at school at the age of six could have caused his nervousness about going on stage. He was born the second youngest of five children and spent the first five years of his life on one of his parents' properties at Urana in the Riverina.

Business brought his father to Sydney and a home at Point Piper, and when he reached school age, Field was sent to Cranbrook in the exclusive eastern suburb of Bellevue Hill.

He developed an interest in music at Cranbrook, receiving a miniature violin from Santa when he turned six. Little Bill, the rough diamond from the Riverina, made his concert debut a few months later when he went up in front of the school and played Twinkle Twinkle Little Star on his violin.

"I got halfway through and a string broke," says Billy. "I burst into tears and I never picked up the violin again. I was so embarrassed. Maybe that's why I've got this phobia about live performance."

Field's musical aptitude was allowed to blossom at Cranbrook a school with a reputation for encouraging individual tastes. Artist Martin Sharp and actor Garry McDonald are two of the school's better known former pupils.

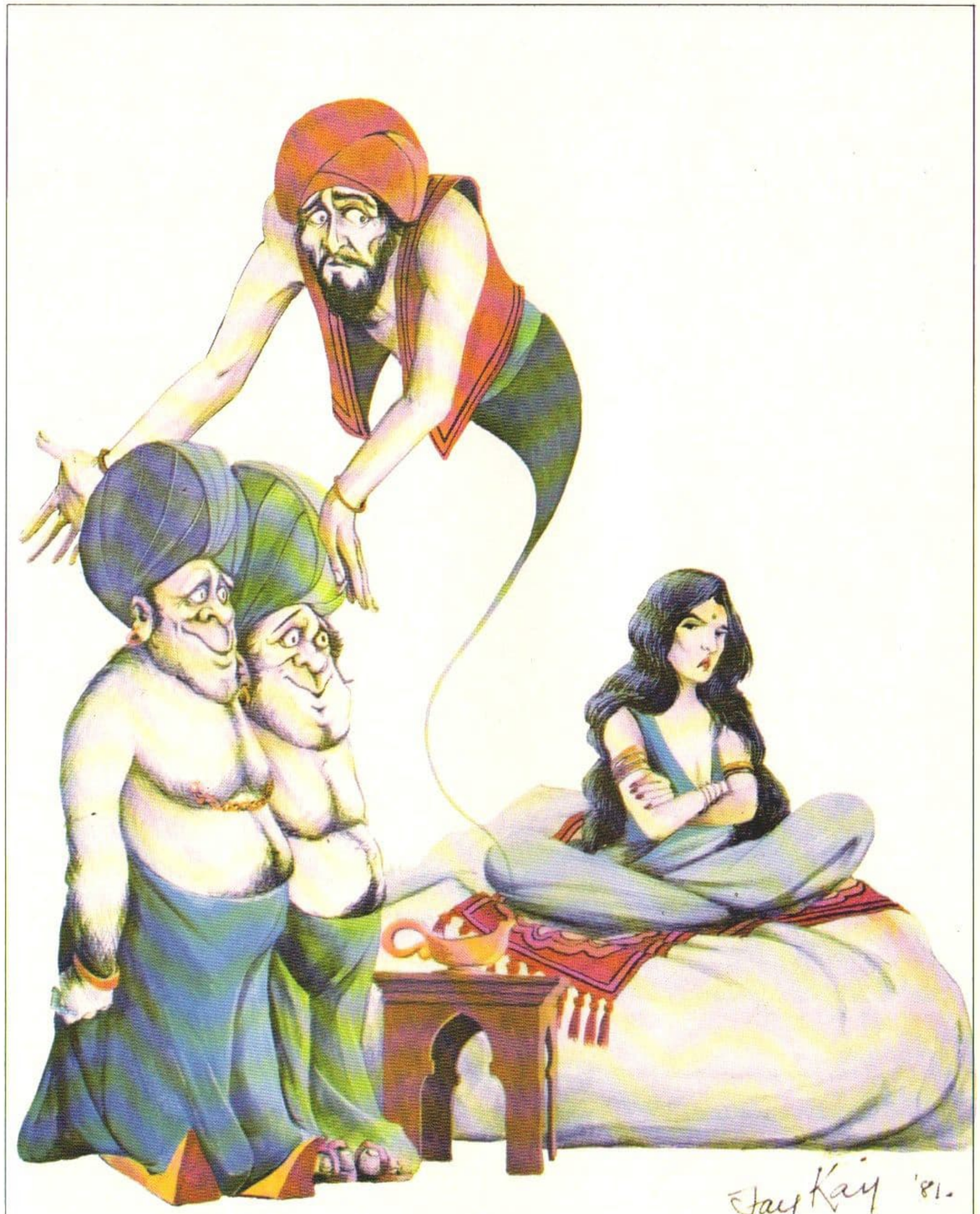
Cranbrook has also produced a successful strain of smart young businessmen, following in their fathers' footsteps, and Billy Field's album title would have a special meaning for many of the old boys from Bellevue Hill.

At school Billy learned to play a variety of instruments; piano, bass, clarinet, flute and guitar. "I'm no virtuoso on any instrument," he says. "I think of myself as having a great heart for it, but not a great hand." His favorite instrument is the piano.

"It's a wonderful instrument, firstly because you don't have to tune it, and secondly because you can sit down while you're playing it. I love playing the piano."

When he was in his early teens, Field teamed up with a group of school friends and formed the band King Fox, a five-piece outfit which took the pop industry by surprise in the mid-Sixties when it produced the hit single Unforgotten Dreams. The song had an exceptionally long stay in the charts, holding its Top 10 position for 19 weeks.

One would think that after that brief taste of the limelight, Billy Field would go looking for more. But he didn't. After 10 years of boarding at an eastern suburbs school, most of the rough edges had been worn off the boy from the Riverina. Billy



"But — you said you wanted a pair of big boobs!"

never liked the bush anyway, and his schooling in the city left him well travelled, well connected and interested in more than a life in the country.

But at first he followed his family's traditional pursuits — farming and business. "I loved music and I liked business. When I left school I was faced with those two options, and I decided to make a career in business. I did come from a commercial family, so I guess it was probably instinct. I enjoy dealing with people and I think there's nothing better than a good business deal.

"I respect people who are professional and are happy to leave a quid in a deal for the next guy."

Field enrolled in a course in Business Administration at Mitchell College of Advanced Education at Bathurst. But he never completed his degree. While holidaying overseas, Billy received a call from his father, asking him to come home. Field had a deep regard and affection for his old man and flew straight back to Australia from London. "My father was sick; he was buggered, and he knew it. He told my brothers and me that he had to get out of the business."

The Fields' rural interests were widespread and the father called on his sons to take the reins. "I couldn't let him know that I hated it," says Field. "I didn't have the heart to tell him that I didn't want to go on the land which he had worked to give us all a start and a career. So I did what he asked. He was a dear old fella. He worked the land all his life. It was a family tradition for six generations."

Billy Field went back to his birthplace at Urana and took the responsibility of managing the property, a tough challenge for a 20-year-old, but one to which he rose. His father died not long after Billy returned to the Riverina, so Field made the difficult decision to sell the property and go back to the city.

It took him years to overcome droughts and the rural industry slump and make the sale. When he completed that deal, Field combined his two interests, music and business, with the creation of Paradise Studios.

He's never regretted it. "The music industry is full of great people. I love it; this is what makes me happy."

Paradise Studios are well named. Rumored to have cost a cool million to set up, the complex was formerly a law book society warehouse.

Every musician dreams of owning his own little studio, but Field made the muso's wildest fantasies come true in Woolloomooloo with facilities which he claims are technically, acoustically and aesthetically the most sophisticated in the southern hemisphere.

The fact that the cream of Australia's recording artists are willing to spend more than $100 an hour there backs up his assertion. Groups like Cold Chisel, The Angels and Matt Finish recorded their recent albums there. Paradise can lay claim to producing the first Australian single to take the number one spot in the US charts with Air Supply's incredible success. Apart from the rock scene, the studio is also in demand from advertising jingle producers and a range of other recording artists. And, of course, *Bad Habits* was mixed there.

The recording studios are luxuriously appointed, with recreational facilities like a spa and solarium and a variety of electronic diversions.

The country-style weatherboard panels which line the inside walls hold reminders of Field's rural origins; the walls are dotted with sepia photos of Field-owned properties, family portraits, shots of champion shorthorn cattle and a couple of clever rural scenes painted by local artist Patrick Hockey.

Like his song Celebrity Lane says, these days Billy Field is livin' high, ". . . smoking a big cigar/On Celebrity Lane/Oh yes." Apart from his business concerns and the success of the album, the most gratifying thing that has been happening for him lately is the interest other singers are taking in his songs. Mick Fleetwood has released You Weren't In Love With Me as a single in the States and it's on his latest album, too.

> "I enjoy dealing with people and I think there's nothing better than a good business deal."

Billy's thrilled. Songwriting is something he's been working at for years. He spent many long nights at the piano, tinkling away through the small hours and finally going to bed when everyone else in the house was rising. "I've never stopped writing. I've toiled over a piano regularly since I was 14.

"I always wanted to be a songwriter, and I wanted to do it long before it was fashionable."

Bad Habits' lighthearted lyrics are sprinkled with American colloquialisms like "baby" and "swell". Field attributes much of the American flavor to his partner Price, who was born there and moved to Australia nine years ago. But Field is also attracted by the American dream. "I like America, it's an incredible country: a tribute to industriousness."

Like his rhythms, the lyrics of his songs owe much to the swing era. "I love frivolous lyrics, I think they're fun. I can remember my father quoting lines from silly-songs which he'd heard when he was young. Stupid things like 'You're the polar bear's pyjamas.' You know, they're silly, but they're fun."

Although the *Bad Habits* album has a strong swing feel, Field's style cannot be categorised within the limits of the "swing revival" tag. Many of his songs are oriented more to mainstream popular music and comparisons with modern piano men like Billy Joel or Elton John are closer to the mark than the nostalgia label with which he's been burdened.

Field doesn't give a damn about critical comment concerning the originality of his sound. "I'd describe it as definitely based on the rhythm of the swing era. Other than that I'd say it was totally original. But if you take rhythm as a criteria for originality, then nothing on the pop charts today is original.

"Naturally I've been influenced by my forebears, but as far as the album's concerned it wasn't a case of trying to copy anyone, it was more a case of trying not to sound too much like someone else."

Typically, Field is enthusiastically noncommittal about the likelihood of him and Tommy Price leading a swing revival. "We've either stumbled on an ants' mound or unearthed a monster. I can see this being the biggest trend in music in this decade."

Considering the paucity of inspiration in contemporary music these days; disco vanity, country twang and repetitious rock and roll, the field is wide open for a sound as undemanding, carefree and sentimental as swing. Field agrees. "It's more interesting, more exciting. I see it as a return to melody. And I reckon it's the best dance music there is. You can really cut a rug to it, and I hate dancing."

Twenty-eight-year-old Billy Field is obviously not your average pop star. For a start his background of rural wealth and city bred style separates him from the typical rocker.

The already shy Mr Field's reaction to all the fuss from the press, promoters and the public, has been to become even more defensive. "I don't particularly enjoy the attention," says Billy. "The intrusion on my privacy is something that I don't particularly like. You can feel that your person is being encroached upon, where you are being marketed rather than your record. I don't want to end up like filet on a butcher's tray."

There's not much chance of that. Considering the Field family history, Billy Field is unlikely to end up sliced for easy consumption, for in the past it has always been the Field family who wielded the cleaver.

MEET THE NEW CLASS

by Alex Buzo

For some years I have seen my conventional dictionary become increasingly inadequate. What, for example, does "infrastructure" mean? My dictionary defines it as "a system of airfields", but it has taken on a different meaning. I have heard of "infrastructure" in connection with off-shore oil rigs, where the space for a system of airfields would surely be rather limited. What does "supportive" mean? It is not mentioned in my 1970 dictionary. Quite clearly a New Class has asserted itself in society, and its usage has changed the face of language. Who are these New Class people? Some cursory research has turned up the following near-facts: *Most members of the New Class are single, divorced, or, most popular of all, separated. Every member of the New Class believes in vasectomy, abortion, and stiffer penalties for rape. New Class members are divided about 50:50 into Liberal voters and Labor voters. Many New Class people organise themselves into pressure groups to uphold or bypass "the democratic process". They are to be found on local councils, school boards, guilds, associations, action groups, ginger groups, steering committees and*

sub-committees. Conversely, anyone who says "children" instead of "kids" is not a member of the New Class.

New Class people love watching "disturbing" television documentaries about "human sexuality".

If you yawn or go to bed during a disturbing television documentary then you are not a member of the New Class.

Anyone who wears white socks, reads Waugh or Hemingway, and believes in talent, individuality, romance and fun is not a member of the New Class.

The typical New Class male works in the Department of Sport and believes in "open marriage". The typical New Class female drives an unwashed Datsun and conducts "sexual awareness" workshops. Their children — if they have any — are called Tarquin and Bean Curd.

They are single parent advocates who believe children with one parent are better off and less neurotic, and more government money for single parent families should be available, because children with one parent are worse off and more neurotic.

Many New Class people are products of the post-war baby boom and have been over-educated to a new level of discontent. Many have risen to prominence in government, business and education over the past 10 years. They have taken most of the jobs and set up most of the committees to inquire into everything. Their language has come to dominate the media and their ideology has thoroughly confused the Old Class. They have formed mafias, coined words, opened gulfs and influenced morals.

BASIC VOCABULARY

Tokenism: a moderate member of your pressure group has been promoted
Illusory gain: your worst enemy has been promoted
Significant gain: you are promoted
Elitist: someone more successful than you
Achiever: someone as successful as you
Ethnic: someone less successful than you
Domestic Violence: a working class marriage
On-going relationship: a New Class marriage
Rip-off: profit made by member of the Old Class
Big turnover: profit made by member of the New Class
Supportive: term of approval for man
Independent: term of approval for woman
Supportive: term of disapproval for woman
Independent: term of disapproval for man
Affirmative action: a free dinner for your pressure group
Discrimination: your pressure group is charged retail prices for its videotape
Ministry of Sport: jobs for the boys
Sex education: jobs for the girls
Les Girls: jobs for transvestites
Meaningful: see "hopefully"
Infrastructure: see below
Cop out, to: survive, to
Survivor: rock star over 21
Geriatric: old
Geriatric survivor: rock star over 22
Below, see: I don't know
Role-questioning: New Class woman grows moustache
Guidelines: guide
Utilise: use
At the moment in time: now
Now: next week
Right now: tomorrow

> Their children — if they have any — are called Tarquin and Bean Curd.

Right now at this moment in time: — ask Rex Mossop
Hopefully: forget it
Laid-back: something you approve of is boring in its execution
Low-key: something you are marginally in favor of is boring in its execution
Boring: something you disapprove of is entertaining in its execution.
Pre-loved: second-hand
Re-cycled: pre-abused
Lifestyle: life (approx.)
Neologism: Old Class term for New Class terms
Social disease: social disease (a pox)
Relate to: smile vaguely at
Planning process: at pub
Literally: figuratively
Outreach: first stage in feedback
Feedback: second stage in outreach
Arguably: I haven't done my research
Methodology: series of lucky accidents
Shit: husband
Turd: divorced husband
Utter turd: husband of any female subject of a biography
Trade-offs: options
Options: priorities
Priorities: trade-offs
Participate in, to: take over leadership of, to
Vulnerable: indecisive
Multitude: many
Sage: wisest of the herbs (a piece of New Class humor)
Concerned person: a signatory to a petition
Charisma: an indefinable quality that remains indefinable because the user hasn't been able to define it
Charismatic: costs more than the manual
Holistic: taking an overview
Overview: let's ignore the disasters in front of us
Goalistic: ambitious
Activist: talker
Confront: talk at great length
Confrontation: everyone talks for hours and hours
Action: support for a widely accepted cause
Prudish: married
Role-model: woman in harmless position of authority
Fascist: man in enviable position of authority
Silvertail: term of abuse directed at person you vote for
Justahousewife: housewife
Obsolete: Obsolete used to mean "disused" or "antiquated". Now it has become a term of abuse, envy, or wish-fulfillment. For example, "The family unit is obsolete" does not mean that there are no more families. A visit to any park will confirm the existence of families.

What the statement means is one or more of these:

I wish the family unit were obsolete.
I disapprove of the family unit.
My marriage failed.
My career was adversely affected by domestic problems.
No one will have me.

Similarly, right-wing New Class people are fond of saying: "Trade unions are obsolete." A visit to Trades Hall will show that this statement does not employ "obsolete" in its dictionary sense.

Judgemental: This word is not to be found in the dictionary.

It has been cooked up by the New Class to cover moments of potential social embarrassment. The flip side of judgemental is "totally".

"I don't want to be judgemental" is the stock, non-committal answer to these questions:

What do you think of the new rape laws?

What did you think of his wife's prison documentary?

What's the house white like?

The New Class can't stay uncommitted for too long, however, and when an easy question comes up they like to jump right in with a clarion affirmation. "I'm totally in favor," is the stock answer to these black-and-white questions:

What did you think of the arrest of Tristan for raping his wife?

What do you think of my wife's prison documentary?

I made this wine myself.

If you add "but" to "I don't want to be judgemental" it takes on a different meaning.

It then means: "Normally I'd support this and some people still do, but, nevertheless, here comes the boot." For example:

I don't want to be judgemental about the new rape laws, but they left out compulsory castration as a punishment and they're a total disgrace.

I don't want to be judgemental, but Rhonda's prison documentary glosses over shock therapy and it's a total cop-out.

I don't want to be judgemental, but anyone who thinks he can make wine from the pears in his back yard is a total bloody fruitcake.

Got any Alka-Seltzer?

Consensus: This is used to mean agreement between parties. That is, until John Starr said on ABC radio: "The basic impediment to consensus is the lack of agreement between the parties." So what does consensus mean now? Please address all entries neatly.

NEW CLASS WOMAN

Up to the age of 13 or 14, the New Class girl is on a par with boys of her age in all school subjects. Some parents or teachers may even predict a brilliant career in science or industry. But somewhere about this time the urge to take surveys of people's attitudes starts to surface. It may start with circulating questionnaires on sexuality or taking a poll on abortion. Either way, geopolitics is a non-starter. By second year in university, studies take second place, as the New Class woman gives way increasingly to her instinct to take surveys of people's attitudes.

By the age of 25, the New Class woman is completely engrossed in making documentaries about people's attitudes to people taking surveys. By the age of 35 the New Class woman is completely disillusioned by the attitudes revealed in the surveys and has little to show for her life apart from a privately printed handbook on do-it-yourself abortions.

So what does she do? She has a baby by artificial insemination, goes on the supporting parent's benefit and abuses Evonne Cawley as she washes the dishes or plays snooker while her mother looks after the fledgeling sexist.

NEW CLASS MAN

At school the New Class boy starts to display the vertical thinking that will one day land him a leased Volvo with personalised number plates. He learns very quickly that two out of three is a good score and that the percentage player aims at this. Therefore he answers every teacher's question with one word: "trade". For example:

Why did Italy invade Abyssinia?
Trade.
Why did isolationism fail in America?
Trade.
What is the square root of 5.6?
Trade.

The boy who scores one out of three is destined for a trade, while the three out of three swot will become a boffin whose inventions are packaged and sold by the New Class man.

> The New Class child is a quivering wreck given to alternate bouts of depression and violence.

After university, the New Class man will indulge his taste for fruit juice and real estate and liaise his way into the front seat of the coveted Volvo. When asked how he acquired the gold future buffeting his hairy chest, the New Class man will look you straight in the eye and give you an honest answer: Trade.

NEW CLASS CHILDREN

The New Class child is a quivering wreck given to alternate bouts of depression and violence. By the time they are seven, New Class boys have heard their mother use the term "chauvinist" to or about them 4,003,221 times, either as an aside to visitors (delivered with a shrug and rolling eyes) or as a shouted insult (accompanied by violent rage). By the time they are 11, they are wearing socially aware T-shirts and can laboriously spell "cat".

On alternate Sundays, New Class children are visited by a forlorn mullet who reveals between twitches that he is their "father".

New Class girls are brought up to be tough, ambitious and self-assured. They are urged to get to the top and cream anyone in their path. "Money talks", they learn, and are sent to girls' schools where they see female role-models and can plan for the day when they can boss people around, unlike previous generations of womanhood.

As these girls are being groomed for the boardroom rather than the bedroom, dolls are outlawed and so is the feeling that there may be an occasion in the future when they might be wrong. Trained by experts to hate "chauvinists", they become impatient and aggressive when confronted with a forlorn mullet on alternate Sundays.

SPORTSMEN

The Old Class footballer had short back and sides hair, baggy black or white shorts and washed in a dirty bucket. He never got close to a woman before a match (Bum to Mum) or after (Beers with the Boys). His training consisted of running around an oval and then being sweared at by an ex-player with false teeth. His contact with the media consisted of overhearing his club secretary telling a reporter from a suburban giveaway that buses for supporters would leave the club at 12.30pm on Saturday.

The New Class footballer wears blow-waved hair, tight shiny colorful shorts and showers in front of television cameras. If he doesn't have a wife or a girlfriend, there are groupies at training, at the ground, or in the club afterwards. His training starts on the Nautilus machine and ends with motivational films, hypnotism, and socio-economic polarisation between his team and their opponents. Always available to the media, he appears on panel shows, models leather casual wear and signs his name to a column in an afternoon paper.

Whereas the Old Class player would job an opponent having his first match back after being out for weeks with a fractured jaw, the New Class player emphasises the gulf between them by testing out an opponent coming back after suffering a fractured jaw by jobbing him.

Some TV sporting terms:
Made an incursion: ran
It was magic: I was fiddling with my binoculars
Work rate: period of activity when player is on camera
Tackle count: attempted injuries
Body count: injuries
Motivation: presentation of facts in a high-pitched voice

Do you miss out because she does?

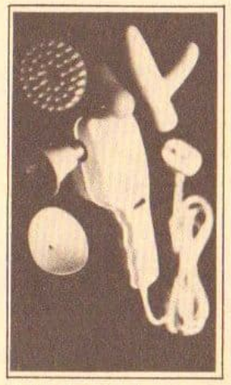
Now — a therapist-approved way you can share orgasmic sensations you've never experienced before!

The Discovery
Therapists have long known that one of the most effective ways you can increase love-making pleasure is via tactile stimulation, not only of the sexual organs, but also of dozens of other responsive areas on the body. The method has brought fulfilment and happiness to thousands of couples. For many others, however, the demands it places on their physical endurance are simply too exhausting. Knowing this Dr Wardell Pomeroy (co-author of the Kinsey Report) set about producing an aid which could not only duplicate, but actually improve on the stimulation normally provided by hands, fingertips, tongue and lips. The 'Plus 5' stimulator is based on his revolutionary design.

Be a better lover
We believe the remarkable 'Plus 5' will become a natural and exciting part of your lovemaking. It is so effective, in fact, that it can enable many women to reach true orgasm for the first time! It adds a bonus of intensified sensations for both of you. It helps make both of you better lovers by making sex fun and exciting again.

What Forum says
Bettina Arndt, Psychologist and Editor of the famous Australian 'Forum' magazine, is unstinting in her praise of the 'Plus 5'. She says: '. . . it is light and comfortable to hold, simple to use, not at all offensive and ideal for women who wish to climax more easily. By far, the best in Australia.'

Comes complete
Your 'Plus 5' comes complete with five specially designed attachments) some soft and fleshy, others firmer) and is ready to use the minute you get it. Simply plug into any 240v power point and turn on. It has two speeds — bold or fine. Unlike fearsome sex-shop devices, the 'Plus 5' will not wake your neighbours, or pummel you like a Sumo wrestler. It is gentle. It is teasing. **Note**: This vibrator cannot be used continuously for more than 15 minutes. Write to P.O. Box 118, Woollahra, 2025, for a complete catalogue of other vibrators available plus Australia's largest collection of sex education literature and sexual technique books. Including instruction leaflet, it comes to you certified mail postpaid, for only $29.95.



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This is an optional extra attachment you can buy for $4.50. It takes the form of a flexible cap, which cups your glans, and as it is slowly moved about transfers the 'Plus 5' sensations from corona to meatus, with a tingling effect that can reach incredible intensity.

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Name ..... **Expiry Date** .....

Signature ..... **Amount $** .....

It looks like Balaclava: the body count has exceeded the tackle count
Bowled comprehensively: bowled
He's had his furniture disturbed: bowled comprehensively
That pass looked marginally forward: St George have scored.

PARTIES

At Old Class parties the men gathered at one end of the room and discussed the state of the world while the women clustered around the savories talking about marriage and children. Now it is all different. At New Class parties the men gather at one end of the room and, together with a silent token woman, discuss the state of the world while the women, together with a bearded, sympathetic man, cluster around the savories and discuss divorce and abortion.

A NEW CLASS OF POLITICIAN

After examining; policy speeches of both major parties: I have come. To the conclusion, that: apart from the "punctuation", which is staccato! and leaves room — for applause; and pauses . . . for breath . . . and cries of "hear hear"; there is a New Class of: politician.

How do they differ from the Old Class? Politicians have always liked the big general outswinger that leaves the voter, late. Around the time of Federation one of them said: "We will create a brave new nation under the Southern Cross and meat will be cheaper."

Eighty years later we get: "We must harness this nation's resources in a co-ordinated and responsible program of national development."

The chief difference between these two statements is that the Southern Cross one is Old Class and the harness venture is irredeemably New Class.

On the Liberal side, there used to be much talk of red or yellow hordes from the north who would stream down (apparently through gravity as much as through ideology) from Asia and murder us in our beds. The new version of this is much more sophisticated: the Soviet Union is said to be "looking for warm water ports".

On the Labor side there is much less emotionalism than in the great crusades of the past. Indeed, Labor admits to a "strong residual fear" in the electorate of big government. The new Labor idea is to become "energy self-sufficient", to bribe the voters with tax cuts, and to cut down on "compassionate" rhetoric and the "personality cult" of a certain Mr G.W.

Ben Chifley's "Light on the Hill" for mankind and Arthur Calwell's "The mothers of Australia don't want their sons to die" have been replaced by the need to "face realities" and, in a neat twist, by "responsible economic management". The trade unions? Oh, well, uh, yes . . . yes . . .

SEX AND THE NEW CLASS

New Class people rarely use the word "sex". The words they use all the time are "sexual" or "sexuality", which are a very different proposition from "sex". Consider the following entries from the New Class dictionary:

History of sex: cheap porn book
History of sexuality: respectable academic tome
Lust: something that must be discouraged
Sexual awareness: something that must be encouraged.
Sexy: a shameful put-down
Sexual consciousness: sexy

Sexuality can be a mine-field if you don't know the correct expressions, for New Class "sexuality" is more complex and devious than in Queen Victoria's day. It becomes easier to understand, however, when you realise that repression is good and bad and that hypocrisy was confined to Queen Victoria's day.

Sexuality, express one's: New Class person pinches girl's bottom
Sexual harrassment: Old Class person pinches girl's bottom
Sexuality, come to terms with one's: New Class person pinches own bottom
Sexuality, explore one's: having a bit on the side
Sexuality, confront one's: holiday in Bali

Pick-up lines:
Old Class: Do you come here often?
New Class: Do you come often?

New Class people don't score or have it off or get the dirty water off their chest. They have "sexual experiences".

Raised sexual expectations: New Class woman attends her first human relations workshop
Lowered sexual expectations: New Class woman attends her second human relations workshop
Sexual history: crosses on the fuselage
Impotence: noughts on the fuselage
Repression: not going off
Sexist exploitation: going off
Fear of flying: hiding under the fuselage
Put your dits on the chopping block: non-sexist exhortation directed at waffling chairperson
Sexual geography: map of St Kilda
Sexual politics: your place or mine
Sexual growth: a good year
Sexual alienation: a bad year
Sexual mores: graph showing the good and bad years
Sexual options: apparently a good position to be in
Ex-nuptial: illegitimate
Einstein's Theory of Relativity: Old Class thesis title
Sexuality in the Novels of Virginia Woolf: New Class thesis title
Prior unchastity: this New Class phrase is so coy that I can't bring myself to give a translation of it. If I were to, however, the words "off" and "rocket" would certainly feature

New Class relationships are open and closed, free and committed. If you feel confused about this, then this guide will make things worse:

Open (1): the husband in an "open" marriage is allowed to visit brothels in Bangkok
Open (2): the wife in an "open" marriage files for divorce soon after the marriage is declared "open"
Open introduction: this is Suellen, to whom I am committed in a non-restrictive relationship
Non-restrictive relationship: last stages of an "open" marriage
Closed introduction: this is Suellen, my ex
Decasualise: embark on a committed relationship
Casualisation: embarking on a non-exclusive relationship
Giving head: embarking on a committed non-exclusive relationship
Nuclear family: Old Class living arrangement
Extended family: a New Class living arrangement
Child neglect: Old Class babysitting
Extended family: New Class child neglect

JOB MARKET

Media Liaison Officer, New South Wales Rugby League.

Demographic Statistician, Domestic Violence Association of NSW.

Creative Director, George Guff Schubert Murphy Finsterwald.

Co-ordinator, Co-ordinating Co-ordination Unit, State Office Block.

Co-ordination Director, Federal Co-ordinating Commission.

Chief Policy Analyst, Elitist Co-ordinating Research Analysis Ltd.

Salesperson, Media Liaison Services Ltd.

Marketing Director, Rape Crisis Centre.

Press Secretary, Ethnic Sexuality Advisory Council.

Acting Superintendent, Jogging Guild of South Australia.

Senior Lecturer, NSW Institute of Applied Space Invaders Technology.

Street Worker, Lower Income Strata Despair Unit.

Street Walker, Urban Environment Color Supplement Services Ltd.

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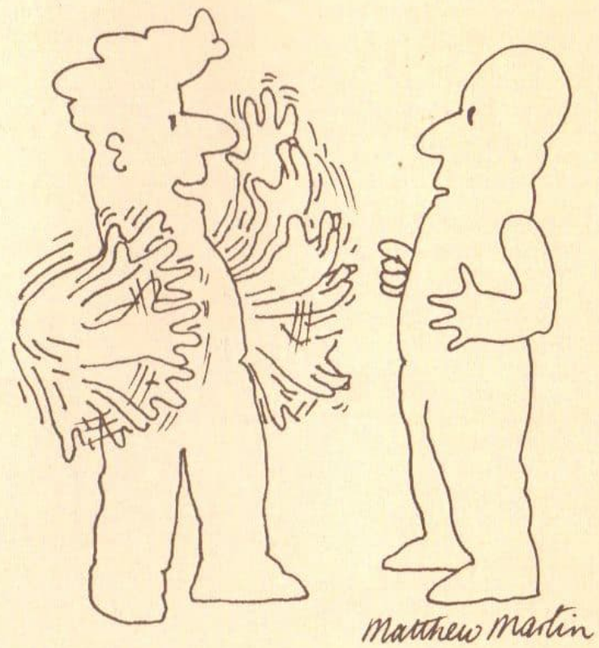
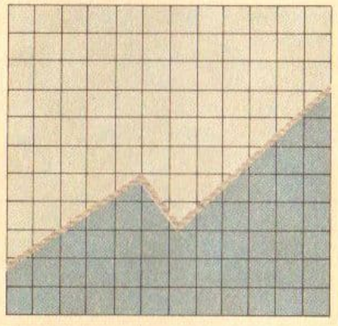


"I use my hands a lot when I'm talking."

PENTHOUSE PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU MATURE?



Twenty questions to see if you're a fully-fledged adult.

It takes more than hairy balls or a house out in the suburbs to make you a full-fledged adult.

True maturity is not measured by your age, but by the psychological and social crises you've managed to surmount with grace, sensitivity, and understanding.

Dr Roger Gould, associate clinical professor of psychiatry at UCLA, says that achieving adulthood is "a process of shedding a whole network of assumptions, fantasies, irrationalities, and rigidities that tie us to our childhood consciousness".

Gould is one of the few clinicians who have explored the stages of growth that adults go through on their way to maturity. While his name may not be a household word, his work — indirectly at least — has touched anyone who has read Gail Sheehy's enormously popular book *Passages*. Gould's early work in this field attracted journalist Sheehy who, says Gould, asked him to collaborate with her on a book about the subject.

Gould demurred, and Sheehy went on to write her best-seller. A few years later Gould produced his own book, an excellent guide for the layman called *Transformations: Growth and Change in Adult Life.*

Some men fight wars, father kids, work for a lifetime, and die without ever successfully severing those ties to their childhood consciousness. They may look like men, but emotionally they're still juveniles. Other men reach an uncanny maturity at an early age. For most of us, however, the road to full adulthood is a long and rugged one that can take decades to traverse. The following questions — if you answer them honestly — may give you an idea of just how far down that road you've come.

1. How do you feel about this statement: "All problems can be solved if you apply enough logic to them and if you approach them with enough persistence"?
   (a) agree strongly
   (b) agree somewhat
   (c) disagree strongly
   (d) disagree somewhat

2. At parties do you usually find that you are among those who drink the most or who get stoned the most?
   (a) yes
   (b) occasionally
   (c) no

3. Does this statement apply to you: "The women I like never seem to like me, and women who *do* like me are not usually women I'm attracted to"?
   (a) yes
   (b) somewhat
   (c) no

4. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "Most cliches may be corny and banal, but they also are basically true"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

5. Do you feel deep down that you let too many people take responsibility for making decisions that you really should be making? (Be honest; lying to yourself is, in itself, a mark of immaturity.)
   (a) Yes, that's very true of me
   (b) That's somewhat true of me
   (c) No, that's not particularly true of me

6. To which are you usually more likely to attribute your success when you succeed at something?
   (a) your talent and perseverance
   (b) luck, fate, accident

7. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "There is a right way and a wrong way for doing everything in life; for each problem there is a single correct solution"?
   (a) agree
   (b) disagree

8. Do you feel that your parents would always step in and help you if you got into a financial bind?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

9. Do you feel that parents *should* always step in and help their children who have financial problems?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. How do you feel about this statement: "It's good not to stand out too much from the crowd; otherwise people will think you're weird, and they probably won't like you"?
    (a) agree strongly
    (b) agree somewhat
    (c) disagree strongly
    (d) disagree somewhat

11. Has either of your parents died?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

12. Do you hate being alone?
    (a) yes, very much
    (b) I don't mind it occasionally, but I don't like to be alone too often
    (c) I don't mind being alone

13. Have you ever had to contribute financially to the support of your parents?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

14. Do you think most people have easier lives than you?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

15. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "If you follow society's rules, you'll always be rewarded"?
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

16. Here are two groups of words. Which group (if you were forced to choose) contains terms you attach more value to?
    (a) willpower, perseverance, fairness, tolerance, common sense
    (b) emotion, genius, intuition, inspiration, meditation

17. Would you be more likely to agree or disagree with this statement: "It's important not to do anything too different from what your parents want because they may stop loving you"?
    (a) agree
    (b) disagree

18. How closely would you say your life resembles that of your parents in terms of life style and personal values?
    (a) very much
    (b) quite a bit
    (c) somewhat
    (d) not very much
    (e) not at all

19. How often do you see your parents?
    (a) once a week or more
    (b) a couple of times a month
    (c) once every month or two
    (d) a few times a year
    (e) once a year or less
    (f) both my parents are dead

20. Which of the following statements comes closest to reflecting your beliefs?
    (a) Security is the most important thing in life.
    (b) Security comes from your own sense of self-worth; the desire for security shouldn't keep you from doing adventurous things.
    (c) Security is something for old farts and chickenshits.

SCORING

All possible answers on this psychograph have been assigned point values that are listed on the table below. To find your score, add up the point values of the answers you chose. The highest possible score is 91 points; the lowest, 23.

1. a-1, b-3, c-1, d-3	11. a-7, b-1
2. a-1, b-3, c-5	12. a-1, b-2, c-5
3. a-1, b-3, c-5	13. a-5, b-1
4. a-4, b-1	14. a-1, b-5
5. a-1, b-2, c-5	15. a-1, b-5
6. a-4, b-1	16. a-4, b-2
7. a-2, b-4	17. a-1, b-5
8. a-2, b-4	18. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-3, e-2
9. a-1, b-5	19. a-1, b-2, c-3, d-3, e-3, f-3
10. a-1, b-2, c-5, d-4	20. a-1, b-5, c-1

If you scored 70-91 points:

You appear to have achieved the maturity of a well-rounded adult. You have developed your own values and have a strong sense of your own worth; yet at the same time you recognise the need to be flexible. You have managed to come to terms with the world without surrendering your identity. You shoulder responsibilities without acting like a martyr. You're rational and act with common sense, but you haven't given up your ability to be spontaneous. In short, your reactions tend to be appropriate to the situation at hand. You neither overreact nor withdraw. If you are in your mid-twenties or younger, you would appear to be well ahead of your peers on the road to maturity. People like you are usually a pleasure to be with, but an outlook like yours does not necessarily guarantee success. You may, for example, make a great labor negotiator, a lawyer, or a middle manager in industry, but you may lack that crazy, self-centred crankiness that often marks brilliant achievers.

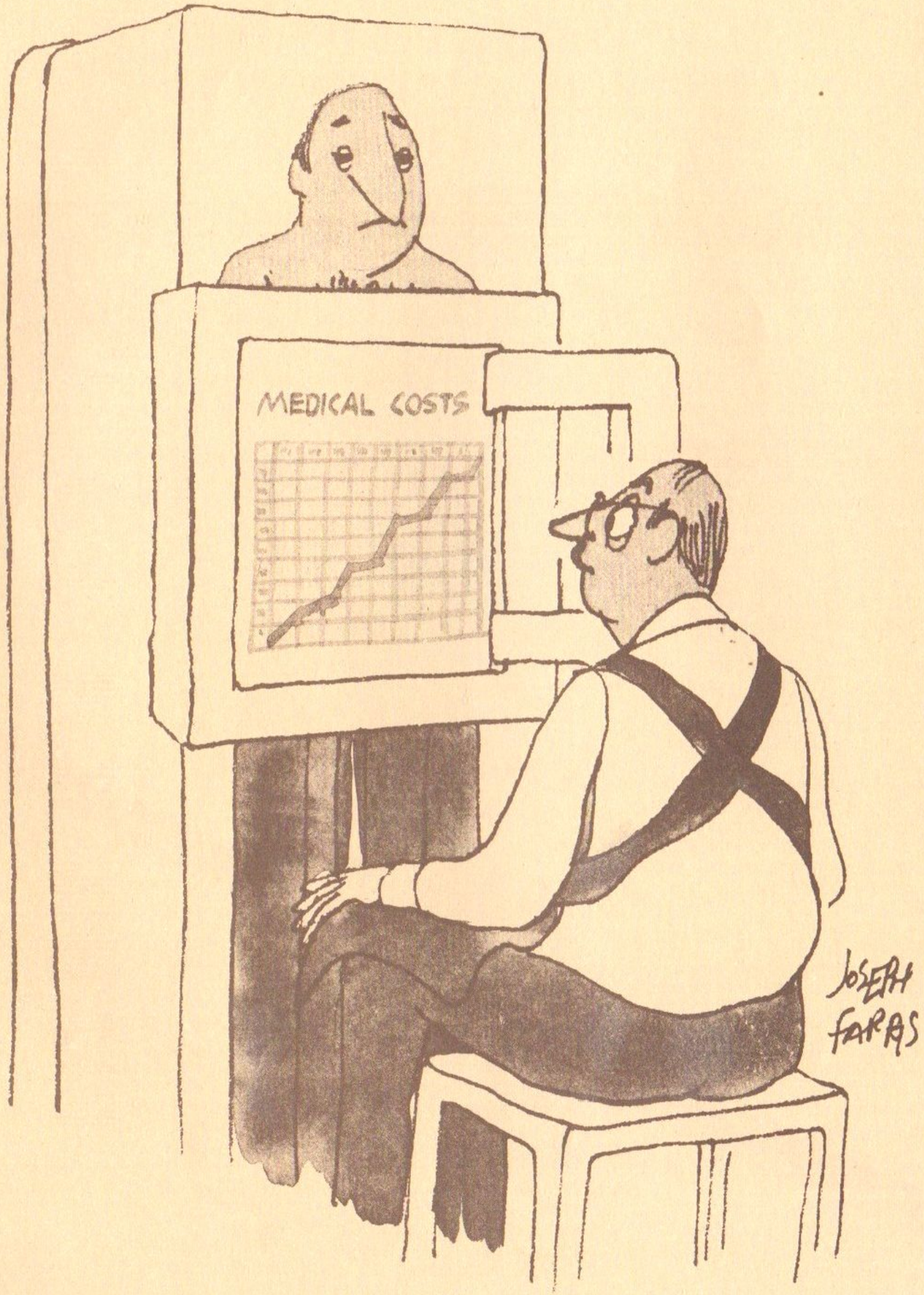
46-69 points:

You're about halfway there. You've shed many of the most childish aspects of your personality, but you still haven't come to terms with life the way a full-fledged adult has. Many men in their twenties would naturally fall into this category. They are still struggling to find themselves and to make sense of the world. If you are in that age group and scored in this bracket, your maturing process is probably just about on schedule. If you are considerably older, however, it seems that your progress toward full maturity may have been arrested somewhere along the line. The immaturity of people in this group is especially likely to show up in their intimate relationships. Men who seem like models of levelheaded rationality at work may act like selfish, demanding children when they get home to wives and lovers.

22-45 points:

The myths, fears, and tangled visions of childhood still cling to your psyche and keep you from dealing with life in an adult manner. If you're 18 years old, that's perfectly understandable. But if you're 45 years old, you've got a hell of a lot of growing up to do. You are likely to be rigid, irresponsible, and self-centred and to experience wild swings of emotion. While those traits may make you hard to get along with, they may be just what you need if you've got your sights fixed on becoming a famous poet, musician, actor, scientist, or political leader.

You may end up being the great man who's a bastard behind closed doors. But that's sometimes the price one pays for success, isn't it?



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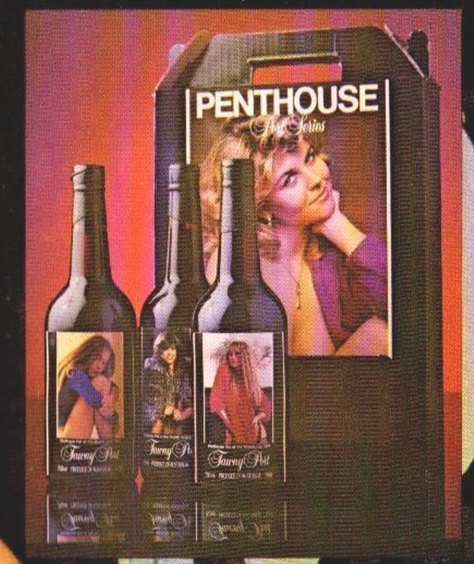

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Sweet chastity

VINCENT, 13TH BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN, IS FEELING SMUG AND SELF SATISFIED. AND WHY NOT? BACKED BY THE LIMITLESS FORTUNE OF HOWARD HUGE, HE HAS MADE THE PERFECT WOMAN. WHAT IS MORE, SHE CONTAINS THE WORLD'S MOST SOPHISTICATED COMPUTER—A TINY DYNA-RAM PACK, MARK 3 IN THE 1100 SERIES, WHICH GIVES VINCENT COMPLETE MENTAL AND PHYSICAL CONTROL OVER HER! WOULDN'T YOU BE FEELING SELF SATISFIED?

OH, UNCLE VINCENT! THESE CLOTHES-JEWELS! ARE THEY ALL FROM MR HUGE?

YES, MY DEAR— AND HE WILL BE COMING HERE VERY SOON NOW!

IGOR! GET THAT SLAVERING OAF OUT OF HERE! PUT HIM UNDER A COLD SHOWER OR SOMETHING!

by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

VINCENT'S ASSISTANTS, IGOR AND JOHN VAIN, HAVE BOTH BEEN PROFOUNDLY DISTURBED BY THE ARRIVAL ON THE SCENE OF "SWEET CHASTITY."

A MERE FOOTNOTE IN MY ROMANTIC AFFAIRS

THE BARON CAN'T GIVE THAT BEAUTIFUL LITTLE CREATURE TO THAT DECREPIT OLD MAN—IT AIN'T DECENT!

ELECTRA, VINCENT'S NEGLECTED WIFE, IS UNAWARE OF THESE NEW DEVELOPMENTS AT CASTLE DREER. BUT THEN, JUST LATELY, SHE HAS BEEN PRETTY BUSY WITH HER OWN INTERESTS!

WHAT'S GOING ON IN THERE!

I NEED A BIGGER MIRROR

I'M AFRAID YOU CAN'T GO IN, BARONESS— THE BARON'S VERY BUSY!

DON'T TELL ME— HE'S WORKING ON ANOTHER THREE-LEGGED MONSTER!

MEANWHILE, AT MADAME TRUSS'S S&M REJUVENATION CLINIC IN ZURICH

MY NAME IS ODDBALL. I'S MR HOWARD HUGE READY TO LEAVE?

YES—HIS NURSES ARE BRINGING HIM DOWN NOW

WE WONT NEED THE CHAIR, ODDBALL. HOW DO I LOOK?

YOU LOOK GREAT, MR HUGE, SIR! IN YOUR PRIME!

YE GODS! HE MUST BE 65 PER CENT SILICONE AND THE REST PAN-CAKE MAKE UP!

HURRY, ODDBALL! A NEW LIFE AWAITS ME!

YES, SIR, MR HUGE!

AND SO TO CASTLE DREER.....

C'MON! WHAT'S KEEPING YOU? OPEN UP!

TRY TO CONTAIN YOURSELF, MR HUGE, SIR!

WELL? WHERE IS SHE?

EVERYTHING IS UNDER CONTROL, MR HUGE. SHE'S WAITING FOR YOU!

SHALL I SHOW MR ODDBALL TO HIS ROOM, SIR?

I'LL TAKE CARE OF MR ODDBALL, TOOMBS!

FRANKENSTEIN! IF YOU'VE FAILED ME....

...AFTER ALL I'VE BEEN THROUGH....

YOU'RE DEAD!

RELAX! EVERYTHING'S FINE!

SWEET CHASTITY...

..MR HOWARD HUGE!

AND SWEET CHASTITY, PROGRAMMED TO REACT ONLY TO HOWARD HUGE....

...REACTS!

YOU BEAUTIFUL -BEAUTIFUL MAN!

I'VE WAITED SO LONG FOR YOU!

I'M ALL YOURS!

YOURS— AND YOURS ALONE!

AND THROUGH A PINK HAZE OF ECSTASY, HOWARD HUGE IS A YOUTH AGAIN.....

...TRANSPORTED INTO REALMS OF SHEER DELIGHT THAT HE NEVER DREAMED EXISTED!

OH, THE SWEET SMELL OF SUCCESS! EVEN THE SPACE SHUTTLE PALES INTO INSIGNIFICANCE WHEN COMPARED TO **MY** ACHIEVEMENT!

MOVE OVER, YOU IMMORTALS! MAKE ROOM FOR VINCENT, 13TH BARON VON FRANKENSTEIN — GENIUS!

ER.... BARON!

YOU GONNA FIX ME UP NOW, BARON?

BUT THE BARON IS NO LONGER OF THIS WORLD. HE IS FAR AWAY IN HIS OWN DREAMS OF GRANDEUR!

YOU SAID YOU'D MAKE IT SO I LOOK LIKE ROBERT REDFORD!

YOU PROMISED!

YOU FINK!

HEARING ONLY THE TUMULTUOUS APPLAUSE OF THE WORLD'S SCIENTISTS AS HE REALIZES HIS LIFE'S AMBITION AND ACCEPTS THE **NOBEL PRIZE!**

NIGHT FALLS ON CASTLE DREER, AND ITS INHABITANTS ARE LEFT TO THEIR OWN PRIVATE PREDILICTIONS AND OTHER VICES.....

YOU'RE SO COARSE AND CRUDE, ODDBALL!

SO VULGAR AND STUPID!!

SUCH FUN TO BE WITH!

WHY SHOULD I CARE? SHE'S ONLY THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT -SOB- WOMAN!!

A BIGGER MIRROR MIGHT WORK BETTER!

I'M WORRIED ABOUT THE MASTER.... MISS CHASTITY IS HIS FIRST REAL SUCCESS.... AND WE'VE NEVER HAD TO LIVE WITH SUCCESS BEFORE!

THE FOLLOWING MORNING.....

GOOD MORNING! I TRUST YOU SLEPT WELL?

SLEPT WELL? I THANK YOU FOR THE MOST PERFECT NIGHT OF MY ENTIRE LIFE! THIS IS BEYOND MY WILDEST DREAMS!

COULD I HAVE A WORD WITH YOU, MR HUGE, -IN PRIVATE?

ER... WHEN DO WE MAKE THE ANNOUNCEMENT?

ANNOUNCEMENT? WHAT ANNOUNCEMENT?

MY GREAT ACHIEVEMENT! WHEN DO WE ANNOUNCE IT TO THE PRESS? TO THE WORLD?

ARE YOU OUT OF YOUR MIND? D'YOU WANT TO TURN THIS INTO SOME KIND OF FREAK SHOW? YOU WANNA MAKE ME A LAUGHING STOCK? NO ONE MUST EVER KNOW! CHASTITY IS THE WORLD'S MOST PERFECT WOMAN...

...WHAT ELSE WOULD BE GOOD ENOUGH FOR HOWARD HUGE! IF YOU EVER MENTION ONE WORD OF THIS TO A LIVING SOUL — YOU'RE DEAD!

AND NOW, MY PRECIOUS - GET PACKED! I'M GOING TO LAY THE WHOLE WORLD AT YOUR FEET!

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THE GREATEST SCIENTIFIC ACHIEVEMENT IN THE HISTORY OF MANKIND!

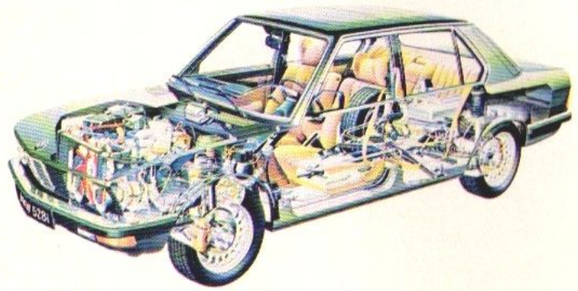
ALL TO BE THROWN AWAY FOR THE SAKE OF AN OLD MAN'S PRIDE!

THAT'S LIFE, VINCENT — WHEN YOU THINK YOU'VE GOT IT ALL SORTED OUT AND RUNNING SMOOTHLY IT ALL STARTS TO SLIP THROUGH YOUR FINGERS! BEFORE THIS LITTLE SAGA IS THROUGH YOU'RE GONNA WISH YOU'D NEVER BEEN BORN!

The hunt for economy doesn't mean all the good times have gone out of driving. Just ask BMW.

A GOOD BUNCH OF FIVES

BY JOHN HAMPSHIRE



New car releases give makers an irresistible chance to make a lot of noise, and it doesn't take a Dick Tracy to work out why those chances will be throttled half to death before they're finished. Nothing terribly wrong with that, really.

But too much fanfare makes me suspicious. When the car maker can't dream up anything very interesting to say about the new model, or if he can but it isn't, or if he's trying to gloss over any negative points — then his PR people tend to put out more irrelevant noise than AC/DC.

The other side of the coin, of course, is the fact that some new cars deserve as much attention as their makers can attract, because they represent a genuine and unmistakeable step along the path to better motoring. While such gems are by no means as rare as some writers would have us believe, still it's easy enough to separate them from the dross.

There has been plenty of fanfare associated with the introduction of BMW's new 5-series — and undoubtedly there'll be more when we see our examples launched here — but I would defy anyone to show that any part of it was unwarranted.

As to when we'll see the latest offspring of the Bayerische Motoren Werke, that's tied up in the convoluted workings of our benighted tariff/quota system. In essence, because car importers have been doing very well lately vis-a-vis the local product, and because there is yet another review of the present arrangements in progress, it's unlikely that BMW Australia will have enough licences available to bring the new 528i in at the end of this year as originally intended: so it may very well be some months into 1982 before they land.

This delay won't do BMW any harm, even if the new car lands in the traditionally dull selling period just after Christmas, simply because once people find out how good these cars are they'll be in hot demand — barring another Wall Street crash — even at a price of maybe $32,000.

So what's new about the BMW 5-series? A lot of people, given a quick look at the car, will think that on the surface nothing much at all has been changed. In fact all the body panels with the exception of the doors and roof are different, in at least two ways.

The first, and on inspection most obvious, change is a subtle shift in silhouette. The bonnet is more curved and dips at the nose, the rear is deeper and contributes much more to the impression of an overall wedge shape. The second is that the use of advanced computer design techniques has allowed BMW to reduce the thickness of body panels and structural members by up to 13 percent without sacrificing anything in the way of strength or safety, leading to a weight saving of about 40kg. Since, according to BMW, the 5-series cars are between 60kg and 90kg lighter overall, it's obvious that this is the single most significant area of weight reduction.

These two facts serve to spotlight the guiding philosophy behind BMW's six-year development of the new model — greater economy and efficiency without the sacrifice of any of the performance characteristics which are the hallmark of this famous German name.

But perhaps the most immediately striking aspect of the new range, and one which is certainly going to have a major impact in the showrooms, is the degree to which advanced electronics have been employed. The most dramatic and novel expression of the 5-series' space-age control systems is the Service Interval indicator, which provides precise information about when the car needs servicing.

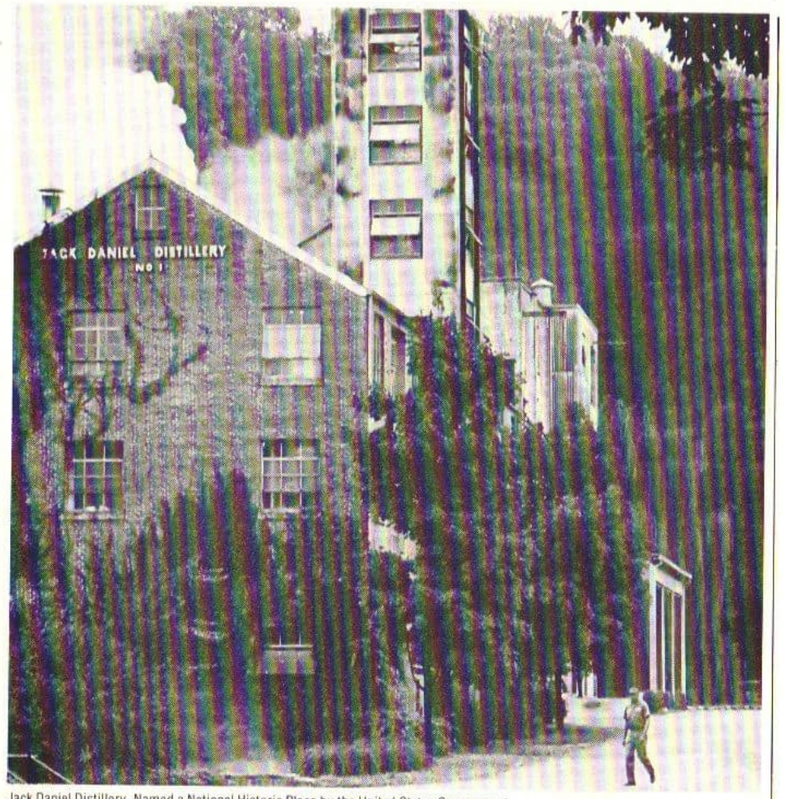
Gone forever — for some BMW drivers, at least — is the standard fixed service interval of, say, 10,000km. For the first time BMW links four crucial parameters — time elapsed, engine speed, coolant temperature and distance covered — to an electronic processing system (computer, if you must) which correlates all the data to give the driver a constant picture of how close the car is to needing either a simple oil change or an overall inspection.

It does this with a bar of warning lights in the centre of the instrument cluster. First off you have five little green lights, which go out one-by-one. Then you have an amber light, which comes on in conjunction with one or both of the "oil service" and "inspection" signals. After that you have three red lights. One assumes that anyone who waits until the third red light appears before they do anything about having the car attended to is willing to throw the whole thing away like a used Kleenex.

If you're thinking this is just another gimmick you could well do without, there are a couple of good reasons why you're wrong, at least about it being a "gimmick". After all, you *could* do without it.

If so, you can also do without saving a substantial amount of money. As a guide, BMW's German dealer network sent up a unanimous howl when they started doing their sums. They figured the SI system could cost them 60 million D-mark, or more than $22 million.

The reason should be obvious. Instead of having to fix a service interval to accommodate the "lowest common denominator" — that is, the driver who only goes a kilometre to work and back every day and who revs the bejesus out of the



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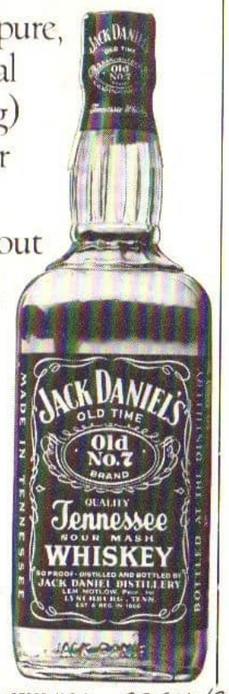

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engine when it's stone cold — BMW's system allows the careful driver to greatly extend the time between visits to the workshop, incidentally saving himself some inconvenience as well as cash.

A less obvious reason for the SI's value lies in the increasing pressure on car makers today to lengthen their recommended periods between services, again in the interests of economy. There's no question that, for a variety of reasons, these days those periods can and should be extended — but again, the danger of a poor or inattentive driver shortening the life of his car is necessarily increased.

Next on the list of novel electronic marvels introduced with the new 5-series is a gauge, accurate to within 3 percent, which provides a constant readout of fuel consumption in litres per hundred kilometres.

Even if you haven't come to grips with metrics yet, you won't escape a twinge of guilt (or maybe a twinge in the hip-pocket nerve) as the needle swings accusingly past 30 litres/100km every time you plant the right foot without good reason.

Obviously a gauge like this is far more useful in providing a direct reference to fuel consumption than either a simple fuel flow meter or a vacuum gauge, such as provide the basis for most of the "economy" gauges in other cars — and for all its apparent simplicity, a lot of careful work has to go toward making sure something like a consumption gauge is accurate and easy to read/understand, or it's worthless.

Yet another handy dash of electronics is the active Check/Control system panel set between the sunvisors over the centre of the windscreen. BMW introduced their CC system in 1976 and other cars have similar gadgets, so many people will know what it's about.

You push a test button and the panel warns you of any problems with running lights, coolant level, oil level and so on. Yet here again BMW has improved on what was already a good thing by two significant changes: you can now use the test button while the car is running, rather than having to be at rest; and more importantly, the oil level is being actively measured at all times while the car is running so the driver can be alerted to a drop in oil level — again, more useful than the standard oil *pressure* warning — without having to push the test button.

There are still more electronic features provided by BMW to delight the would-be Jumbo captains, such as the on-board computer taken from the 7-series cars, but there's one option available to 528i buyers which doesn't just deserve mention, it demands it. That's the anti-lock braking system (ABS) which is again derived from the 7-series, and which some people will have heard about either through BMW's publicity or in relation to the latest Mercedes cars.

ABS works on the simple fact that a car is being brought to a halt most efficiently when the wheels are braked to the point just before they begin to skid. Once a wheel starts to skid, of course, a great deal of the braking effort is lost, especially on poor surfaces.

The idea with ABS is to monitor each wheel electronically so that between 70 and 90 percent of the maximum braking effort possible is constantly applied, without allowing the wheel to stop turning. Such fine control is humanly impossible for even the best of drivers.

In the undemanding test program laid on by the BMW people in Munich it wasn't possible to obtain a braking figure for the ABS-equipped 528i, but I was able to stop the heavier 745i from 160km/h in 5.4 seconds — in a dead-straight line — on BMW's private test track.

Sure, the four-wheel disc brakes on the 528i are among the finest standard stoppers you'll find on any car, but given the often hair-raising nature of today's traffic, how can you settle for less than the best when it's available?

About now you might be wondering whether you need a degree in computer science to cope with BMW's increasing commitment to electronic controls, but nothing could be further from the truth.

BMW have demonstrated just as great a commitment to the ergonomics of its cars as to any other aspect.

Ergonomics means putting everything, including the driver, in the right place so that you can reach everything and see everything you need to with an absolute minimum distraction of attention from the road ahead.

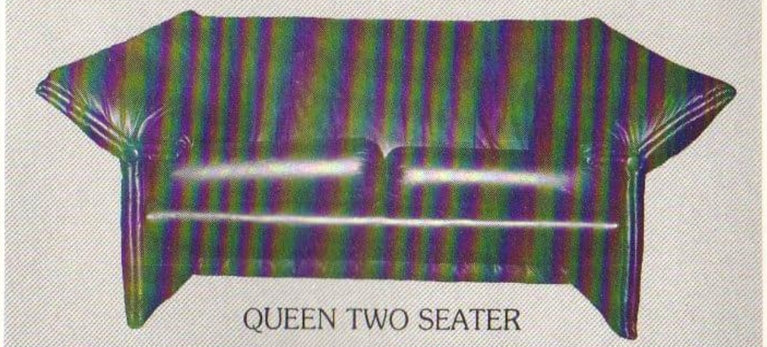
If you had to look at any gauge or light twice to work out what it signified, or had to peer around the steering wheel to glimpse a vital instrument, BMW would have failed in this regard. They haven't.

One of the benefits of BMW's redesign exercise on the 5-series has been to make more room available, both in the passenger compartment and in the boot, without increasing external dimensions. To do so would have flown in the face of the strenuous efforts to save fuel.

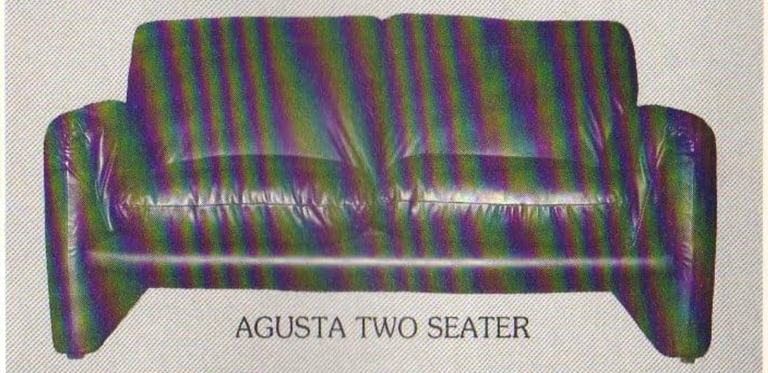
Yet the subtle changes to the exterior shape not only serve to cut the drag figure to 0.385, a reduction of 12 percent, but also to improve safety by reducing lift forces on the axles by 21 percent. After all, a drag figure of under 0.4 is rapidly becoming the standard these days for cars of this size and questions might have been asked had BMW failed to achieve it. As it is, the new figure applies only to models with the full disc wheel covers which are not as attractive as the "naked" alloy wheels, and which therefore will be less popular.

So safety is at least as relevant to the new body shape as the search for economy, and the corollary is that significant gains in economy could not have been achieved by the new shape alone,

sitting pretty



QUEEN TWO SEATER



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What you are looking at is arguably the first on-off road bike ever made.

Which is not to suggest that others haven't attempted it before. Or even to say that these attempts have not been passed off as successes.

Yet until BMW brought their formidable engineering skills to bear on the problem, every on-off road machine was a compromise of some kind.

A bike that was good in the bush would, as a matter of course, prove a disappointment on the highway.

And any machine that proved to have any real go on the road was treated with justifiable suspicion as to off road capability.

But here is a machine that can hit 100 km/h in 5.6 seconds and then rocket on to a top speed of 168 km/h. It tracks straight on the road and then goes into the rough like a proverbial billygoat.

The secret (or one of the secrets) is the 'monolever' rear suspension design which also houses the drive shaft.

The lightweight swinging arm increases the bike's torsional stability by 50% over conventional fork systems.

Coupled with considerably greater spring travel it lets you ride two-up with all your gear.

The unique design also allows for easier, faster wheel removal.

The BMW R80 G/S has a front disc brake and a new technology brake pad which dramatically improves wet weather braking.

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The R-rated Metzler tyres were developed specially for the bike: they are built to travel fast on normal roads and still give you the grip and strength you need for the rough.

The bike has a 798 c.c. motor, a weight of only 167kg, and a fuel range long enough for you to get well and truly lost.

In short, BMW have done what no-one has ever succeeded in doing before: making an on-off road bike that suits Australia.

Bavarian Motor Works.

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given that BMW had no desire to radically alter a car which has sold 700,000 units since its introduction in 1972.

This means a good deal of attention had to be paid to improving engine efficiency through the range, a tough job when the starting points are a series of engines which are already highly developed.

Since at this stage we won't be getting the four-cylinder carburettor model, the 518, or the other two six-cylinder fuel-injected models, the 520i and 525i, I'll confine myself to the 135kW 2788cc 528i.

In reality the 528i's engine is probably the least changed of all the 5-series motors, but two factors contribute a few percentage points fuel saving to the overall picture.

One is the revamped Bosch electronic (of course) fuel injection system, and the other is the system which cuts off the fuel supply when the car is coasting at engine speeds over 1200rpm. The latter is a particularly effective device which in no way affects the performance or "feel" of the car in use.

BMW is already prepared to go further down this particular road, by developing an engine which takes three cylinders out of operation altogether when there is no demand for more power than the three which are working can provide.

Other car makers — notably in the US — have developed and even marketed engines using the same idea, with indifferent success, but a brief run in the BMW test car indicates that the German company has most of the engineering problems sorted out. I suspect the economics of the more complex, therefore more expensive, engine will have more to do with it coming into production than any mechanical hassles.

Running down the autobahn between speeches by company heavies proved yet again how delightfully smooth BMW's small sixes are when given their head, especially when they haven't been got at by our emission control design rules. BMW advertise a top speed of 209km/h for the 528i, but one has very little trouble urging the willing beggar out to 225km/h.

And it's here that yet again the careful work which has gone into the reshaped body is apparent. The 528i has never been accused of unreasonable wind noise, but now the wind flow around the body has been smoothed out to the point where trying to hold a conversation won't leave you with a raw throat even at maximum speeds.

The combination of engine, wind and road noise is no worse in the 528i at 200km/h than in many cars at 100km/h.

It's quite an eerie feeling for an Australian used to 100km/h blanket limits to maintain something like twice that speed on a highway, not to mention a little unnerving to be in close company with a lot of people trundling along at similar speeds and quite a few others going considerably faster.

Of course, there is little comparison with the general run of our roads so I'm not trying to draw any direct comparisons — yet when you consider figures prove the autobahns to be highly efficient people-movers, and that Germany's fuel consumption went down after the fuel crises of recent years, it makes you wonder about the "we must save fuel" rationale offered by those in this country who would like to slow us down even more.

Of course, speed limit decisions are far more involved with politics than with science, and BMW lives in fear of the day the politicians are pressured into applying limits to the last unrestricted road system in the Western world (and as far as I know, the last in the whole world).

As BMW chief Dr Karlheinz Radermacher says, speed limits could possibly prove a serious problem for BMW because his customers might settle for lesser (cheaper) imported cars which mightn't be too comfortable at today's autobahn speeds, but which would be adequate for something slower.

After touring comfortably at speeds which would have our local radar-wielding boys in blue frothing at the mouth, we turned off for a section through the Alps which let us work the car's steering, handling and suspension harder than was possible on the autobahn. There was no need

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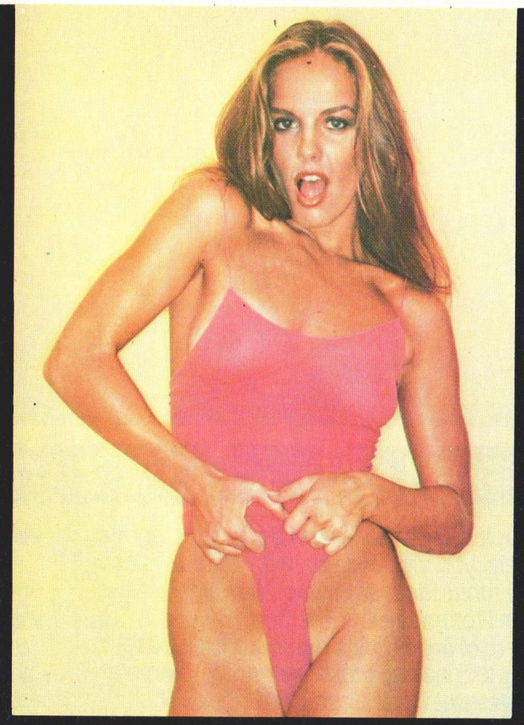

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for any highly-inadvisable speeding — not a cop in sight on the autobahn, but it's a very nasty rap on the knuckles for any funny stuff once you're off it, and a good thing too — because the roads were varied enough to give everyone a pretty good idea of what was happening under the bodywork.

It couldn't be too demanding — after all, there were several hundred more journalists standing in line for the test cars — but it was quite enough to appreciate the greater tautness of the 528i over the others in the 5-series.

The difference lies in two key elements. The most obvious is the wider rubber (195 section tyres on the 528i as against 175 on the rest), but equally if not more important are the double-link trailing arms used to locate the rear axle where the others get by, quite adequately I hasten to add, on single-link arms.

The extra link provides greater rigidity to eliminate track and camber changes in the rear wheels — the tendency to turn or lean — in the rear wheels under high dynamic stresses, and a very good idea it is, too.

First off the 528i is a powerful car capable of quite healthy speeds, and which because of its responsiveness invites a driver to push things along maybe a bit more than he might in another car — "Good God, Mavis, here's a car which is actually fun to drive!" So it's BMW's responsibility to give the hypothetical average Fred as much car as possible to get him out of the tight holes his lack of skill might lead him into, even if finally nothing will save the really desperate idiots from themselves.

Secondly, BMWs generally and 5-series cars in particular, being drivers' cars rather than shopping baskets, can be hunted through all sorts of corners much more quickly than most similarly-sized vehicles. For this to be so, they must be able to be "set up" at the entrance to a curve and driven through on the throttle, to which they are generally very responsive.

Now from all this derives the fact that if one is unwise enough to back off the accelerator too rapidly or, dare I say it, actually to brake in the middle of a curve while you are cracking along, you will very likely find the rear end moving outward rather quickly. Unless you have a reasonable idea of how to correct this movement, and sometimes even if you do, you'll find yourself staring down the road you've just travelled.

This is called oversteer, and was neatly demonstrated for us by one of the Japanese motoring journalists in our party at the test track. He banzai'd a 635 into the loop at one end of the track a little too quickly for total happiness and maybe just couldn't stop himself lifting off. The rather surprised 635 did everything as I've just described, two or three times in fact since by then our small colleague had decided to go all the way and hit the anchors with the full weight of his size five.

> Many people do not have a chance to get used to cars which handle the way BMWs do.

The inside rear tyre looked like it had been sheared flat down to the casing with one wave of Luke Skywalker's lightsabre, and proved very uncomfortable to drive on afterward.

The point about all this is not that BMWs are inherently unstable, far from it, it's just that most of today's makers apply the "lcd" approach mentioned earlier and settle for cars which understeer — that is, plough straight ahead under pressure — since this is considered safer in the broad sense. This means many people do not have a chance to get used to cars which handle the way BMWs do, and that takes us back to the double link rear end.

If the rear wheels are not located firmly enough, slight changes in track and camber can occur. They are most likely to occur when the car is under the sort of hard cornering pressure I've tried to describe, and if they do occur at this time they can help the rear end to break away when the driver has little reason to think it will. The double link set-up helps to prevent these changes taking place.

Sorry to labor the point, but it's necessary because most drivers would enjoy the way a BMW handles once they get a chance to feel it out and learn not to treat it with bad manners. Some would say the cars should display totally neutral characteristics, and maybe they should — but it would be a fairly dreary planet if everything were totally neutral, I reckon.

As I mentioned earlier, BMW set themselves some specific targets, the most important of which were 1) achieving better economy while retaining the sporty appeal of the car and 2) improving the compact styling while making better use of the available interior space.

It's a fair bet that a company which goes to the trouble of buying 100,000km-old blocks from their customers to use as a basis for their Forumula One engines will have high standards, so it's not all that surprising that by any reasonable criteria the company has achieved its aims with the new 5-series.

An overall fuel saving of 15 percent, a car which has a reserve of handling capabilities that certainly most people in this country will never plumb, a far safer and more efficient slippery shape — it seems the shovel-nose front is not an aerodynamic imperative, after all — and more space and comfort inside leave little room for disagreement.

When you include the company's very carefully-considered and clever use of electronics, it seems that unless the public taste changes dramatically overnight the new 528i will be very appealing to a great number of buyers.

There's plenty of other mouthwatering BMW machines worth talking about, such as the M1 or the 3.5 litre 535, but since no one knows if they'll ever get here it would be pure sadism to mention them.

We'll have to be happy with the new 528i — fitted with an even more agile sport suspension for Australia — and I can assure you, if one were lost it would find a loving home in my garage.

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A WOLF IN WOLF'S CLOTHING

The Honda CX500 Turbo is a civilised giant killer.

BY PETER NEUMAN

Aaagh! My body wins the unequal contest it's been having with my mind for the last three seconds, I roll off the throttle and my Honda CX500 Turbo fires itself into the prodigiously banked corner of the Tochigi test track at something less than its full speed of 205 radar-timed kilometres per hour. I lost my nerve. For the previous five laps, I'd been steeling myself for one full speed run around this futuristic track, but my body simply wasn't prepared to go along. Go into a corner at 205km/h? Are you kidding?

Not that it wouldn't be possible — Takazumi Katayama, the Grand Prix rider, holds the lap record for this circuit — 300km/h. The corners are banked so steeply, 42 degrees, that steering is neutral at cornering speeds approaching 200km/h.

I tried telling my body all this, of course. But would it listen? Not on your nellie. So we, the Turbo and I, took the corner at a relatively sedate 180km/h, and rolled back into the pits.

Riding this bike is quite an experience. Based on the plodding CX500 vee-twin that Honda has been selling to commuters and tourers the world over for three years now, this is a wolf in wolf's clothing. The only interchangeable part between the two bikes is the oil filter — everything else is either larger or heavier or made of a stronger material. Because this bike moves, with 78 horsepower on tap at 8000rpm.

The heart of the bike is still the 500cm³ vee-twin of the CX500, changed and strengthened though it is. But the lungs and the brain are new, and it's this that gives the turbo its legs . . . and the new fairing adds sex appeal.

Lungs are provided by the IHI turbocharger developed especially for this bike. As with all turbo systems, exhaust gases drive a turbine that in turn drives a compressor, which acts on incoming air. This pressurised air is guided to the cylinders via a resonance chamber.

But the Honda turbo is particularly effective in two ways. For one, it's located close to the exhaust ports, which contributes to quick throttle response. "Turbo lag" would not be acceptable on a bike, where the engine must respond as quickly as possible to the rider. The turbo is also small — and light. This means extra power without a weight penalty, something else that's vital on a bike.

The brain is the Computerised Fuel Injection System (CFI). A digital computer sits under the rear of the seat, programmed with three-dimensional maps of the fuel requirements under different circumstances. All this gives even more rapid throttle response, as well as very economical and clean running. Adjustments to ambient temperature and altitude are also automatic.

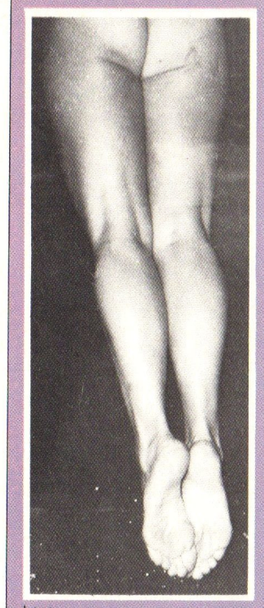
This machine practically thinks, and should anything go wrong it has backup programming. Alternative circuits take over if anything untoward happens to the electronics, the computer switches the turbo off if the boost pressure sensor fails.

Running gear is a combination of the best that other Honda models have to offer. The forks come from the redoubtable CB900 Bol d' Or, the shaft drive is from the Goldwing. Frame is more or less standard CX500, and the bike shares its highly sophisticated Pro Link monoshock rear suspension with the CBX six-cylinder superbike.

The fairing is totally new. Designed to be effective, highly visible and practical, it also manages to look very, very good. You could easily imagine Luke Skywalker spending his free weekends aboard this machine.

To top it all off, the whole bike is a practical package. It offers 15 percent better fuel economy than the normally-aspirated CX500 (23.3km/litre, according to Honda). Its 20-litre tank will

COMING IN NOVEMBER AUSTRALIAN PENTHOUSE


Legs

Darwin

Camp Street mystery

Mr Asia — The bizarre and chilling story of the Mr Asia heroin network is told in detail for the first time by Australian author Richard Hall. In our exclusive extract from his book *Greed,* Hall tells how a small-time criminal from New Zealand built a worldwide, $20 million heroin empire in the space of five years, and how it ended in mutilation, misery and death.

The Green Bureaucracy — The task of policing environmental safety — high on our list of priorities a few short years ago — has fallen into the hands of bureaucrats who do nothing and charge like wounded bulls for the service. Senior Editor P.D. Jack investigates and discovers that an environmental impact statement isn't worth the wood-free paper it's written on.

Darwin: Boozer's Boom Town — Getting drunk in Darwin is much like getting drunk anywhere else, except that you're liable to stay that way for a week. Nomadic Yank Bill Leimbach takes a 10-dozen-tin trip to the Casablanca of the south to report in words and pictures on the annual beer can regatta and the people who make it the unhealthiest sporting event in the world.

The Mystery of 544 Camp Street — During the summer of 1963, an ex-marine named Lee Harvey Oswald began distributing pro-Castro propaganda in downtown New Orleans. The pamphlets were stamped with the return address "544 Camp Street, New Orleans". However, the small, weather-beaten building was the headquarters of violent *anti*-Castro organisations, which were connected with the CIA and the Mafia. In this exclusive excerpt from the forthcoming Harper & Row book *The Fish Is Red,* investigators Warren Hinckle and William W. Turner explore the implications of the mysterious ties linking Oswald, the Cuban fascists, the CIA, the mob — and the man who shot Oswald on television, Jack Ruby.

Legs — Without them we'd all be bums, but there are legs and there are LEGS. Photographer Jeff Hornbaker points his lens at some unusual sets. A photographic feature with a difference.

Pet Of The Year Gifts — A month before the big announcement, see the full range of prizes. It's $100,000 worth of goodies for the girl who gets your vote.

take it 400 kilometres, with enough left over for peace of mind. The fairing insulates the rider from the airstream so effectively that it's difficult to tell how fast you're moving, and holds the bike steady as well.

Let's go back to Tochigi, to half an hour before I lost my nerve going into that corner . . . Our little group of five bike journalists rolled out on to the track behind the "shepherd", a Honda test rider on a CB900F2-B. The Honda rider accelerated down towards the first corner, and as we followed suit I glanced down at the rev counter. Lights were flashing, and the needle was well into the red. I was in third, and overrevving the bike badly.

A change up, then another, then the corner. I wasn't about to look down at the instruments while we were buzzing around that 42 degree banking, but once back on the straight, I checked again. Revs safely down, and speed — gulp — 160km/h. The old magic imperial ton, and it felt like about half that!

On the second lap, I took it up to 200km/h, with the rev counter still comfortably in the black. Back to the pits, where others were waiting for their turn, and where I sorted out my impressions.

First, the bike is almost supernaturally smooth and willing to rev. It had reached the red line in third so easily that I really hadn't noticed. Without any turbo lag.

Second, it had held the road effortlessly, due partly to the fairing and partly to the superb suspension.

Third, the bike had gone very fast — without my really being aware of it.

A giant killer, and an effortless one at that. The most truly civilised bike I have ever ridden. Doubts and qualifications didn't arise until I had another chance to ride the Turbo, and to experiment with it a little. They're not terribly major doubts, but here they are — for what they're worth.

The bike is perhaps a little too civilised. After all, one of the main reasons people buy a projectile like this is for the excitement. The turbo makes it all a bit too easy, and the fairing insulates the rider a little too much from the world of the road. The bike is perhaps too sophisticated. All that electronic hardware makes me wonder how it will stand up to real conditions, especially on Australia's notoriously bad roads in Australia's climatic extremes.

Perhaps this, perhaps that. Niggling doubts only a real road can lay to rest.

Am I looking forward to laying them to rest? Are you kidding? Just let me at the Bruxner Highway with this bike . . .

Until the first one arrives in Australia, I'll be satisfied with taking my hat off to Kazuo Inoue, the father of the CX500 Turbo; to stylist Morioka; and to Honda for having the vision to build this bike.

All doubts aside, it's the first glow of a very exciting dawn in motorcycling. We'll be hearing a lot more of its — unfortunately also very civilised — turbo howl in the coming years.

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